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2. *Address to the Graduates in Arts, at the conferring of Degrees by the Vice-Chancellor and Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh, on the 25th April 1860.* By JAMES DAVID FORBES, D.C.L. and LL.D., Principal of the United Colleges, St Andrews; late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 1860.
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THE great universities of Europe are surely among the most remarkable institutions of mediæval and modern civilisation. The historian has often described the gradual rise of the commonwealth of European nations from the ruins of the Roman Empire, and the cohesive influence of the Church upon society during the transition from Pagan Imperialism to the organized states of modern Christendom. The growth of the academical institutions which connected the learned of the middle ages in one great commonwealth of letters, which have guarded education and fostered liberty and civilisation for well-nigh a thousand years, and which, in altered forms, still discharge these high functions in the nineteenth century, is less generally known, although it is hardly less worth the attention of the philosophical student. Within the last seven hundred years, the nations which were supreme at the commencement of that period, have passed through many revolutions. Schisms have broken up the Church, which has experienced alternations of religious fervour and latitudinarian indifference. The European University, the child of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, has survived these changes; and in our own country, the intellectual force, which in distant times worked beneath the towers of Oxford, or in the humbler halls of Scottish learning, is still vital in these venerable places, illustrating that permanency of academical institutions,

as founded on the wants of cultivated human nature, to which Mr Gladstone referred in his magnificent address at Edinburgh. As the State is needed to fulfil the permanent wants of civil, and the Church of ecclesiastical life, the University seems the natural and necessary organ of the intellectual life which is the counterpoise and complement of the other two.

The history of the last quarter of a century, as well as works of which those placed at the head of this article are specimens, manifest a return of activity in the academical institutions of this country. They seem to afford a fit occasion for some remarks, especially on the universities of England and Scotland, their academical polity, and their relation to graduation. We shall avail ourselves of the materials they put before us, regarding the present condition of these great social institutions, for the purpose of comparing them with what universities once were, and with what they may again become. The British universities are at present in a transition state. More than ten years ago a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the University and Colleges of Oxford. Two or three years after, a similar Commission entered on an investigation into the condition of Cambridge. Great and advantageous changes have, in consequence, been initiated, and are now in progress, in these ancient seats of English learning. In 1855 its graduates were incorporated in the University of London. In 1857 a Commission was appointed to inquire into the progress and condition of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland. Lastly, in 1858, an Act of Parliament opened the way for changes which introduce a new era in the history of the Scottish universities, and these changes are in the meantime under the direction of the Universities Commissioners. The time is scarcely come for a comprehensive critical summary of the Oxford and Cambridge reforms, and still less for an estimate of the effects of the late Act of Parliament on the Scottish universities. But the academical reformation which is going on around us, and in which so many of our readers, as members of national universities, are, or ought to be, interested, may justify us in now drawing their attention to the constitution and capabilities of these institutions.

Europe possesses at present nearly a hundred universities. They are to be found in almost every country; but France, Italy, Germany, and Great Britain contain the principal groups. In France, the University of Paris was long looked up to as the centre and chief of all, and was the model on which most of those in Britain were formed.¹ With the other academical institutions of the kingdom, it disappeared at the Revolution, and

¹ The learned work of Du Boulay, or the more generally interesting *resumé* by Crevier, contains much curious information regarding the origin and early history of the European universities.

was replaced in 1808 by the Imperial University of France, which now comprehends all the educational institutions of the empire. Italy, famous in academical history as the country of the model University of Bologna, and the great school of medicine at Salerno, can at present boast of more than twenty universities, attended by some 12,000 students, and superintended by about 700 professors. Germany, the brain of Europe, contains nearly thirty, ancient and modern, about 20,000 students, and more than 1000 professors. England has four,—two ancient, at Oxford and Cambridge, and two modern, in London and Durham; while Scotland has her four ancient universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St Andrews. Ireland has Trinity College, Dublin, and the three affiliated colleges of the Queen's University. Besides these, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Scandinavia, Russia, and Greece contain among them about thirty universities.

Some of these institutions were founded in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, or even earlier; some in the nineteenth; and many in the intervening period. Their history and constitution are found to vary much in the examples afforded by different countries. The ancient universities of England and of Scotland at present offer two extremes, each different from the mediæval models. The French university differs from the Italian in past history and present organic structure; and both differ from the German. Nevertheless, they are all pervaded by one common idea, and they are virtually co-operating towards one end. Through their students and graduates, the chief proportion of the educated intelligence of the time is associated with them, though defective organization in each, and indeed in all, viewed collectively, permits much of this great intellectual force to go to waste. 'As the proficience of learning,' says Bacon, 'assisteth much in the orders and institutions of universities in the same states and kingdoms, so it would be yet more advanced, if there were more *intelligence mutual between the universities of Europe* than there now is.' The mutual relation of universities, as units in a great European system, which is implied in their elementary constitution, is now even less recognised than it was in their early history, and before Bacon wrote.

It is an old maxim in academical polity, that the university has its foundation in Arts or Philosophy.¹ The faculties of

¹ 'So surpassing,' says Huber, 'was the pre-eminence of Arts, embracing as it did all the old sciences and the new philosophy, that it is even questionable whether the term Faculty is strictly applicable to the Masters of Arts, who are properly the Universitas. The studies of Law and Medicine grew up by the side of Arts, but never gained strength to compete with the last; nor has the principle ever been attacked, that *the university has its foundation in Arts*.' This picture is illustrated in the early history of the Universities of Paris, Oxford, and Cambridge. Indeed, it can hardly be said that the two English universities have ever existed except as Faculties of Arts.

Theology, Law, and Medicine rest theoretically on the basis of a sufficiently attested preliminary training in liberal knowledge. However far these special or professional faculties have declined from this standard, a perfect system assumes that candidates for theological, legal, and medical degrees have already *graduated* in Arts. The Faculty of Arts is in theory independent of a merely professional utility, and aims exclusively at a liberal culture of the mind and character. It thus meets another want of which Bacon complained, who 'found it strange, that amongst so many great foundations of colleges in Europe, they are all dedicated to professions, and none left free to arts and sciences at large. For if men judge that learning should be referred to action, they judge well; but in this fall into the error described in the ancient fable, in which the other parts of the body did suppose the stomach had been idle, because it neither performeth the office of motion as the limbs do, nor of sense as the head doth, but yet notwithstanding it is the stomach that digesteth and distributeth to all the rest;—so, if any man doth think philosophy and universality to be idle studies, he doth not consider that all professions are from thence supplied.'¹

Viewed comprehensively, the University, thus based on Arts, may be regarded as *the nation or community itself in its highest intellectual form and organisation*; and aiming, *from the intellectual point of view*, at the full and harmonious development of human nature in the individual. The university is the nation or the community operating in and through its highest appropriate organ of self-culture. Education and graduation are accordingly the two essential functions of a university. National action, through a national university, implies a *curriculum, or regulated course of preliminary academical life and instruction, and a permanent academical organisation of those who are thus trained or cultured*. The university educates in order that it may associate together those sufficiently educated to form the body of its permanent members. These permanent members may be either resident in one place for study or as teachers, or else, while organically connected with the university, they may be diffused through the nation as its leading minds—its cultured class. An academical institution may fail in its high purpose with reference to either of these ends. The stimulus and guidance which it offers in the preparatory course of study and instruction may be deficient, and it then fails as an educating organ; or it may neglect to retain as its permanent members those whom it educates, which diminishes its power as an organ for testing the progress of education, and for the maintenance of liberal ideas in the commonwealth.

A difference in the relative prominence of these two essential

¹ *Advancement of Learning*, B. II.

functions is apparent when we compare the universities of Europe. Take, for example, those of Great Britain. In England the former, and in Scotland the latter, of the two offices implied in academical perfection have been in abeyance. Oxford and Cambridge, with a long dormant professoriate, and London, which has never professed to supply college life or professorial instruction at all, illustrates the imperfection or the absence of the educating influences.¹ The Scottish universities, and especially Edinburgh, in which graduation in Arts has so long been a byword, as well as the academical ignorance and indifference of the Scottish people, illustrate the consequences of that want of an academical organization of thinking minds which is implied in the idea of liberal graduation. A university is not, on the one hand, a merely educating body, which in the end, after a comparatively short course of study, repels those who have availed themselves of its training; nor is it, on the other hand, a mere board of examiners for degrees, which, on given occasions, seeks to ascertain the possession of a definite amount of knowledge without respect to the manner in which that knowledge has been gained. And our universities may be improved by the repair of the mechanism and agency that promotes either of their two ends which happens most to need restoration.

We do not know any means for elevating the ideas common in Scotland, for example, with regard to the higher education and learning, and for reanimating her ancient intellectual institutions, more likely to be effectual, than an enhancement of the social value of our academical degrees in Arts. The ignorance indifference, and self-satisfaction of the Scottish people regarding their universities and academical life in general, will continue to discredit the country until liberal graduation is felt to be of the essence of the academical system, and not, as heretofore, an accident and a reproach—at best a vulgar educational test of no permanent value or efficacy. Graduation in Arts in Scotland must become worthy of its illustrious European history, if our universities are to receive that kindly popular support which they have long sought in vain, and are so to recover their place as centres of national unity, that Scotland may, through them, preserve her intellectual distinction in Europe.

We are glad to observe, prominent among the aims of those who are guiding the present onward movement in our Northern Universities, the restoration of graduation in Arts to its place in the academical system, and the association of practical advantages

¹ The University of London, founded in 1836, and which now consists of the Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Fellows, and Graduates, is a novelty in academical history. It is only a Board of Examiners, which takes no superintendence of education unless through the influence of examinations open to all wherever educated,—thus neglecting what has been the first and fundamental office of the ancient universities.

with the degree. The tendency of the late parliamentary Act of reform,¹—constituting, as it does, an epoch in the history of our oldest Scottish institutions,—is in this, as in other respects, eminently salutary. It has supplied elements of academical association which admit of a gradual development, as ancient forms of university life are restored, or new ones instituted, and enables those by whom our academical policy is guided to adapt these venerable institutions to the wants of this age in a manner not formerly possible. In combination with the abolition of tests in the lay chairs, it has given to our universities, and especially to Edinburgh, that freedom which, as Huber says, is ‘the most necessary element of all, and which, by the immutable laws of nature, is always an indispensable condition of real and permanent prosperity in the higher intellectual cultivation and its organs.’

The works mentioned at the head of this article supply some interesting statistics of the comparative strength of the two correlative functions of Education and Graduation in the universities of England and Scotland. In the volume by Professor Rogers, who has known Oxford life for nearly twenty years, and has now given a distinct and judicious critical account of its present condition, we are informed that ‘73 per cent. of those who have matriculated there during that period have proceeded to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.’ He adds, that ‘about 80 per cent. of the Bachelors proceed to the Master’s degree.’ Oxford thus associates with itself as permanent members a large majority of its actual students.

A very different rule obtains in most of the universities of Scotland. It appears, from statistics now before us, that in Edinburgh, during the last thirty years, less than four per cent. of those who have matriculated in the faculty have taken a degree in Arts (when the last three years are excluded, even this average is much reduced). In Glasgow the proportion appears to be below eight per cent., and in St Andrews below twelve per cent. Aberdeen alone approaches the ratio of the Southern Universities, apparently producing as graduates nearly forty per cent. of the matriculated students. This, however, cannot be held to represent a proportionate measure of academical scholarship and culture.

The cause of this opposite condition of our Northern and Southern Universities is apparent in the fact, that an English degree is academically and socially valuable, while a Scottish degree has hitherto been academically and socially useless. Its consequences may be seen in the difference of tone and senti-

¹ For this Act, the country is indebted to the enlightened energy of the present Lord Justice-Clerk,—whose labours in Parliament as Lord Advocate Inglis, and now as Chairman of the Commission, entitle him to a foremost place among the benefactors of the universities of his country, above all of its metropolitan university.

ment regarding these matters in England and Scotland, in the academical sympathy which is retained through life by large classes of the English people, and in the voluntary liberality which has enriched Oxford and Cambridge since, as before, the Reformation, contrasted with the cold and illiberal neglect to which the people of Scotland have for centuries abandoned their ancient universities, with all their magnificent capabilities, derived from the middle ages, and yet ready to be adapted to modern wants. What Huber says of the German people, may be applied in more than its full extent to us in Scotland. 'Few of us in Germany,' he remarks, 'retain permanently the sympathies of their university life. We Germans incline to regard our academic residence as a contrast to our career in life, rather than as a part of it. Our professors are the only permanent part of our universities. The students are there only for three or four years, without distinctly recognising the university as a whole, or themselves as part of it. In England, on the contrary, the students are led, at least much more than in Germany, to take part in the corporate existence of the university itself. For although, before they attain the Master's degree, their part is but a passive one, yet so many are their hopes, and such too are the rights attached to the degree, so numerous are the inducements connected with the university career, such is the external appearance of the corporation, so great is the impression which the very towers and walls make upon sensitive natures, that a university spirit is generated, which remains long after all outward connection with the splendid colleges on the Isis and the Cam has been broken off.'

But if the decay of graduation, and with it the disappearance of the very idea of academical organization, has thus enfeebled and degraded the Scottish Universities, their open gates, comparatively developed professoriate, and broader curriculum, have gone far to restore the balance. Scottish university life, such as it is, has been breathed by large masses of undergraduates, drawn chiefly from the varied middle class of society; and the influence thus received has most advantageously animated these students in later life, although their university has offered them no link of permanent connection with itself. Scotland, with a population of three millions, has about as large a student population at her universities as England, with a population of twenty millions. In no country in Europe does so great a portion of the people pass through the courts of the university as in Scotland. The comparative culture and intelligence which we meet in the Scotch burghs and country parishes, is greatly due to an academical agency for the intellectual elevation of the mass of the people, of which England is destitute.

The college monopoly and narrow gates of Oxford and Cam-

bridge, with their traditional and merely tutorial course of study, are, without doubt, among the causes which are gradually diminishing the relative proportion of their students and graduates to the entire population of the country. If, in North Britain, the university has shrivelled up into an institution for communicating instruction to undergraduates, who are often ill prepared to receive it, in South Britain the *college* has taken the place of the *university*; the tutorial system, with its undivided teaching, stands in the way of the professorial system and a division of labour. While the Southern universities are successful in forming an academical society, and in maintaining a permanent university feeling among its members, the bulk of that society is becoming relatively less, and its character and influence more sectional than national. Even of their graduates, a large proportion, on account of collegiate obstructions and exactions, permit their privileges, as members of Convocation and Senate, to remain in abeyance. 'Of the Masters of Arts in Oxford,' says Professor Rogers, '45 per cent. decline, after graduation, to remain members of Convocation.' There is not a little which Oxford may ponder, and which, we are sure, not a few of its members have already considered, in the following remarks of this not unfriendly critic:—

'It is not easy,' he says, 'to conceive a scheme which is more likely to prevent the *enlargement of the university*, and the *improvement of study in the place*, and of the *practical faculties of its recognised teachers*, than this statute-like monopoly of the existing Colleges and Halls. Freed from all considerations except those of merely filling their rooms, the authorities of these societies enjoy all the advantages which the prestige and endowments of the University possess, without any claim being made upon their energies beyond the routine of the books they read when they were undergraduates themselves, and the traditional jargon of college lectures. Nothing but the rivalry of one or two among the Colleges raises this state of things above the dead level of a uniform dulness. And the consequences on the relations between the Universities and the country are even more deplorable. With a population greatly increased, and with national wealth enlarged by one-half, if not actually doubled, with general and special education still more extensively enlarged within these twenty years, *the number of undergraduates in the University has absolutely declined within this period*, and the sympathies of the nation with its ancient academies have grown weaker and weaker. Men care less and less for academical distinctions, know less and less of academical learning, feel less and less the immediate influence of academical training, and the connection between the Universities and the Church bids fair to be the only link between the country and its noblest corporation.'

—(Pp. 101–2.)

The charges alleged against Oxford may be briefly stated. More than two centuries ago the University was remodelled by

Laud, and the tendency of the changes then introduced was to invest the *colleges* with the academical influence originally possessed by the *graduates as members of the university*. Connection with one of the existing Colleges and Halls has been made essential to membership in the university; the examinations for degrees have been regulated by the instruction which the college tutors were able and willing to supply; and the enormous resources of Scholarships and Fellowships have been bestowed on other grounds than merit. The professoriate disappeared, because the way to the professor's class-room was thus barred, and because the higher instruction of a professor, devoting an originating and guiding mind to a special science, was irrelevant in the preparation required for graduation. The professor's chair—the appropriate place for matured and influential minds—was all but abandoned by Oxford. Minds of that order, having no proper vocation, withdrew from the university into the high places of the Church or the literary profession, and the guidance of the greatest intellectual institution of the country was necessarily committed to men comparatively young, who were willing to act as tutors in colleges, until the way was open to a country living, or some other extra-academical object in life. The tendency of these influences, at once to diminish the influx of students, and to weaken the power of the university as the intellectual leader of England, is obvious.

The Oxford Reform, recently initiated and still in progress, was meant to correct these abuses, consequent, in a great measure, on the constitution of Laud. It has already done much in the way of opening Scholarships and Fellowships to merit, endowing and organizing a Professoriate, and generally in associating, to a greater extent than heretofore, academical work with the vast secular resources of Oxford. The complaint of Professor Rogers is, that it has not done enough. The university, he says, is still paralysed by the colleges—the professorial by the tutorial system; and this renders university education too expensive, and also ecclesiastically exclusive. His remedy is to open a way to the Professor's class-room, and the degree in Arts, which shall not necessarily pass through a College or a Hall, thus rendering the *University* of Oxford available to the middle classes and the Dissenters.

We are not sure that Oxford and Cambridge can ever become national, in the manner proposed, without losing more than they gain. We see many advantages in the maintenance of the collegiate system in some of our British universities; and, under the revolutionary remedy of Professor Rogers, we see little hope for its permanence, in the only universities in Europe in which for ages it has been the distinctive feature, and that in a form which appeals deeply to the sensibilities and the imagination of

the English people. We do not see our way to liberate the university from connection with the colleges, and from the legislative power of the Heads of Houses, by an entire abolition of the rule which now necessarily connects membership in a college with the membership of the university, or by the indiscriminate recognition of free trade in teaching and learning on the part of graduates and undergraduates. We look for as full a restoration of the nationality of these universities as is practicable, or perhaps desirable, from the improvement of the colleges already in progress, including the better application of their vast resources, the occasional institution of new Halls, and the gradual consolidation, under a system of patronage which shall regard merit alone, of a professoriate avowedly discharging a practical office among the educating influences of the place,—especially when this internal reform is connected with that system of Middle Class Examinations, which carries academical influences, in an attenuated form it is true, to distant localities in England, and of the results of which we are glad to find Professor Rogers already reporting so favourably.

It cannot be denied that the best friends of Oxford have reason to complain of an expenditure of resources far greater than those possessed by any academical institution in the world, with comparatively scanty results, at least of a purely intellectual kind. The endowments of the *university* are comparatively small; but those connected with the *colleges* are probably little short of half a million annually. Yet Oxford has depended on Germany for its scholarship, and on Germany, France, and Scotland for its philosophy. If Scotland has been deficient in philosophical learning, Oxford, for reasons some of which we have just suggested, has not yet produced an independent school in philosophy. The greatest English names, in the highest walks of science and philosophy, for the last two centuries and more, have for the most part risen outside the universities, while most of the great names in Scotland, of the same period, have shed lustre on her professorial chairs, and transmitted from thence their social influence. To look at one part of literature alone, Bacon was a stranger to his own university, and Locke was expelled from Oxford, which discouraged afterwards the reading of his great book; while neither Clark, Hartley, Priestley, Tucker, Coleridge, nor the Mills, held any academical office. But we must not overlook recent symptoms of an advantageous change, which may be expected to advance, under wiser and more cautious guidance, as the new Oxford and Cambridge professoriate retains the most powerful minds of the university, endowed with wisdom and experience, for its permanent residents and intellectual leaders. It is well known that not a few men highly distinguished for thought and learning, and surrounded

by large classes of students, now occupy professorial chairs in Oxford. The names of Stanley, Mansel, Jowett, Conington, Max Müller, and Arnold, at Oxford, and of Thomson, Kingsley, Adams, and Ellicott, at Cambridge, under the new professorial system, promise a different future in that part of the agency of their respective universities. Logic and philosophy are now cultivated at Oxford as vigorously as in any part of the world; and, apart from any opinion regarding their character or issues, Oxford has, in the last thirty years, been the centre of the two most active manifestations of theological thought which this country has witnessed in modern times.

We have deprecated any revolutionary change which might deprive Oxford and Cambridge of their colleges, and substitute professorial class-rooms for those venerable institutions on the Isis and the Cam, in which so many generations of the best and noblest men in England have found a congenial home. For similar reasons we deprecate any attempt to convert the Scottish universities into miniature Oxfords. Social institutions are not thus independent of their own past. The universities of Scotland have a place of their own, which no others in the world exactly occupy. They are not yet what they might be in that place, but they are not likely to become truer and stronger by shifting their ground. Edinburgh, with all its favouring circumstances, as the metropolitan university of Scotland, now endowed with freedom, and invited to work out its own academical career, may become a first class European university *after its kind*; it must decline into a fourth or fifth class if it seeks to follow in the wake of Oxford.

Perhaps the Scottish universities, from their genius and history, are fitted to keep a place intermediate between the ancient universities of England and the modern universities of Protestant Germany. Like those of England, they have a history of their own, which binds them to the past; while the practical character of the people and their own, saves them from becoming mere manufacturers of intellect, and enables them to blend, through the appropriate organization of restored graduation, with the active and political life of the nation. On the other hand, their openness, and their professorial system, associate them with those of Germany, as well as a freedom and independence, which, however, has not hitherto run into similar intellectual extremes.

So much for the ancient British universities as they are in this generation. The changes in the English universities are already advanced; in Scotland they are only commencing, and, as already said, we must postpone any detailed opinions on the probable effects of the present reformation. But we may compare the constitution of the British universities of the present

with their originals in the mediæval past, and thus discover elements fitted to promote their conservative progress in the future. A retrospective glance at the mediæval university discloses a different picture from what we see now, separated from the present by an interval, in which academical arrangements and aims have been revolutionized, and in many respects reversed, while the universities have undoubtedly declined from their ancient position, as almost exclusively the leaders of national intellect.

A University was originally a spontaneous and self-regulating society, for the promotion of the higher culture, which extended and reproduced itself by conferring degrees. The term was applied to literary commonwealths of this sort in the twelfth century. The extraordinary intellectual movement of that period gave birth to *spontaneous* associations of teachers and scholars, which gradually took the form of intellectual republics. At Paris, Bologna, Oxford, and Salamanca, students gathered round teachers in numbers so great that teachers could not be found to meet the demand. Paris, we are told, became another Athens of the age of Pericles, and the influx of the students exceeded the number of the citizens. We have similar records of the crowds at the other academical centres of that age. At first, every graduate was not merely permitted, but bound to teach, seeing that, in the first pressure of the demand, the number to be taught was out of all proportion to the number of teachers.

These academical societies, spontaneous in their origin, were gradually taken under the protection of the ecclesiastical and civil powers. In its origin, the University was a secular and not an ecclesiastical corporation; although its relations with the Church were soon close and intimate, and the scholastic education which it offered was accepted almost exclusively by the one learned profession of that age—the priesthood, which then drew to itself most of those who aimed at the methodical application of their higher faculties to their appropriate objects.

Universities, thus originated and designed, were soon incorporated as constituent parts of Church and State, by Papal Bulls and Royal Charters, which conveyed important privileges to their members, in return for the benign social power which universities wielded, as the disseminators of truth and the creators of great men. The system of academical degrees was probably of Parisian origin. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, Pope Nicholas IV. granted to the (now extinct) University of Paris, then the chief university in Europe, the right of endowing its graduates with the power of teaching and directing public schools everywhere,—the Catholic, or universally *ad eundem*, degree, which formally joined him who received it with the great community of the learned throughout Christendom. Any

king might found a university whose degrees were valid *within his own dominions*, but their *universal* validity could be derived only from Papal sanction. The Catholic degree connected the student, in fact and in imagination, with the students of other ages and distant lands, and with the intellectual aristocracy of a great university, itself a link in the chain which united the universities of Europe. But the ecclesiastical changes of the sixteenth century, which ultimately increased their resources as centres of knowledge, in a measure dissolved the organic unity of the European universities, which, through their degrees, was dependent on the unity of the Catholic Church, and in some cases permanently reduced an external power and splendour due to the piety and love of learning of the middle ages. Since the Reformation, the universities have only imperfectly performed the office of organs of intellectual sympathy and intercourse among the learned of Europe. Institutes, and academies, and royal societies, have in some measure taken their place. The works of Bacon abound in weighty suggestions for the promotion of learning by this sort of means. But Leibnitz, in the long course of his active life, may be said to have founded the modern European commonwealth of letters, and to have restored in part that community of intelligence in Christendom, of which the European universities were the professed organ, until the Reformation and the rise of the modern languages dissolved their organic unity.

The internal arrangements of the ancient university were not according to any uniform type, nor were the privileges of their members, whether students or graduates, the same in all. Their history in this respect illustrates the variety of form and constitution which circumstances always impose on national, ecclesiastical, and academical societies, and which cannot be resisted without rebellion against what is virtually an ordinance of God. The constitution that is suited to one age and country, is often for that very reason unsuited to another, as it is not the law of Providence that either individuals or societies should be stereotyped on a uniform model. The history of universities illustrates that adaptation to circumstances which belongs to societies that are fitted to be permanent. Some universities rest upon colleges; in others, colleges are unknown. One class profess to teach and graduate in many faculties; others in only one. A fundamental distinction between the model universities of Paris and Bologna has been often referred to; and it is one which distinguishes the ancient universities of Britain and Northern Europe from those of Italy and Spain. At Bologna the university consisted at first of the *students or scholars*, who held the supreme power, and appointed the academical officials. At Paris, the government was vested in the *Doctors or Masters*, and they alone constituted the university a public body. All Doctors and Masters had

originally a right to be present in the academical assembly; but after about 1250, when the degree no longer implied that the graduate was actually engaged in teaching, the *acting* Masters (*magistri regentes*) alone ordinarily took part in the assembly—the other graduates only on occasion, and by special invitation.

Democracy in intellectual matters is always narrow and intolerant; and it is a curious but not unnatural circumstance, that those universities which, as in Bologna, were ruled by the universal suffrage of their youngest members, have been associated with despotism, while those which, after the model of Paris, have been governed by an oligarchy of the highest minds, have been associated with intellectual freedom and social independence. This circumstance is referred to by Dr Christison in his learned and sagacious pamphlet, prefixed to this article, which immediately treats of medical graduation, from which, at present, we abstain. Much curious and some little known facts regarding Universities and Degrees are presented by Dr Christison.

‘As fortune would have it,’ he remarks, ‘the republican Bologna was taken for the model of the subsequent universities of Italy and Spain, and even the provincial universities of France; while Paris became the model for those of Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, and Britain. If it be the case—which no man indeed ever doubted—that great importance must be attached to the universities as fosterers of the liberties of Europe, by educating and sending forth their most able and energetic defenders, it is remarkable, that wherever the academic constitution was republican, and lodged with the popular body, liberty ere long fell to the ground; and that it has been preserved in no kingdom of Europe, except where the supreme power in the universities lay with the Teachers, or a similar academic oligarchy.’—(Pp. 48–49.)

It must be remembered, however, that in the European universities founded before the Reformation, we find probably as much difference in constitution and character, as we do in the national government and polity of the same period. Their form seems to have been as much the result of very various circumstances and ideas, moulding originally spontaneous convocations of teachers and scholars. And it cannot be said that Oxford and Cambridge have been ruled by their teachers, either tutorial or professorial; while some of the Italian universities, under a modified Constitution, for a time developed into a period of great intellectual splendour, with a body of professors unrivalled in Europe.

Such were the elements out of which universities were formed. In these spontaneous societies, the students and permanent members were endowed with a variety of privileges by Papal and Royal authority.¹ In process of time, academical associations

¹ ‘The numerous universities,’ as Dr Christison says, ‘which arose in Europe, subsequently to those which had their roots in the middle ages, were established in a

were almost all affected by one remarkable external influence, which has transformed and in some respects reversed their original character. The external influence to which we refer, suggests some of the most difficult questions in modern academical polity, and we must attend to it for a little.

In the early universities, the relation of supply and demand, already described, was soon reversed. The number of graduates or licensed teachers grew out of all proportion to the number of students. The new associations tended to disorder and dissolution, and in process of time some of them actually dissolved. Means were needed for enabling them to cohere, and with the firmness suited to the social work they had to do. These means were provided chiefly in two forms,—the *Collegiate-proper*, on the one hand, which was intended to cheapen and regulate student life; and the division of the labour of instruction among *professors or salaried graduates*, on the other, which was meant to regulate and facilitate the means of instruction. As an educating power, the university was thus strengthened by an external and material support of either or both of the two elements of which academical society is constituted—the scholars and the teachers—and that immediately for the common advantage of both, ultimately for the intellectual good of the nation. A word on each form of external, or, as they may both be called, collegiate support.

The poverty of many students, the expense of living occasioned by the great concourse of learners at Paris, Oxford, Salamanca, and elsewhere, as well as the necessity for a careful domestic superintendence of so great a congregation, suggested the institution of Halls or Inns for their special accommodation. These Halls or Inns, when endowed with corporate privileges, and with property at their disposal to aid the poorer students, were termed Colleges. A college was thus originally a highly privileged academical boarding-house, auxiliary to the University, in which students were privately trained and prepared for the public academical lectures. Collegiate establishments were probably first founded in Paris. The Sorbonne, one of the oldest of the Parisian colleges, existed about 1250. In the same century, three colleges were founded in Oxford, and soon after others appear at Cambridge.¹ It is in connection with the English universities that this institution has attained a preponderating academical influence, and has ended by well-nigh subverting the universities

totally different manner. They were founded *ab initio*, by Charter of the monarch in whose dominions they arose, confirmed by, or confirming, a Bull of the Pope.”—(P. 47.)

¹ The Parisian College differed in many respects from the English College—an institution unique in Europe, and pre-eminently characteristic of the English national character in its noblest form.

it was intended to support. The history of the growth and waste of English collegiate wealth, is perhaps the most instructive chapter in the history of intellectual institutions. Long before the Reformation, students were expected to belong to some college, and finally, collegiate residence was made imperative on all students, at least in the Faculty of Arts. The permanent and endowed members of these colleges were called Associates or Fellows (*Socius*), and to some of these Fellows the discipline of the younger members of the Society was entrusted. And, as already said, the collegiate institutions which were founded and endowed, in order to assist students to live at the university, have ended by putting obstructions in the way of all except the scanty population they can themselves accommodate. Nevertheless, this domiciliary form of external support was one of the two means for counteracting the tendency to dissolution inherent in the more abstract and spiritual university.

Another means of encountering this tendency has been employed to some extent in all the European universities, but characteristically in those of Scotland and Germany. As a university is apt to dissolve from the obstacles to a sufficient number of *students* finding their way to it, and living for a term of years under its immediate influence, so it may also dissolve through a deficient supply of well-qualified *teachers*. And this last anarchic influence might be expected to appear after the pressure of an extraordinary intellectual crisis, like that of the twelfth century,—when the tide began to ebb, and things resumed their natural level, after a crowd of teachers had been fostered into life. In our own time, the general establishment of primary and secondary schools, and the invention of printing, which to a great extent supersedes the university as a mere organ of instruction, forbid any approach to the ancient demand for academical lectures.¹

At an early period, accordingly, it became the fashion in universities to endow a *select number of the graduates* as *public authorized teachers*. These *privileged* and *salaried* Masters of Arts were termed *Professors*,—at least the name was soon reserved exclusively for them.² We read of salaried graduates at Bologna in the thirteenth century. This method of providing instruction soon became universal, and took the place of teaching *by the graduates at large*, which was naturally in use in the in-

¹ Oxford and the ancient universities did the work of boys' schools to a great extent of old. This explains the tens of thousands in attendance at Oxford and Paris.

² The term Professor, as is well known, was originally equivalent to Master or Doctor. But it is now, and long has been, the academical designation of those *Doctors or Masters who are publicly authorized to teach and regulate their respective universities*. As such, it indicates a special and acknowledged academical and social standing in Scotland, and also in Germany and most Conti-

fancy of these learned institutions. Buildings were provided for the public lectures of the professors, and for their accommodation, in the same way as buildings were founded for the accommodation of students and Fellows, and for the private lecture-rooms of the fellow-tutors in the strictly so-called collegiate form of external support. The *government* as well as the *education* of the academical society naturally fell into the hands of the Professors, as the teaching, and usually the only resident, graduates. The *Senatus Academicus* became the supreme academical authority, and the representative of the university; while the graduates at large, finding no attractions in university residence, soon forgot their academical connection, and the university declined into a merely professorial seminary of instruction. This has been the history of the universities of Scotland and Germany, and the source of that feeble vitality of graduation by which they are characterized. Oxford and Cambridge, which admit non-regents as well as regents to a share in the working of the institution, and which in their colleges provide an academical harbourage for a proportion of their graduates as Tutors or Fellows, possess a cohesive influence over their members, of which the Northern or Teutonic Universities have hitherto been destitute. In Germany, indeed, the offices of extraordinary professor and *privatim docens* are to a certain extent a substitute for the facilities of residence afforded by Oxford and Cambridge; but in the Scottish universities, until now, every student became an academical outcast at the close of his curriculum.

It is interesting to trace, in the older universities, the gradual transition from the crude, primary system of universal graduate teaching alone, and the growth of the conviction that a system of salaried graduates, or else of colleges on the English model—either professorial or tutorial colleges, or both—is essential to a high standard of academical education, and for maintaining, through the university, the due influence upon society of its highest minds. The professorial or tutorial college seems to be to the comparatively abstract university as the body is to the soul. They are correlatives. Either in excess, or in a disordered state, soon injures the other, and both decline. The fair adjustment of their mutual relations is perhaps the most difficult problem in modern academical polity. It is naturally conjoined with a subordinate one—the relative value of the two forms of what may be called the external principle of academical cohesion—

nental nations; whereas, in England, the long-continued dormancy of the professorial office, and the circumstance that, until lately, Oxford and Cambridge professors had no academical and social standing distinct from other graduates, have deprived the term and the official of their distinctive character. On graduation and the ancient significance of Doctor, Magister, Professore, see Ludovicus Vives, '*De Tradendis Disciplinis*,' Lib. ii.; as well as various notices in Du Boulay, Crevier, Huber, etc.

the *tutorial* and the *professorial* form of the College. While neither is absolutely inconsistent with the other, and both are, in theory, needed in a perfect system of academical life, each tends to supersede the other.¹

Can the university maintain itself without the college in one or other of its forms? May that form of society which has for its end the intellectual elevation of men be left to depend for its support on those whom it is meant to elevate? Is it not the duty of the thinking class, who must always form a small minority of mankind, to secure means of external support which shall free the great intellectual institutions of society from an absolute dependence on the politico-economical principle of supply and demand? May cultivated thought be treated as a social luxury, which society can very well afford to dispense with, when there happens to be no demand for it, and may even safely suffer to perish in the rude collision of those lower desires which human nature maintains in constant force?

Abstract answers to those questions it is very difficult to supply. In the country of Adam Smith, and in an age which summons every institution and interest to take care of itself, and which teems with attestations of the efficacy of competition in maintaining self-reliance, and in awakening activity for the supply of the constant demand of human nature for its *material* wants, the suggestion that a different principle must modify the politico-economical law, *in its relation to the higher products of intellect*, is apt to be received with disfavour. The scandalous abuse of academical endowments which history records increases this feeling. The greatest minds, too, we are apt to say, are those most independent of circumstances; they are well able to develop themselves, and to guide public opinion and action, without any artificial or material machinery for their support. The greatest intellectual leaders and reformers of mankind have felt embarrassed rather than supported by the associations of a college or even of a university.

There is great weight in these considerations. They supply sufficient reasons for fresh safeguards against the abuse of collegiate institutions, in our measures of academical improvement. The external support of academical students and teachers should be so adjusted as to call forth a far greater degree of energy and self-reliance in our professorial and tutorial institutions than they

¹ It is to be noted that the University of Edinburgh, alone among the ancient British universities, was not founded on the ancient model, and has never received the confirmation of a Papal Bull. It did not originate as a society of graduates and students at all, but as a *professorial seminary, on a Royal foundation*. The term professor occurs in the first Charter of the University, although, during the seventeenth century, the work of instruction was performed by regent-tutors, and the professorial system, which, properly speaking, involves a division of academical labour, by the allotment of a special department to each instructor, was in abeyance in the Faculty of Arts until 1708.

at present manifest. But the facts of human nature and the facts of history combine to confirm the truth of the following sentences by the most eminent living authority in philosophical politics:—

‘If we were asked,’ says Mr Mill, ‘for what end above all others endowed universities exist, we should answer—‘To keep alive Philosophy. To educate common minds for the common business of life, a public provision may be useful; but it is not indispensable, and often not desirable. Whatever individual competition does at all, it commonly does best. All things in which the public are adequate judges of excellence are best supplied where the stimulus of individual interest is most active; and that is where pay is in proportion to exertion. But there is an education of which it cannot be pretended that the public are competent judges—the liberal education by which great minds are formed. To rear up minds with aspirations and faculties above the common herd, capable of leading their countrymen to greater achievements in virtue, intelligence, and social well-being; and likewise so to educate the leisured classes generally that they may participate as far as possible in the qualities of these superior spirits, and be prepared to appreciate them, and follow their steps,—these are purposes that require educational institutions placed above dependence on the immediate pleasure of the very multitude whom they are meant to elevate.’¹

Lord Bacon long ago described the evils which are connected with deficient academical endowments: ‘It followeth well,’ he says, ‘to speak of the defect which is in public lectures; namely, in the smallness and meanness of the salary or reward which is in most places assigned to them, whether they be lectures of Arts or of Professions. For it is necessary to the progression of Sciences that Readers be of the most able and efficient men, as those which are ordained for generating and transmitting Sciences, and not for transitory use. This cannot be, except their condition and endowment be such as to content the ablest man to appropriate his whole labour, and continue his whole age in that function and attendance, and therefore must have a proportion answerable to that mediocrity or competency of endowment which may be expected from a profession, or the practice of a profession. Readers in Sciences are indeed the guardians of the stores and provisions of Sciences, where men in active courses are furnished, and therefore ought to have equal entertainment with them: otherwise, if the fathers in Sciences be of the weakest sort, be ill maintained, *et patrum invalidi referent jejunia nati*.’²

At Oxford and Cambridge, the professors, as such, have never till now possessed any academical power beyond the other gra-

¹ *Essays*, vol. ii.

² *Advancement of Learning*, B. II.

duates, and until the recent reforms the endowments of most of them have been on the lowest scale.¹

‘The splendid incomes,’ says the Oxford Professor Vaughan in his evidence, ‘which talent and energy may look forward to in the learned professions, and particularly in the Church, must always operate to draw away from the university many of its ablest men. But this difficulty should not induce us to neglect means for retaining and attracting great faculties to the Professorial Chairs. It cannot be right or wise that County Court Judges, Police Magistrates, Secretaries to Railways and public Boards, should receive for the employment of their time L.1000, L.1200, L.1500 per annum, while University Professors are asked to perform duties requiring great knowledge and abilities of a less common description, without half the remuneration. . . . The University should be in a position to command the services of the most distinguished men in the several sciences, and to hold out to its members the University Professorships as rewards to a career of industry. The Professorship should be stimulus to the Master, as the Fellowship is to the undergraduate and Bachelor; and when once appointed, the Professor should feel his position to be his home and destiny, so that he may continue to concentrate his interests and exertions upon the subject. The tutorships in the University (Oxford) at present confer an income, I conclude, of at least L.500 per annum on those who hold them in connection with Fellowships. If the professorships do not range considerably above this, the foundation of professorships will, in effect, simply add a certain number of University tutors to the present staff of College tutors, and their effect on the University system will amount to very little indeed.’²

We have now glanced at the European university in its *early* and *democratic period*, when it was a voluntary association of graduates and scholars, more or less privileged by popes and kings; and in its *second*, or *collegiate and oligarchic period*, if we may so call it, when domiciliary colleges as in England, and professorial colleges as in Scotland, virtually constituted the university. May we not regard the ancient academical institutions of Great Britain as now entering on a *third* period, which shall to some extent combine the institutions and advantages of the other two, and in which a wise mixture of the intellectual democracy and the intellectual oligarchies—public or professorial, and private or tutorial—already described, may afford a sound basis for an academical polity accommodated to the social circumstances of the nineteenth century?

We have already referred to the wants of the English universities, in which the Convocation of graduates has always conti-

¹ A few of them are, no doubt, well endowed, having incomes ranging from L.800 to L.1800 a-year; and the Commissioners recommend that in future the salary of all the working professorships should be not less than L.800, and ought, if possible, to be more.

² *Evidence*, p. 88.

nued to represent the broad democratic basis on which these institutions originally rested—powerfully modified, it is true, by the local influence of the colleges. We should lament any change that materially weakened the great and salutary influence of English college life—the glory of these illustrious institutions. But we hope that its maintenance in full vigour is not inconsistent with the creation of an influential professoriate, which shall retain and organize the intellectual leaders for which Oxford and Cambridge made no official provision under the unreformed system, and also with the spread of the elevating influences of the noblest corporations of England over a wider area of the national mind. Greater and more matured minds at the centre, and an academical influence more generally diffused in middle class society, along with progressive reform in the application of collegiate endowments, are the chief wants of the southern universities.

Much has already been done for the creation of a professoriate. Incomes sufficient to give the professors an independent and prominent position, we believe, have been, or are soon to be, connected with the principal Chairs. Professorial teaching might also be made more available, and even necessary, to candidates for degrees. The anomaly of an academical government exclusively in the hands of the Heads of Houses, who are not usually chosen for high intellectual and literary qualifications, is at an end, and the professors are now represented in the governing body of the university. We incline to think that a still larger share of academical power should be entrusted to the authorized and public teachers of the university, represented in the ancient academical constitution of Oxford by the House of Congregation, as in the Scottish universities by the *Senatus Academicus*. ‘It would be well,’ as Professor Vaughan says, in reference to Oxford, ‘at least to *comprehend a learned element* (in the government of the university), such as in many European universities has the chief, if not the only sway. It would be desirable that, in a seat of learning and instruction, those who have attained the highest position as cultivators of literature and science, who must be considered as intimately acquainted with the state of the several departments of knowledge, who are brought into occasional contact with students of all ages and degrees in the place, who have proved themselves to possess a considerable degree of intellectual power, and who are necessarily interested in the success and reputation of the university, should take some active part in making and administering the laws.’¹

The maintenance of college life in its integrity seems to be an insurmountable obstacle in the way at least of a rapid increase

¹ *Evidence*, p. 82.

of students at Oxford and Cambridge. At present, we can think of no means more likely to restore the connection between these universities and the community at large than the remarkable system of local or 'middle class' examinations, originated four years ago by Oxford, and of which the credit is in a great measure due to Dr Temple, the present distinguished head-master of Rugby. The objects of that movement were the improvement of the smaller grammar schools, the commercial schools, and the schools of every kind which do not prepare boys for the universities by academical supervision and influence, and the formation, in this way, of a healthy bond of sympathy between the universities and the popular life of England. Many of these schools were sadly inefficient, and the work done in them was often misdirected and perverted. Already, we understand, the advantage of the clear aim put before them by the university examinations is beginning to be seen. What they do is becoming less showy and more solid, and their discipline is more thorough, while they are adapting their curricula to the requirements of the universities. The universities, on the other hand, take an interest in the schools which they never felt before, and their own political position is at the same time improved, when from being merely places of education and association, for a limited portion of the nation, they are converted into guides and judges of all education whatever. 'It is impossible,' says Professor Rogers, 'to exaggerate the merits of the movement, and it is quite out of one's power to predict the action and reaction of the process which was accepted, not without hesitation, but, in some degree, by surprise, on the part of the university.'

But we must now turn from the Southern to the Northern universities, and we do so in the confidence that a noble future still awaits Oxford and Cambridge. Never in their modern history have these great institutions shown themselves more alive to their responsibilities as the representatives of the highest culture—more in sympathy with the national wants—more disposed to employ their vast resources for the intellectual benefit of the country—or more awake to those changes in speculative opinion and belief which are ultimately the most powerful of all the influences by which society is moved. Under the guidance of great and matured minds, they will continue to play the leading part in the conservative progress of England.

In the Scottish universities, more comprehensive changes were needed, to convert them from mere educational seminaries into the national commonwealth of learning. Of late years it has been a growing complaint, that their students are less fitted to be members of a university than they once were, or than the members of other great universities now are—that our Scottish academical population, far from being not numerous enough, is

nued to represent the broad democratic basis on which these institutions originally rested—powerfully modified, it is true, by the local influence of the colleges. We should lament any change that materially weakened the great and salutary influence of English college life—the glory of these illustrious institutions. But we hope that its maintenance in full vigour is not inconsistent with the creation of an influential professoriate, which shall retain and organize the intellectual leaders for which Oxford and Cambridge made no official provision under the unreformed system, and also with the spread of the elevating influences of the noblest corporations of England over a wider area of the national mind. Greater and more matured minds at the centre, and an academical influence more generally diffused in middle class society, along with progressive reform in the application of collegiate endowments, are the chief wants of the southern universities.

Much has already been done for the creation of a professoriate. Incomes sufficient to give the professors an independent and prominent position, we believe, have been, or are soon to be, connected with the principal Chairs. Professorial teaching might also be made more available, and even necessary, to candidates for degrees. The anomaly of an academical government exclusively in the hands of the Heads of Houses, who are not usually chosen for high intellectual and literary qualifications, is at an end, and the professors are now represented in the governing body of the university. We incline to think that a still larger share of academical power should be entrusted to the authorized and public teachers of the university, represented in the ancient academical constitution of Oxford by the House of Congregation, as in the Scottish universities by the *Senatus Academicus*. ‘It would be well,’ as Professor Vaughan says, in reference to Oxford, ‘at least to *comprehend a learned element* (in the government of the university), such as in many European universities has the chief, if not the only sway. It would be desirable that, in a seat of learning and instruction, those who have attained the highest position as cultivators of literature and science, who must be considered as intimately acquainted with the state of the several departments of knowledge, who are brought into occasional contact with students of all ages and degrees in the place, who have proved themselves to possess a considerable degree of intellectual power, and who are necessarily interested in the success and reputation of the university, should take some active part in making and administering the laws.’¹

The maintenance of college life in its integrity seems to be an insurmountable obstacle in the way at least of a rapid increase

¹ *Evidence*, p. 82.

the Lord Advocate's 'Parochial and Burgh Schoolmasters Act,' with its important provisions for connecting the schools with the Universities of Scotland, as a first instalment of what is due by the Legislature.

A restored efficiency of liberal graduation, and an academical organization of Scottish graduates, may indefinitely reduce the *other* impediment to the educational efficiency of our universities. For a century and a half, graduation has been almost unknown, or at least socially unrecognised in Scotland. The chief cause of this was undoubtedly the fact, that graduation conferred no real advantages on the graduate, and was no guarantee of the learning and feelings of a gentleman. Students had no encouragement to take degrees, which neither helped to advance them in the struggle of life, nor gave them, as permanent members of the university, a recognised place in an intellectual commonwealth. Partly as a cause, and partly as a consequence of this, the Scottish people and the British Parliament, for a century and a half, have permitted our universities to languish in poverty. While private and public benefactors have strengthened our other institutions in Church and State, the universities alone have been forgotten; very little has been added to their material resources since the Reformation, or at least since the Union.

The reform now in progress in the universities of Scotland, under the direction of the Parliamentary Commissioners, has already organized Scottish graduates in General Councils, analogous to the Convocation of Oxford and the Senate of Cambridge. Instead of being virtually excluded from his university by the act of graduating, every Scottish Master of Arts may now be permanently connected with it, as a member of its General Council, and has a way open to the practical advantages with which we hope Scottish degrees are soon to be associated. Among these advantages, desirable both for the sake of the Legislature, to which it would communicate additional strength in a valuable element, and also for the sake of the universities themselves, we hope soon to see the Scottish universities exercise a more powerful influence over the community through a representative of their own in Parliament. Their General Councils now supply a large and intelligent constituency, trained in college life under its professorial form, and associated in sympathy with a more numerous body of students than those now matriculated in the universities of Ireland, or even of England. From returns now before us, we find that the number of members, students, and graduates, or permanent members, in these universities, in the present year, is as follows :—

	Matriculated Students.	General Council.
Edinburgh,	1550	2004
Glasgow,	1182	845
Aberdeen,	653	775
St Andrews,	143	322
	<hr/> 3528	<hr/> 3943

Nearly 8000 individuals are thus formally connected with the Scottish universities, either as students or as permanent members, including, in the General Councils, about 4000 persons—teachers of youth, men of letters, judges, clergymen of all communions, physicians, and many of the most intelligent landowners and merchants of the country, men of all parties and sects. This, moreover, constitutes a small proportion of those now living who have been members of these institutions.

The organization of this large and very influential body, for the purpose of academical government, is one great service rendered by the late Act of Parliament. The Scottish universities, in form at least, are now, what the English universities have always been, republics or commonwealths of learning, with a self-governing power, and not mere seminaries of instruction—in their Arts Faculty, ill-constructed grammar schools. But fresh motive force must be created, if the form is to be converted into a reality, and the new system is to retain some at least of its students or graduates under its influence long enough to secure higher scholarship, science, and philosophy, than it has hitherto been able to promote. Scotland has as yet no Colleges, nor even Halls, after the English model, in which to harbour her distinguished graduates,¹ nor Fellowships to encourage an intellectual life, nor even a graduated professorial system, like that of the German universities. Average intelligence, with a scanty modicum of academical learning, has satisfied the demands of her three professional faculties, which have long discarded a degree in Arts as the necessary credential of intellectual proficiency. Extra-academical regulations of the Church, the Bar, and the Medical Councils, have taken the place of university legislation proper. In the Arts classes a large proportion are candidates for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. Their goal, in most cases, is the ordeal of a presbyterial examination, regulated often by the intelligence of a clergy naturally absorbed in pastoral and ecclesiastical life, instead of by a series of academical examinations, organized in the university itself, conducted by university officers, and culminating in a Mastership in Arts.

Scottish society has starved its universities, and supplied no

¹ We are glad to see the announcement of an experimental Hall at St Andrews, meant to unite the domestic comfort of students with aids to study during summer as well as in winter.

motive to more than mediocrity in their students. Year after year ill-trained boys crowd our academic class-rooms, and, after a brief and desultory attendance there, are all absorbed by active life. The wave rises and subsides, leaving no trace behind. The professorial staff, the only permanent element in our universities, drawn down by their audience from the high standard which their office suggests, as the intellectual leaders in a great national seminary,—forced to do the work of college tutors, and even of country schoolmasters, are apt to sympathize and rest satisfied with the mediocrity which surrounds them. Might we not reasonably expect that the Scottish universities, thus destitute of any internal force by which they might resist, and in some measure assimilate to higher influences the strengthening industrialism and professionalism of surrounding society, should become conspicuous for their failure to produce and retain representatives of profound learning and science? Can we wonder that their academical degrees in Arts are in abeyance, that examiners are satisfied with a low standard of proficiency, and that Honours and Class Lists are unknown?

Amid these growing discouragements, the Professors of Literature and Philosophy in Scotland have, for many years past, been gradually raising the qualifications required for graduation, and rendering their degrees more and more worthy of the confidence of the public, as the best and surest guarantee of knowledge and culture. That initial movement within has now received powerful aid from without, in the late Universities Act, and in the subsequent operations of the Commissioners. The return of a public interest in the universities has been followed by an increased esteem among the students of Edinburgh and Glasgow for the degree in Arts. The University of Edinburgh has conferred more degrees in Arts, in the last two years, than during all the latter half of last century. In 1859 the number of new Edinburgh graduates was 27; in 1860 it was 45; this year it is 62;—and an ordinary Edinburgh degree is, according to Principal Forbes, ‘only to be obtained by a struggle more varied, arduous, and prolonged than that which is required for the ordinary degrees of Oxford and Cambridge—which yet practically bestow a passport to most professional and official dignities.’ ‘This important fact,’ he adds, ‘is only now becoming apparent to many educated persons at home. It is then hardly surprising that the knowledge of it has not yet penetrated to a distance. Scotchmen have obtained a reputation in all parts of the world for diligence, skill, and sagacity. It is singular that her system of training—her University System—has not received more credit for this unquestionable result.’

With the present year, and since these words of Principal Forbes were written, the Scottish system of graduation in Arts

has made preparations for an important step in advance. At the commencement of the present year an Ordinance was issued by the Commissioners, which is now academical law, and which, besides some important changes and amendments in the curriculum of study, institutes *Four Departments*, in any one of which candidates may graduate with Honours, viz., Classical Literature, Mental Philosophy, Mathematics, and Natural Science. This new system, when vitalized by additional social and academical rewards for high learning, while it in no way diminishes the broad popular character of the Scottish universities, must, in time, strengthen the weak part long felt in our academical system. While the curriculum retains its present liberal character, the universities will also, we cannot doubt, through this new institution of graduation in Arts with Honours, provide encouragements to those who desire to explore at leisure favourite regions in literature, science, and philosophy. An Edinburgh First Class, for example, in any of the four departments, should in future be the highest academical distinction which a student can attain, and a passport to reputation throughout the country.

The contrast between the Northern and Southern Universities is most remarkable of all, when we compare the treatment bestowed by England and Scotland respectively on what Bacon calls 'the persons of the learned.' Academical endowments may be ranged under three classes:—1. Scholarships or bursaries, which are meant to aid in the maintenance of *undergraduates*. 2. Fellowships, or the rewards of *graduates*. 3. Professorial endowments, devoted to the maintenance of the *intellectual leaders and executive governors* of the University. When we compare the endowments of Oxford and Edinburgh for example, under these three heads, we cease to wonder at the comparatively feeble cohesive power of the latter over its members, or at their short and desultory academical life, which forbids permanent residence.

The number of undergraduates in Oxford is, we believe, not more than 1500, and the number of matriculated students in Edinburgh is rather less than 1600. According to Professor Rogers, 'not less than 80 scholarships (in the hands of the colleges) are annually available for competition; and taking these scholarships at the average value of L.85 per annum, the resources in the hands of the *colleges* for the encouragement of promising students equals L.26,000 a year, L.5200 of which is annually open to competition. The *university* is entitled to distribute, for the same purpose, the sum of L.1835 in annual income, L.766 of which is annually competed for. If we include the endowments attached to the foundation of each college, there is or will be *no less than a sum of L.80,000 per annum bestowed on those who desire or receive, as the case may be, eleemosynary aid in Oxford, as undergraduates.*'

According to the last *Edinburgh University Calendar*, the entire value of the scholarships or bursaries in Edinburgh, for undergraduates in all the four faculties, is L.1583, 10s. 2d., of which, of course, only a small part is available in each year.

Again : The annual value of the Oxford fellowships and college headships, buildings included, is rated at L.140,000. Edinburgh has absolutely nothing to contrast with this. It enjoys no fellowships at all. But this is not all. 'The annual value of *ecclesiastical benefices*,' says Professor Rogers, 'connected with the colleges (and these may be said to come under the head of Rewards of Graduates), is at least L.200,000; and the income of the university, including its trust-estates, will bring the gross total to not much less than L.500,000 per annum. Not much less than a moiety of this sum is expended on pensions,—that is to say, in assistance or reward without service or labour being rendered on behalf of the stipend.'

Even this does not nearly exhaust the possible rewards of Oxford learning. The great and wealthy system of school foundations, of which Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Harrow, and Rugby are the distinguished representatives, is virtually assimilated to the Southern universities, and offers wealthy and honourable offices to their distinguished graduates, for which Scotland has no counterpart at all. Out of Edinburgh and Glasgow, Scotland has hardly a grammar school with the average endowment of a smaller English fellowship, and even in these cities their most distinguished teachers are meagrely remunerated.

The professorial chairs of Scotland are virtually its only educational and literary offices, which offer a tolerable maintenance to the intellectual class of the country; and, with their moderate incomes and imperfect organization, their contributions in the last century and a half to the common stock of human science and culture, as well as to the list of names of European reputation and influence, has been extraordinary. In last century they were the centres of the most brilliant contemporary literature in Europe. The first to accept and diffuse the great discoveries of Newton, they have since added fresh splendour to the magnificent roll of modern physical discovery. The '*Wealth of Nations*,' which has been described as one of the four most influential books of modern times, issued from a Scottish classroom; while the lectures of Stewart helped to spread over Europe and America the doctrines and influence of Scottish political philosophy, and to inform and liberalize the minds of the greatest English statesmen. In their theory of human nature, of knowledge, and of life, and in their application of it to the duties and controversies of men, the Scottish teachers, if they have only imperfectly influenced the great body of their own countrymen, have held a place second to none, which England

has not approached since the days of Locke, and which has gained respect and admiration for their doctrines in Paris and Oxford.

On two important subjects connected with the progress of Reform in the Scottish Universities we cannot at present enter. We refer to the relation of their Faculties of Arts, in particular, to the vast extension and reorganization of the Sciences in modern times ; and also to their connection with the primary and especially the burgh or grammar Schools of the country. To what extent is a University bound to extend its organization in proportion to the general progress of knowledge and intelligence ? To what extent may the Scottish universities examine and superintend the national schools, and education as a whole ? The former of these questions is at present under the consideration of the Commissioners, and we shall not anticipate their judgment ; the latter is, in some degree, involved in the educational measure lately brought into Parliament.¹

To whatever extent it may be possible or desirable to make the *representation* of knowledge offered in our universities co-extensive with the vast *actual counterpart* of knowledge and the cyclopædia of the sciences, it will never, we trust, be forgotten that the curriculum in Arts is not meant to offer universal, or even immediately useful, knowledge to those who pass over it ; but that it is properly an organ of liberal culture, by means of the ancient, and difficult, and reflective—not the modern, popular, and comparatively easy parts of knowledge. It is true that the Modern Sciences and Literatures have altered the relations of the intellectual world since the University system of Europe arose, and also since it received its great impulse at the *renaissance*, when the Greek and Roman classics superseded the Schoolmen. While we hope for much from the wisdom of the Commissioners, in the way of adapting the university system to the change, we cannot reasonably expect from any quarter a full and satisfactory settlement of the great educational questions raised by this revolution in the ancient style and relations of knowledge—unless it be that gradual solution which the progress of experience and the higher wants of society may enable the universities themselves, aided by literary discussion of the subject and also by public munificence, in some approximate manner to supply, in the course of this and the next generation.

¹ Nearly two years ago, on the motion of Professor Playfair, the Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh appointed a Committee to prepare a scheme for promoting education in schools by means of university certificates. The subject has since been discussed in the University Councils of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and in Mr Dalgleish's able and suggestive pamphlet. Owing to obstacles over which the Universities have no control, it has not in the meantime been possible to advance in the execution of this scheme.

- ART. II.—1. *Œuvres de M. le Comte de Montalembert—Discours.* 5 vols., 8vo. Paris, Lecoffre. 1861.
2. *Montalembert (C. de) De l'Avenir politique de l'Angleterre.* 12mo. Paris. 1856.
3. *Les Moines d'Occident depuis Saint Benoit jusqu'à Saint Bernard.* I. and II. 8vo. Paris. 1860.
[*The Monks of the West, from St Benedict to St Bernard.* By the COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT. Authorized Translation. Blackwood. 1861.]

MONTALEMBERT is the true and perfect type of 'Parliamentarism,' as it is called in France. He embodies completely the utmost degree of power which parliamentary government ever attained in that country. We do not say 'self-government;' that can only be the result of institutions genuinely representative; but parliamentary government—government, that is, by the means of speech; and, we will add, of absolutely free speech.

The institutions of France were never entirely representative. They possessed the capacity for becoming so before the Revolution of 1789–93; what was wanting was, the clear comprehension of the real meaning of such institutions, rather than the desire to achieve them. The only thing that was there, was the unconscious tendency towards them, as it is, and must be, in every country in a natural condition. After the great Revolution, representative institutions became impossible; for the elements from which they gradually form themselves, and without which they cannot exist, were destroyed from that time. France was in an unnatural condition. She was deformed, disorganized; and the fair work of nature, which, in its delicate but strong complexity, is the heritage of every great living nation that has developed itself historically through a series of ages, was replaced by the clumsiest and most defective of man's inventions. Never was human presumption carried farther; and never was its inadequacy to great achievements better shown. The forces which it is the one aim and business of representative institutions to represent being no longer in existence, the form of government entitled Representative could be found in France no longer. But though several of those fountains were stopped, from whose generous and simultaneous flood the perfect tide of a nation's public life must be drawn, yet the power of expression continued unlimited. The capacity for self-government was irretrievably gone; but loquacity remained, strengthened, perhaps, even by the loss of vitality elsewhere. France could no more be *representative* in her political form,—she could be *parliamentary*. France could talk! But wanting the ballast arising

from the equilibrium of latent forces, she was swayed violently by turns, from this side to that, always a prey to some terrible fever, whether of excitement or debility, and never in a condition of complete mental and bodily health. Hence her destructive agency out of doors. Hence her continuous power for evil.

But these were radical vices ; and France, impaired, imperfect, drifted into the hands of honest and honourably-intentioned men as into those of political adventurers. The idea of going back to the root of the mischief struck fewer minds perhaps than would be supposed in this practical country. Men were used to their ills, had grown up with them, and by force of custom lost the sense of their real magnitude. To those who recognised the root of the mischief, the idea of attempting to eradicate it seemed preposterous.

The original mistake lay, in the first instance, at the door of the elder Bourbons ; and, in the next, at that of Louis Philippe's ministers. All of these, with an interval of twelve or fourteen years, committed the same fault,—that of trying to imitate the external form of government in Great Britain, instead of courageously attempting to call into existence the forces of which our government is the fruit. The elder Bourbons found France maimed, and left her so, vainly fancying that she could live as vigorously, and move as freely, without her proper complement of limbs as with it. Two sentences of Royer Collard thoroughly paint the situation in the last half of the Restoration : '*Il faut faire quelque chose*,' said the great thinker of France to a friend one day in 1825. The friend assented, adding, '*Que peut on faire ?*' '*Rien !*' was Royer Collard's immediate and sternly accentuated answer ; and one minute after, he again repeated, in the same decisive tone, '*Mais, il faut faire quelque chose !*'

To save France, it was needful that something should be done ; but, constituted as France was, nothing could be done ; and France, accordingly, was not saved. But this she knew not, and on she talked. Parliamentary government was established, and till its inadequacy was proved by its fall, it was not perceived that France had no representative institutions. Why she had them not, and could not have them, why the 'something' which was indispensable to avert a catastrophe never was, never could be done ; this question we very much doubt whether any Frenchman ever put to himself. If it were now put to them, how many Frenchmen would be found who would at once give it the proper reply ? This also remains matter for speculation.

Mere parliamentary government having been set up, apart from a direct representation of serious interests which impose responsibility upon mere orators, office became the reward sooner or later of the best talker : office, we say, not power.

The glorious opportunity of exercising for the good and advancement of a whole nation of nearly forty millions, the sovereign faculties given to some by the Creator, was never presented to any of the ministers who helped to administer France during the years between 1815 and 1848. They held office;—they never wielded power. But, the radical imperfections of the French constitution admitted, this period of thirty-three years, when compared with what preceded, and, above all, with what has followed it, may, and ought to be regarded as the only epoch to which, for three-quarters of a century, Frenchmen can look with satisfaction. The materials for achieving great things were wanting; nor were great things achieved: but some lesser things were honestly done; and the government of France and her social state—as far as it had relations with the outer world—were worthy of confidence and respect. Freedom of speech was so completely rescued, that it may be understood how men, unaccustomed to the delicately complex workings of those balances and checks whose action and reaction on each other ensure the stability of all the liberties of a nation, might have come to believe that all freedom was contained in that single liberty.

But the best possession of France imperilled the rest. Freedom of speech, inevitably conducive to the general weal, and inevitably productive of general contentment in the end, when (as in all genuine healthy states) there is an equal amount of favourable and of unfavourable truths to be told and discussed,—this freedom becomes to the full as great a danger as a benefit when organic defects have to be hid, for the defects, when revealed, are found to outnumber the advantages. And so it was in France. The utterly reckless, who speculate on disorder (as if from disorder even individuals could durably derive profit), were for ever tearing off veil after veil, and exposing wounds to view for which their antagonists unfortunately believed there was no cure; whilst the conservative portion of the community was ceaselessly occupied in covering up the same wounds, as though keeping them out of sight would be equivalent to healing them. Whereas in Great Britain, it is felt on all public occasions, whether in parliamentary debates, or meetings, or what not, that no subject requires to be avoided, but, on the contrary, that the more that is said on every subject the better,—in France the reverse was the case. Past wrongs and past mistakes had created a very world of ‘reserved questions,’ on which ignorance, bitterness, vanity, and bewilderment of spirit were perpetually brought to play.

Parliamentary government in France was an effect without a
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cause; not a tree, but a rootless branch planted in the earth, on which, though the leaves remained green surprisingly long, no fresh leaves budded, or could bud. Still there was parliamentary government; and there were many among the best and most honest who believed in it for what it was, and trusted it for what it was not, and who sincerely dreamed and hoped that it would become the source of liberty and prosperity to the country. Foremost, quite foremost, in the ranks of these honourable and brave men, stood, and stood from first to last, M. de Montalembert.

Of this most eloquent of living Frenchmen, it may be said that everything about him conspires to render him an object of peculiar interest to the people of Britain. What he is not, is as striking as what he is. He was not a minister! nor could he, by any possibility, ever be accused of aspiring to be one. This alone places him in a class quite distinct in France, for it is impossible to say as much of any other man of note in that country. Neither was Montalembert a partisan. On the contrary, no party could boast of being able to count upon him from the mere fact of party links attaching him to it; for if he found in the ranks of his enemies a possible supporter of the cause to which he was attached, he would eagerly seize the support, irrespective of the source whence derived. There never was, and—the man's own character and position taken into consideration—there never could be a temptation, that should lure Montalembert from what he chose to think the right line. He might be mistaken in his opinions, might be thoroughly wilful, and thoroughly wrong. Many thought him so. But to those opinions he not only remained faithful,—it was utterly out of the question to suppose a state of things in which he should cease to be so. Men are tempted from their integrity by fortune, or the particular objects of their ambition. M. de Montalembert's social position raised him far above suspicion, and his own nature raised him above it still higher, because the special objects of his ambition were such as could only be attained by perfect independence. Anything like official importance would have diminished his weight. This is one of the main points which render him so very difficult to be understood by Frenchmen. As the country has been constituted for the last seventy years, *place* is what enhances the worth of a Frenchman. It is his place, not his individuality, that is valued. Clothe a man with authority in France, though he be in every respect third or fourth rate; place him in the ranks of those whose province it is to exercise authority in the name of the Government; invest him with the right to dispense State preferments, however small; let his voice, when he speaks, convey '*les ordres de l'administration*,' and in this inferior being you immediately find the superior of all that is outside the

gates of the governmental world. The *employé* ranks in France above the man. Predominance won by individual worth is almost impossible. Hence the exceptional position of Montalembert. He could afford to disdain all officially conferred distinctions; he could derive his importance from himself; he could be, and act as a great, predominant individuality. He belonged to no system, was no component part of any association or any whole, and was simply responsible for what he said and did to his own conscience, and, he would have said, to the dictates of consistency and fair play.

The less prominent circumstances of M. de Montalembert's life contributed to make that existence unique in his own country, and to force him into a species of political action and eminence which has no parallel. From the Scotch blood of his mother, he derived a tenacity of purpose, and a sense of justice, as strong to his enemies as to his friends. The determination to see 'fair play' on every occasion, no matter to whom, is one of the traits of character that have puzzled Montalembert's countrymen most. They never could reconcile it to their political creed, that a man should be determinedly bent on attaining his own ends, yet equally determined that no undue advantage should be taken of a competitor, and that a 'fair start' should be given to all.

In a politico-social sense too, Montalembert was so situated as to form an exception in relation to that very mode of government of which we began by calling him the perfect type. Montalembert was a 'hereditary legislator,' a peer by right of birth; a member, therefore, of a body whose real usefulness and influence he only, with a few others similarly placed, represented. The others had the same position as himself, but lacked his talents. He had both the talents and the position; and, besides these, he was conscious of the importance which the latter lent, although it might be only to one single man (the importance of the body being for ever forfeited).

The extraordinary union of contraries in Montalembert, both as to character and position, render, therefore, both the man and his political career quite unique in France. He is the descendant of French Crusaders and of Scottish Lairds; religiously, he is a Knight Templar, and politically, the freest of freethinkers. As a mere boy, he asserts his right to discussion in a land where age and experience are regarded as the sole claims to attention. He is a born *debater*, in assemblies where only set speeches and regular harangues are listened to. He legislates by hereditary privilege, in a country whose vainest boast and chief folly are to have trampled everything hereditary under foot. He is the last genuine aristocrat (in the real sense of the word) in a State which democracy is about to submerge; and as such, his life is doomed

to perpetual resistance,—resisting all despotisms, whether of Crown or mob. He is the champion of inequality, born of merit, in a nation where the equality of inferiority is worshipped; and he boldly proclaims the glories of freedom where the true meaning of its very name is ignored. He would uphold what men strive to overthrow, and abolish that to which they fanatically adhere: not a day passes, but he is at variance with some one, either man or party. His existence is one combat from first to last; persons of the most opposite minds unite in hostility to him, while his own adherents gather round him only temporarily and for a definite purpose. He is not a member of the only Assembly which, since 1830, is supposed to embody the public life of France; but he precipitates a torrent of public life that carries all before it into the Assembly that is reputed inanimate, extinct. With all its anomalies, and difficulties, and imperfections, parliamentary government in France finds, as we have said, its completest type in Montalembert; for there is one thing he is, which no one else ever has been in his country,—an ever-watchful, active, evenhanded, bold, *thorough* Member of Parliament.

Montalembert, in his seat among those wavering, timid old Peers of France, had all the genuine House of Commons habits. Nothing was too large or too small for him; and though he enjoyed more than any one the task of ‘shaking a temple,’ he never, by any chance, disdained to ‘pick up a pin.’ He has learnt the importance of small things, and brings his mind to bear upon them. In all France he is the only man whom one can conceive going through the tiresome and useful business of our own ‘Wednesday morning sittings;’ and you find him devoting to such a subject as the ‘Police Regulations of Carriers’ Companies,’ the same energy and earnestness that he shows upon a question of peace or war in Europe; whereas *Messieurs les orateurs* in Parliamentary (and not Representative) France, only reserve their ‘grand displays’ for showy sittings.

We said Montalembert began public life at a much earlier age than is usual in France. It is at the commencement of his career that we must take him up, if we desire to appreciate him thoroughly, for in that very commencement his future career is most completely shadowed forth; and nowhere, perhaps, is the likeness stronger, or the identity more absolute, than between the boy who, for the first time, rushes into the arena which is opened to him by birth, and the man who, by the unworthiness of his fellow-citizens and the lawless deed of an unscrupulous adventurer, has that arena closed to his riper efforts. The same standard is borne in the hand of both, and neither want of usage nor loss of opportunity scares either from firmly holding it aloft. ‘Liberty and the Church!’ are printed upon its folds.

We will not examine the compatibility of the two (that is not our business now); it is sufficient that he who did battle for them, believed absolutely in them, never ceased, and probably never will cease, to believe in their compatibility. The boy, but just come of age, carried the banner on which this war-cry was inscribed, into the *mêlée*, where everything was new, yet nothing daunted him; the man whose experience of political life has been of the most various and exhaustive kind, carries, nothing discouraged, that same banner out of the *mêlée*, where few, very few of those around him, could help saying, 'All is lost,'—including 'honour.'

The entrance of Montalembert on the political stage is one of the most remarkable passages of his, or indeed of any man's life, in the present age. Wedded to his belief in the possible union of 'Freedom and the Church,' Montalembert had, as a boy of barely twenty, associated himself with the celebrated Abbé Lacordaire; these two determined to open a school in Paris, and test, as they said, the sincerity of the Government of July in the matter of Liberty of Education.

In Art. 69 of the 'Charte' it had been set down that freedom of education should be established and guaranteed with the briefest possible delay. Nine months were allowed to pass, but the more impatient of the Opposition took a somewhat mistrustful view of the conduct of the Government; and, on the 8th May 1831, the school to which we have just alluded was opened, and Montalembert and Lacordaire themselves appeared at its head in the character of schoolmasters. All that passed subsequently is full of interest for the foreign reader.

The youthful teachers exercised their ministry for but a very few days, and they were suspended from their self-imposed functions, in the name, not of the new and *soi-disant* Liberal Monarchical Government, but in virtue of one of the harshest and most crushingly centralizing decrees of the First Empire, in virtue of those Napoleonic dictates which gave the monopoly of public education to the University. If a proof were needed of the oneness of Montalembert's political career (spite of all its apparent contradictions), it might be discovered in the singular circumstance, that the first and the last persecution directed against him were in the name of Imperialism. His earliest step in public life is obstructed by the legacy of oppression imposed on France by the so-called great Napoleon; his latest effort in favour of liberty is sought to be rendered abortive by the fear-provoked violence of the Emperor Napoleon III.; and no stronger sign of the perfect devotion of Montalembert to political freedom need be adduced than the fact of his being so persistently regarded by the Empire as a foe.

The arbitrary act we have recorded took place on the 12th May 1831. On the 10th and 11th consecutively, the children had been ordered to vacate the school, but the order had remained unattended to; and on the 12th, accordingly, a commissary of police, well supported by subordinate authorities, proceeded to shut up the establishment, turn out its occupiers, and affix the Government seals to its doors. The two schoolmasters (to whom a third, M. de Coux, had to be added) were summoned before the Tribunal of Correctional Police. They were tried and condemned by default to a stated fine. An appeal was made, but the sudden death of Count Montalembert, Peer of France, changed the aspect of the whole affair. The youthful culprit, Charles de Montalembert, was amenable now to another court; and as a Peer of France himself, and arrived at the age (though but a few days before) at which he could avail himself of his rights, he could only be judged by his peers. The action of another article of the Charte, bearing upon the indivisibility of crime and of prosecution, brought also his accomplices to the same tribunal with the young hereditary legislator. Messrs de Montalembert and de Coux, and the Abbé Lacordaire, were arraigned before the Cour des Pairs on the 19th September 1831, accused of having infringed the law of 1806, which awards the 'right of education exclusively throughout the entire empire to the University,' and declared subject to the application of the clause of it which, for any 'attempt at public teaching without the license of the Grand Master,' inflicts a fine of not below 100 francs, and not above 1000.

The point was rather a knotty one as between legal texts, and in an English court the trial might have lasted almost any length of time. In defence, it was argued that the decrees relied on, of May 1806, March 1808, and November 1811, were all 'unconstitutional,' and did in themselves 'violate the specific clause of the law of 1806 (May 10th), which reserved the question of the organization of the Educational Body for the decision of the Corps Legislatif during its session of 1810.' Moreover, it was set forth, with still greater plausibility, that had even the decrees invoked been 'constitutional at the period of their promulgation, they had ceased to be so by the action of the Charte of 1830!' This undoubtedly was the safest ground, and chiefly upon it did the accused take their stand. There was a terrible text which came to their aid. Articles 69 and 70 of the Charte distinctly state:—

'That successively, and by separate laws, steps shall be taken, with the briefest possible delay, to organize public instruction and freedom of education;' and also, that 'all laws and ordinances, in *whatsoever they may contain that is contrary to the*

measures sought to be adopted for the reform of the Charter, are, at and from the present time, abrogated and annulled.'

The latter article was the more difficult to overcome, and, little to the credit either of M. Persil, the Procureur-General, or of the ministry whose instrument he was, recourse was had to the fatal system of a *voidance of the law*, which seems so natural to Frenchmen. There is a passage so painful in M. Persil's report, that it might actually have emanated from M. de Persigny himself. The same terms occur in the famous 'circular' of four months ago, where it is stated that every effusion from the pen of a banished man, 'whatever its form, shape, or contents,' is to be 'administratively seized.' M. Persil condemns the law of May 1806, because, he says, it had no right (!) to entrust to a legislative body what belonged purely to the administrative authorities!—thus, thirty years ago, and in the blushing honeymoon of what was supposed to be almost Republican freedom in France, having recourse to that detestable practice of substituting administrative for legal action, which is resorted to now on every point by Imperial despotism.

The Court of Peers, however, felt the injustice of the whole proceeding on the part of the ministry, and, as is usually the case in France, they came to a compromise which satisfied no one. It would not have been in the nature of Frenchmen to have held by the law as such, and to have declared their upright and constitutional repudiation of a system which supplanted law by administration; just as, on the other hand, the case was too strong to permit their adopting the deplorable prevarications of M. Persil to the utmost extent, and condemning seriously the young men who awaited their sentence. What they did in reality was that which they will always do on similar occasions: they upheld the condemnation (therefore the injustice) in principle, and in practice, softened its application as far as possible,—thereby marking at once their sense of the illegality, and their complete want of courage to resist it. The *minimum* of punishment was inflicted in the shape of a fine of 100 fcs., and thus the ministry was disappointed, whilst the accused were incensed. It will at once be seen how much the complicated nature of this famous trial was calculated to colour the rest of Montalembert's career, and how, at the very outset of life, he was, as it were, bound over to the championship of an opinion he has never deserted since.

To Protestant readers who are ignorant of the position, the requirements, and the particular influence of the Catholic Church in a Catholic country like France, it probably must seem incomprehensible, that one of the most acutely intelligent men of the age should consecrate his whole life to the achievement of what to them seems impossible: namely, to the union

of Liberty and the Church. But it is absolutely impossible to comprehend Montalembert, unless this be admitted to have been his never abandoned aim, and the one ruling conviction of his whole life.

The peculiarities of position of the July Government must be taken into consideration, and, if well considered, they may help to elucidate what must otherwise seem impenetrable. When Louis Philippe came to the possession of sovereign power in August 1830, it must not be forgotten that the portion of the clergy who, by the force of circumstances, were opposed to him, were those who constitute the so-called Gallican Church. In 1830, the division which has existed since was not in force. There were no 'Ultramontanes,' properly so termed. The Jesuits had been banished from France in the preceding reign,—a fact which too many people seem to ignore or to forget; and whatever might be the cry of the mob, there was, at that time, no portion of the clergy of France that could be accused of holding exclusively to Rome, or whose views tended to diminish the power and privileges of the liberal Gallican Church, which is regarded by all Ultramontanes as far too independent. As is almost always the case, the popular indignation had survived its cause; and long after the Jesuits had been put down in France, the cry was still, '*à bas les Jésuites!*' The clergy that was destined to be in opposition to the Orleans Monarchy, was the clergy formed by the teachings of M. de Frayssinous, bishop of Hermopolis, Minister of Public Worship, and one of the most determined adversaries the Society of Jesus ever had. The current of religious opinion in France tended nowhere towards Jesuitism between 1815 and 1848; it tended entirely towards Gallicanism. This cannot be said of later times; and a volume might be written on the reasons that determined the Emperor Napoleon III., on his violent accession to supreme rule, to seek aid from the Jesuits against the Gallicans. In the period of which we are treating, we again repeat, there was no question of Jesuits or of Ultramontanes. There was a great question—permanent, in fact, under twenty different forms—of liberty *versus* administration, of the individual *versus* society, of the race *versus* that terrible tyrant, the State. From the hour when that ominous word, '*L'Etat*,' was pronounced by Louis XIV. as the omnipotent authority, incarnate in himself, the freedom of the individual was forfeited in France, the web of centralization had begun spinning its stifling thread; and henceforth the desire for self-assertion, the longing to escape from a crushing weight, might successively assume any form.

There was in reality too little difference between the new Government in 1830 and the Gallican Church, to have rendered

the opposition of the clergy on spiritual grounds at all necessary; but a mistake into which the Government was too easily led gave the clergy the opportunity of becoming its opponents on political grounds, and, above all, on the grounds of superior liberalism. The Monarchy of July, like every other species of government in France, seized on centralization as its best auxiliary, as the means by which it could attain to the possibility of over-governing the country. It submitted, too, to the pressure of a radical vice in the particular class of men who became its defenders and representatives, who had to work the political machinery of the State, and to bring the weight of the over-governing system to bear upon the mass of the nation. In a majority so large as not to make what remained worth speaking of, the naturally independent classes, the bearers of old names and possessors of the soil, the *gentlemen* of France, had retired from public life, and the conduct of the affairs of the State was left all but completely in the hands of salaried functionaries, the immensely large proportion of whom were professors, members of the University.

Possibly no irremediable mischief might be done were all Queen Victoria's ministers to be selected from the Heads of Houses in Oxford or Cambridge; but let it be remembered what the difference is between the independent gentlemen who form this most liberal and most honoured body, and the men who, with narrow means and narrow ideas, are all their lives dependent on the scanty emoluments furnished them by the central authority, and who literally end by consecrating the small amount of veneration that circumstances and the narrowest of educations have left them, to the institution which, in the whole civilised world, embodies the most prejudiced and the most false of scholastic systems. For French professors, the University is a divinity. Most of them have an instinctive distaste for all religious creeds, but before the dictates of the University they bow down with slavish awe. The University can do no wrong; and if the youth of France are to be the hope of the nation, the youth of France must be brought up by the University. Afterwards, this monopoly was partially abolished, and Frenchmen owe to the Republic of 1848-49 the right to educate their children according to their own conscience and particular conviction. But this was not the case during the July Monarchy. Just as at present the chief form of tyranny may be said to be Prefectoral, so, under Louis Philippe's first years, the form of over-government to which French citizens were exposed was undoubtedly Professorial. The University tyrannized over the individual and over the family in France. The father had a secondary right over his child: the State, represented by the University, had the first right; and unless he chose for his son all

the insufferable disadvantages of a purely home education, the father was condemned to have him, after he had for some years undergone the patent training process of the State, returned upon his hands estranged from family traditions, ignorant of Christianity rather than hostile to it, and morally marked with the indelible official stamp. He left his home, a boy like any other boy, a son, or brother, a member at all events of a living, human association; he came back a sceptical prig, from whose brow were never to be effaced the words, '*propriété de l'Etat.*' He might 'turn out well,' as it is commonly called, and be an amiable, respectable young man; but if his family had any particular wishes about him, he could not turn out what they wished him to be: their right in him was lost, he was not theirs, he was the State's. By this mistaken zeal in vindicating the supremacy of the University, the Government necessarily threw on the other side all the strugglers for freedom, of whatsoever denomination. Thus it came to pass that the University, having become the one chief ally of the Government in the task of over-governing the country, it was easy for the Gallican Church to become the foremost champion of the work of emancipation. As in no shape was centralization so oppressive as in that of education by the State, so against nothing so fiercely as against it did those do battle who sought to rescue the rights of the family and of the individual.

It is probable that no English reader has any conception of the ways, direct or indirect, in which the State coerced the subject by means of the University. A man not having been fashioned by the State, could not serve the State, unless in a military capacity. If he, or those who instructed him, bore not the State's all-equalizing seal, he was not admitted to pass those examinations which alone afforded him access to the liberal professions. If a father chose his son to learn Greek after a certain fashion, or not to learn Greek at all; if he chose that, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, he should have an opportunity of knowing and practising his own religious creed; if he chose him to search freely for the truths of history, and to abide by certain principles which, in this country, for instance, constitute a true and perfect gentleman,—if he chose this, he could compass it, no doubt; but then he must also make up his mind to have his son hanging upon his hands all his life; for, except that of a soldier, he could hold out to him no professional career.

If the English reader takes the trouble to consider this state of things attentively, will it not afford him some enlightenment upon many of the shortcomings of France within the last quarter of a century? will it not explain more than one catastrophe? and, above all, will it not help to make clear some of

the apparent anomalies in the relation of the clergy to the Government, and of the clergy to society?

Montalembert's first crusade was against the tyranny of State education, and for the rights of the family and of the individual. In this crusade he found the clergy on his side, and from this early contest dates his war-cry of 'Liberty and the Church!'

Montalembert, who has been often accused, by both friends and enemies, of political inconsistency, and who has been said by those who had not narrowly studied either his character or his career, to be for ever changing his opinions and his party, presents perhaps a stronger instance of unity in his political life than most men. He has never changed his opinions, but his very adherence to his opinions has made him change his 'party' more than once. Hence the accusations brought against him, the very best refutation of which is contained in the five volumes before us. By giving forth to the world all the words he ever spoke, Montalembert furnishes irrefragable proofs of his consistency, while he also forces the reader to see the principle of that consistency. You must admit his obstinate faith in 'Liberty and the Church,' or you cannot thoroughly understand either his fidelity to a principle, or his apparent deviations from fidelity to Governments and persons. Montalembert can truly say, as he does :¹—

'My labours have been constantly guided by the firm resolve to serve the liberal cause, as separated from the cause of revolution, and the Catholic cause, as separated from that of intolerance and despotism.'

That this may be a hard task, nay, that to us it must seem an impossible one, is very true; but it must once for all be allowed, that it was the task to the accomplishment of which Montalembert devoted his life. Perhaps the English political student may be even inclined to see, in the incompatible objects selected by Montalembert as the end and aim of his activity, the first reason for the accusations of inconsistency to which he was so frequently exposed. The state of things in France in the early part of Louis Philippe's reign, which so strongly impressed Montalembert, and probably determined his future line of conduct, we have tried to explain to the English reader. The actual belief engendered in him, and held to ever since, may be pretty correctly stated as follows :—

Religious freedom, to be absolute and entire, sincerely vouchsafed, and equally enjoyed by all, without any special privilege whatever either to or against Catholicism : Political liberty to be defended against any encroachments of the Government, and also against the violent inroads of democracy : Government

¹ *Cœuvres de Montalembert*, vol. 1, p. xi., *Avant Propos*.

and Opposition to be both held in check by justice and the interest of the community: Faith to respect good faith (this is a favourite notion of Montalembert's), and therefore religious tolerance to go hand in hand with religious zeal: Conscience to rule each man's creed, and the freedom of every individual conscience to be held inviolable. In a word, 'a free church in a free nation,' says Montalembert, 'this was the programme I began life with; and after thirty years of study and contest, I still hold it to be the right one—just, and rational, and practicable.' He affirms, that nothing of all that has passed during those thirty years has seemed to him in any way calculated to shake his idea of the practicability of his plan; and he persists in reiterating that 'freedom balances all things,' and that 'faith, when perfectly sincere, has everything to hope, and nothing to fear, from liberty.'

We are disposed to think there is one difficulty which, in his whole career, M. de Montalembert never perceived; this, namely, that France had not within her the elements of freedom, such as he conceived necessary for the well-being and equilibrium of the State. He was perhaps called into public life at too early an age, and he has adhered to convictions which, being adopted at a time of insufficient experience, have been retained since without modification. The peculiarities of position which we have tried to describe, acted, too, upon the formation of opinions which were erroneous principally from their immediate application. Montalembert, with his English instincts and aristocratic tendencies, believed, at the age of twenty, in the practicability of things that were inapplicable to France. Let us for a moment grant his own assumption, and recognise the compatibility of a 'free church in a free nation.' France had not, and could not have, as a nation, the degree of freedom required to support such freedom of the Church. Centralized, theoretically-organized France,—France, in which no living forces were for ever balancing and counteracting each other, and guaranteeing a healthy equilibrium,—could scarcely have encountered the chances of a perfectly free Church; and we think it was here that Montalembert's error lay. He reasoned as he would have done in a country like our own, for instance, in which every imaginable force is so directly and so sincerely represented, that the mischievous or exaggerated action of any single force is scarcely to be feared. The Roman Catholic Church can be perfectly free in England, where it is not the religion of the State, and might be perfectly free in Austria, where it is the religion of the State; but this is because in both countries there are strong native elements that would, by mere pressure, modify the sway of an absolutely free Church. Probably one of the evidences of

this will ere long be furnished by the newly emancipated social forces of Austria, against whose steady equilibrium the ill-advised Concordat will find it hard to stand. Yet the Catholic Church will remain perfectly free in the Austrian Empire, and enjoy all the privileges which stop short of wrong done to any other creed. France had no such elements within her. His failure to perceive this was, we believe, M. de Montalembert's chief error.

This is, perhaps, the place to say a few words upon what was really the liberal attitude of the French clergy in the commencement of the July Monarchy,—an attitude which, as we have mentioned, mainly contributed to determine Montalembert's line of action. Liberalism was a necessity for the French clergy in 1831 and the few years following; for in the name of equal rights for all, they could most surely obtain such rights as they held to be indispensable for themselves. It may or may not be true, that, as soon as things became what they clamoured for, the Catholic clergy of France hoped to become predominant in turn; but it is undeniable that the means which they were led to employ, ultimately to their own advantage, were not unfair. If they deemed that out of perfect freedom the supremacy of the Roman Catholic creed would necessarily result, this can scarcely be wondered at; for had they not so deemed, where would have been their faith? and for what reason were they to be Roman Catholics rather than Christians of any other denomination? But the fact of their seeking ultimate gain by means of freedom and fair competition must not be lost sight of, for it helps immensely to elucidate Montalembert's position and conduct through life. What he, and what the clergy of France at the beginning of the *régime* of July 1830 asked for, was the equality of freedom of all creeds. They clamoured for the rights of the individual and of family, as opposed to the usurpations of the State. They said, 'Let a father be a Catholic, a Protestant, an Anabaptist, or a Jew; but let the father have a full right to have his son brought up in his own particular form of belief, whatever that may be.' This was all they asked; and an Englishman will hardly be found who will object to so popular a cry, or who will not comprehend how Montalembert at once echoed it heart and soul.

We have said, and we repeat, that the love of fair play in Montalembert was just one of the things that made him incomprehensible to his French countrymen; but it was the one thing that guided his whole life, and ought to make him understood in England. Montalembert alone, in his own person, might suffice to exemplify the radical differences of the French and English natures. He is a thorough Frenchman politically,—that is, he always pursues French ends, as it is right and proper

that he should do ; but he does so after an English fashion. He is wrapt up in the greatness and prosperity of France ; but he sees these not as a Frenchman, but as an Englishman would see them. Above all, he promotes liberty as it is practised in England,—not in the way of absorption, but of diffusion ; not by monopoly, but upon the principle of equal enjoyment by all. The political dissimilarities of the two countries lie deeper than is perhaps supposed ; and nowhere are they more evident than in their relative appreciation of political freedom. By Englishmen, liberty is regarded as a right ; by Frenchmen, as a privilege. Indeed, the whole secret of the mistakes made in France by Governments, and by the public at large, are reducible to this one fundamental mistake,—the belief that liberty is unsafe ; the ignorance of that great principle, that liberty itself is the only possible corrective of the excess of liberty. It is in this that we find the cause of the shortcomings of the home policy of France during more than forty years. The tyrannical predominance of any single force does not depend so much upon the resources of that force itself, as upon the want of them in its neighbours ; and it may always find its match in an antagonist force. The fault of French institutions was, that they made it possible for any particular form of liberty to become excessive, because it failed to be met by some other form of liberty which might measure and thus check it. Thus, mere parliamentary freedom grew to be a danger, because it did not spring from a broad system of representation ; and freedom of the press mainly helped to overthrow the Monarchy of July, and imperil the whole social condition of the country, because it assumed eminently the character of a privilege, was concentrated in the hands of a class, and was used almost exclusively for the purposes of attack, meeting with no adequate counteraction in the shape of defence.

This is curiously illustrated in the year 1835, in the first great debates of September, upon the famous '*Projet de Loi sur la Presse*,' brought in by the Duc de Broglie, and strenuously opposed by M. de Montalembert. In the proceedings of both Chambers, it is at once apparent how extremely defective the notion of 'political freedom' is in France. A wrong has been done, a crime committed—the leaders of what is termed 'Society' are extremely alarmed ; and the first and best remedy that suggests itself to them is, silence ! They will have no more 'talk.' They will 'regulate' the expression of the public thought, pointing out to it the subjects with which it shall deal, and limiting its mode of dealing with them, not perceiving that the very fact that they have it in their power to do this, argues that there is neither 'thought' nor 'public' to be

grappled with. This escaped even M. de Montalembert. Whilst seeing clearly the proper manner of opposing the law against the liberty of the press, he failed to see that he had not in hand the elements of opposition. He recognised the office of public opinion to refute, but did not perceive that, in fact, there was no public opinion in France that could take that duty upon itself. Still, the difference between him and his fellow-countrymen was a wide one,—he distinctly feeling what was the right thing to do, but not alive to the fact that he had no means of doing it; they, utterly mistaken as to what was the thing to be done, and thinking that, in the matter of attacks by journalism, the only remedy was to repress,—he knowing that it was to repel.

The repelling force, however, was not there; and here we have another proof of the truth of Royer Collard's words, 'Something must be done—what can be done? Nothing!' This it was that Montalembert did not perceive; but his way of discussing the famous law of September 1835 was an English, not a French one. It is curious to mark the difference of tone between the Government at this early period of the July Monarchy and one of its most illustrious opponents. The Duc de Broglie was President of the Council, and Prime Minister; and the reason for the law which he desired to enact, was the criminal attempt of Fieschi upon the life of the king.

'We do not ask you,' says the much alarmed Government, by the mouth of M. de Broglie, 'to repress offences committed against the person of the king; we ask you to suppress the very possibility of such offences ever being committed; we ask of you to forbid all discussion having for its object the individuality of the king. The characteristic of the law we propose, is not to regulate, or restrict, or trammel discussion, upon points on which discussion is permitted; it is to interdict simply all discussion upon the points on which, according to our view, it is not permitted.' Let it be remembered that the sole pretext for the Revolution of July was to ensure increased freedom to the public;—a freedom of action and of thought, of speech and of pen, which the previous Government was reputed to have unjustly hindered or impaired!

We have shown the object of the law of 1835; we will now show that the mode in which that object was obtained was neither gentle nor ambiguous. 'In order,' says the Duc de Broglie, 'to attain to the possibility of preventing discussion upon certain points, we propose, first, to decide that any offence against the king is a crime; secondly, to punish that crime by penalties not repressive, but suppressive, by penalties destined to make all relapse impossible, by penalties which, in the case of a journal for instance, shall suppress the very existence of the

journal.' Nor does the fear-inspired project end there: it extends the protection demanded for the king to the institutions of the country; it asks, that 'the constitution' and the 'political establishment of July 1830' shall be declared inviolable; and that it shall also be made a crime to 'discuss' the rights of the reigning house and the constitutional monarchy, as it has been founded by the Charte.'

This 'exorbitant' proposal, as Montalembert rightly characterized it, was supported by MM. de Broglie, Sauzet, Thiers (!), etc., and was combated, amongst others, by MM. Royer Collard, de Lamartine, Villemain, and Montalembert.

The latter stood, upon this occasion, in almost as singular a position as when he attacked the University, on the occasion of the trial we have already alluded to. He could have no deliberative action in the Chamber of Peers till he had completed his thirtieth year; at this period he was just twenty-five, and, in fact, only taking his seat officially for the first time. The debates upon the laws against the press, voted in September, began in August 1835; and it was but in May of that year that M. de Montalembert entered the Chamber of Peers with the right, as a hereditary peer, of speaking.¹ We must not fail to notice, that the very earliest efforts of Montalembert as a born legislator of his country, were both made in favour of unlimited freedom. As a mere boy, he stood forth to save where he could not yet advocate the rights of the individual against the State; and, as the youngest of all France's peers, on taking his seat, he manfully defended the rights of public opinion against over-government. In the first instance, it may be objected that the clergy were on his side, and that he was in reality fighting for his Church; but this will not hold good in the second case, for the clergy, in the eyes of their narrow-minded partisans, had apparently nothing to gain by the overthrow of the project of law against the press. But here we recognise that invariable love of fair play that compels Montalembert always to side with any one who appears unjustly dealt by, and not armed with sufficient freedom of defence. His arguments against the preposterous provisions of the law are the broadest and most elevated, and they are couched in language worthy of their own nobility.

'This law,' exclaims the young orator, 'is an outrage on the public understanding and the public conscience, and that is why I am here to oppose it. To seem to concede to any political opinion whatever, and as a favour, the liberty of existence with-

¹ Upon the occasion of the trial relating to the school, M. de Montalembert appeared at the Bar of the House, then constituted as the Court of Peers. His father's death made him (he being twenty-one) amenable only to this tribunal, but he could not sit in the Chamber, as a Senator, till he was twenty-five.

out that of expression, is as though it were sought to vouchsafe to us the liberty of breathing as one of the "conquests of July!"

We should like nothing better than to reproduce the whole of Montalembert's speech, for few things can be more honourable to any politician; and there is not a line of it that may not, at a distance of five-and-twenty years, be put unchanged at the present moment into the mouth of a man, whom the extreme ardour of his convictions has more than once exposed to the accusation of inconsistency. Some parts of it we feel compelled to quote, because they so clearly demonstrate the difference of his view and that of his adversaries, the supporters of the bill.

After reminding the Assembly of what was perfectly true, that under the Restoration, the Chamber of Peers had exerted itself sincerely to maintain the freedom of the press, M. de Montalembert, with a proud consciousness of the true worth of his cause, remarked—

'I am not here as the champion of the liberty of the press, nor of any other liberty—they do not need that I should defend them. Freedom, I am intimately persuaded, has become the inalienable appanage of France. If passing storms disturb its glory and its peace, this state of things cannot endure long. The destinies of so great a conqueror may be delayed, but cannot be prevented; they will be so, neither by the crimes of those who style themselves friends, nor by the hatred of untiring foes, nor by the defections of whilome supporters. Liberty may brave all dangers, for its root lies at the very heart of France.'

'What I am here to defend by my opposition to this project of law is rather, society itself threatened with the concussion and overthrow of all the ideas and habits to which, for so long a period, it has been used to submit. It is also the Government of July threatened in its popularity and its honour, in its just and salutary influence, by a collection of violent measures, of which one of the worst has been now placed before us. . . . See the effect already produced by your discussions! Public opinion, unanimously indignant and grieved at a crime¹ as cowardly as it was cruel, has become divided from the hour when it was thought that a national calamity was likely to be taken advantage of by the supporters of certain illiberal ideas. Society, really deeply outraged by the crime, feels itself now injured by the punishment. Society feels that an attack against what is most sacred in the social life of a people, might have been

¹ Present circumstances may seem to destroy this assertion; yet, perhaps, even they may be too superficially judged. There may be a latent love of some liberties still in France; and we must remember that in his preface so recently published, M. de Montalembert affirms that 'nothing has hitherto occurred to shake his political faith.'

² Fieschi's attempt upon the king's life.

better met than by an attack upon the public conscience, upon the intellectual life of the public. Society repudiates a system of retaliation as sterile as it is iniquitous, which, under pretence of avenging one wound, inflicts twenty fresh ones. This law is an outrage on the public intellect and conscience, and that is why I am here to combat it.'

Here was the very fact of which the proposers of the law failed to discern the vast importance. They did not, and would not, see that the law was necessarily 'sterile,' because it aimed at simple repression by material power, instead of calling other living forces into play, to undertake the work of natural and collective resistance to wrong; they would not see that the law was an 'outrage on the public conscience and understanding,' and that it must, therefore, be a mistake. No! they believed in the efficacy of silence, in the possibility, as we have already expressed it, of keeping mischief out of sight, and making the mere concealment of evil equivalent to its destruction. We dwell purposely at great length upon this discussion on the laws of September 1835, because it seems to us that no more disastrous blunder can be laid to the charge of the Government of July. It struck at the root of all future good, for it proved an inability to appreciate what was good in the political organization of society, and provoked in the spectator a feeling of hopelessness. Besides, one of the immediate consequences of the irrational behaviour of the Government was, of course, to sow mistrust in the national mind; for every principle which it had been declared was sure to inspire the newly-liberalized Councils of the State, was set at nought by the arbitrary disposition of the press laws, as it was now decided that they should stand. Montalembert was not slow to take hold of this, and his profession of faith in 'freedom of conscience' (implying, as we must not forget, the impunity of Atheism), is one of the most remarkable of his early declarations.

. . . . 'The Cabinet,' says Montalembert, 'is resolved to wage war, not upon patent outrages, but upon convictions; not upon facts, but upon ideas and sentiments, upon hopes and fears; that is to say, it is attacking the very principle upon which modern society is based—liberty of conscience. Now, I frankly avow it, this principle is not mine personally. I am no idolater of it; I hold to an order of principles more ancient, of a higher and holier kind; but this is evidently the principle of the world into which we are born,—it is the principle which, after a long struggle, has triumphed and now reigns in our country. For this reason, it seems to me that our duty is not to fear it merely, but to obey it, to accept it loyally, and to insist upon all its legitimate consequences. Nor is it, I repeat, for the safety of that principle that I am anxious. It is scarcely probable that it should have subsisted for several centuries, and con-

quered a good half of the world, to end by yielding, in this year of 1835, to the blows dealt by a law of circumstance and passion. I repeat it, I tremble only for the peace of the community in France, disturbed by so unforeseen a contradiction. I tremble for the Government France has given to herself, and which, by declaring that it dare not expose itself to discussion, makes, in my opinion, an avowal of weakness, as contrary to truth as to its own individual dignity.'

And, in reality, the avowal was one of which all the consequences had not struck the framers of the law. For, what shall be said of a Government which announces itself as of all Governments, the most liberal, but which at its very outset shrinks from permitting the right of expression to a principle, to an idea, to an impalpable force which is utterly without danger, if it be not based on truth. 'If,' said Montalembert, 'a mere principle, a simple opinion severed from all possibility of action, asserting itself solely by expression, by discussion,—if this be still too powerful to be allowed by the Government to go on wielding its two instruments, opinion and discussion,—if the injustice and falsehood of the accused principle suffice not to ruin it in public esteem, where is then the sovereignty of public reason to which you have professed to be ready to submit? And if you must renounce freedom for the sake of 'public safety,' where is the strength of the Government?'

And here the young orator hit a terrible blow at what, for years, was not admitted to be the great weakness of the Government of July, the anomaly which it was, or which it made itself. Sprung, as it affirmed, from the struggle of freedom against oppression, its first acts were marked by the desire to limit freedom; having no other right to exist save that it was to ensure the country a stronger, larger right to speak its own mind, it almost immediately limited the exercise of the political rights of the citizen. Instead of standing boldly on its merits, instead of striving to deserve well of the nation at large, confident in the never-failing certainty that the best Government always gets the most numerous supporters, the Government of July began by setting up its own safety as the one thing most precious to France. It succeeded to power in virtue of one principle, and sought to maintain itself in virtue of another and an opposite one. Its fundamental mistake was committed at once, and it never recovered from it.

The difference between so-called 'Legitimate' Governments, and Governments sprung from what is called the will of the people, lies in this one fact: that in the one case it is judged advisable to place the reigning family beyond ever-recurring discussion, whilst in the other the monarch is to be put for ever on his good behaviour. If it be the pleasure of his subject

that gives him authority, or places him at the head of the State, he is bound to please them, and he has absolutely no right to represent his own safety and that of his Government as considerations for which the public must be content to make a sacrifice. There is less question of 'Divine Right' in all this than has been often believed. Probably no real, no practical belief in divine right, has been entertained by any prince or any statesman for the last two hundred years. The proof of this may be found in the abandonment of their own cause, which so many European kings have resorted to. But there is unquestionably a right represented by certain monarchies, and not represented by others. There are kingdoms enjoying the blessings of a mixed constitution, where, by the deliberate act of a number of men, doing their best for their country, the Sovereign family is placed beyond the reach of discussion. These monarchies are the legitimate ones. The first and foremost of them all is Great Britain, and it is time this should be marked; for many misapprehensions are gliding into the public mind, upon questions of public law and public duty. The Sovereign in Great Britain reigns in virtue of a principle,—a principle that has been admitted as beneficial to the workings of representative institutions,—a principle that is not subject to discussion, the machinery of the State being founded on this fact; and, therefore, the reigning family of Britain possesses a right which it is proper at times to invoke, and the safety of the Crown becomes an object which the Government may legitimately entertain and avow. It implies a perpetual appeal from the mere will to the interests of the people, so that to attack it would be at once criminal and absurd. But this has nothing to do with 'Divine Right.' It is a political form, nothing more. In Austria and Prussia, and the lesser German monarchies, in Spain and in France, even before 1789, much might be said also upon this; and probably it would be found that, in far more instances than we commonly suppose, the term 'Divine Right' was but a cant phrase, far less acted upon in practice than affirmed by the ignorant or the superficial. Practically, at all events, for the last century, 'Legitimate' monarchies have been those in which a reigning house has been set apart, in which the son succeeded the father in virtue of some ancient compact, and in which the obedience of the subject was held to be a duty, because the maintenance of the Sovereign family on the throne was regarded as a right. But if the question had ever been put, 'Why a right?' it would have been discovered, athwart a mass of confusion, that a larger recognition of the manifest advantage to the commonwealth lay at the bottom of the entire system than has been generally admitted. In the science of government, very small things are of

great importance; and frequently, on the rupture of the very smallest thread, the ultimate destruction of the whole fabric hangs. It is time to say, that, in the minds of the men who governed France during the period of the Restoration, there never was recourse to so absurd a creed as that of the 'Divine Right' of kings. M. de Richelieu, M. de Serre, M. de Chateaubriand, M. Lainé, M. Decazes, or Mgr. de Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, did not believe in it;—Louis XVIII. did not believe in it. Any one of the hottest Royalists of the time, beginning with the king himself, would have been sorely at a loss for an answer, had he been questioned as to the exact moment at which Divine Providence declared in favour of this family or that, and made it a law of nature, that on such a spot of the earth this race and no other should reign; or if he had been asked when, how, or if ever, the Catholic Church or the Papacy had acknowledged the doctrine? No! had this phantom of 'Divine Right' been marched upon at once, and firmly, it would soon have been dissipated; and what seemed so appalling at a distance, would have vanished into thin air. But there would have remained a right, a principle, a political system, which could have been amply discussed, and set aside, if, after deliberate discussion, it had been decided that freedom and representative institutions were incompatible with the form of that system, with the admission of that principle, with the maintenance of that right.

Now, this is just what was never done or attempted to be done in France. The existing Government was overthrown in 1830, by men who did not know what they made impossible by that overthrow; and it was suffered to be overthrown by men who did not know what they themselves upheld. 'France,' says M. de Montalembert,¹ 'may be truly said to have never destroyed any of the Governments that have ruled over her; they have all let themselves go to destruction.' No truer word was ever uttered; and one of the chief causes of this self-abandonment was the want of due recognition of what in reality constituted them, of what they represented and were. The powers that fell in 1830 had as vague and indistinct a knowledge of their true meaning, as those who overthrew them had of their obligations for the future.

The men who were vanquished thought very highly of themselves (far too highly), but they were ignorant of the real reason for which their vanquishers could not replace them; and the vanquishers, also very proud of their own deeds, did not guess at the force that was to render those deeds abortive.

When the 'men of July,' as they are termed, succeeded to

¹ *Discours*, vol. i., p. 45.

the men of the Restoration, they at once set about doing the same things that the former had done, but in a different way. They believed that the changes to be made must be in the mode of action. They did not see that the one thing forbidden to them was to attempt doing 'the same things' that the Restoration had done. They failed to see that they were separated by a principle; and for not venturing immediately to adopt, and proclaim, and act upon their own principle, they were soon caught in a mesh of incongruities and anomalies, and all progress became impossible. The germ of life was not in them,—they seemed only to live; and after eighteen years of endurance, such a man as M. Guizot could express the fatal thought, that 'resistance was progress.' *Le progrès c'est la résistance!* and so it was, so it had necessarily come to be.

There were few men who, in the early days of the July Monarchy, saw the anomalies into which the Government was drifting, and the inextricable difficulties which would soon hem it round, if it did not venture to recognise the power of its own principle. Montalembert was perhaps the first who judged the position from the outside. Nearly every one else discussed from the inside, if we may so term it; and all parties were alike shut up in a narrow ring, where the noise and confusion they themselves created, prevented them from seeing clearly, and from doing either the good or the harm they intended to do. Montalembert was, from the commencement to the close, occupied in declaring to them that they were all wrong—all, equally so; and this was one of the causes of his enduring unpopularity. No one could make a partisan of him; and therefore people lightly echoed a lightly proffered assertion, that he was 'not to be counted upon!' How, with his English instincts, with his aspirations towards self-government, with his love of fair play, with his obstinate belief in more liberty as the only remedy for the inconveniences of some liberties granted,—how could he ally himself with men who were involuntarily only playing with 'Constitutionalism,' as it is called? or how could he be 'counted upon,' as they chose to phrase it, by people who, when they were brought face to face with the genuine mode of action of free, self-governing countries, invariably shrank back, and cast imploring looks around them, seeking for the protection (!) of the Executive? The difference between Montalembert and all the parties who have governed France successively, is a radical one; it is a difference upon what the French call '*la question de fond*,' and therefore the forms it takes are of endless variety. The ultra-Royalists regarded him as a Republican, because he would forbid no 'meetings,' however turbulent, nor be frightened by the noisiest of electioneering rows; the Revolutionists hated him, because he would resist

the tyranny of the mob as of the Crown; the exclusive July Monarchists feared him, because he would have given to public speech the right of discussing them; the Doctrinaires forswore him, because he well knew no 'mixed monarchy' could exist without an aristocracy; the scoffers abhorred him, because of his unswerving devotion to the Church; and the very zealous of the clerical party would rather not have had him for an ally, because he insisted on the Church winning its way to supremacy by unlimited freedom granted to all creeds. The true reason which separated Montalembert from everybody in France, was, that 'everybody' was in some way or other attached to illiberality; all the political parties in France were illiberal, whilst Montalembert was really liberal. They all dreaded what they denominated 'excessive liberty,' whilst his doctrine was, that unlimited liberty only was safe, and that the pressure of one force upon another was the only means by which the oppression of any single force could be resisted. Neither in nor out of France, as we think, has Montalembert ever been thoroughly understood; and the reasons for the misunderstanding are obvious: he was too English in his instincts and modes of action ever to be comprehended by French politicians, and he was too ardent a Catholic for the English public ever to believe in his determined liberalism. His is one of those natures that must always be actively opposing what seems to him unjust or unfair. He hears a Government say that freedom of education is one of its grants to the nation; he instantly puts it to the test, is punished, and denounces the Government as false to itself and to the nation. He takes as sincere the declarations of the July Monarchy with respect to Poland, and for long years clamours for its emancipation. He sees the Revolution attain to sovereign sway in 1848, and, deeming a tyrannical action towards his Church the nearest danger, he helps with all his might, in 1849, the French expedition to Rome. But then again, when, after a few years, he has witnessed the mischievous influence of the Ultramontanes, and recognised the debasing example of a Jesuitical priesthood, his voice is the loudest raised in condemnation; and, probably, for his bitter sarcasms upon the narrow-minded, illiberal, cowardly conduct of the clergy within the last few years, the clergy will never quite forgive him. It must not be lost sight of, that Montalembert's religious zeal is based entirely upon faith,—a rarer thing than is supposed. Montalembert believes in his Church, believes it to be the best, the only true one; and because he so believes, he has trust in its freedom. His argument is virtually this: 'What is true must prevail. I believe my Church the true one; if true, as I believe, liberty will contribute to show its superiority: if any Catholic fears liberty for

his Church, he admits a possibility of its being found inferior. I do not. If I could admit a possibility of the Catholic Church not being able to stand the test of the utmost freedom, I must cease to be a Catholic.' The question is not, Why should a man of Montalembert's intellectual capacity be so firm a Catholic? We must admit the fact that he is so; and, admitting this, it is impossible to deny our admiration to the energy of his belief, and to the political and religious liberalism with which it inspires him.

It would be a very interesting study, though too long for our present limits, to consider the reasons of the estrangement from France of some of the most distinguished Frenchmen within the last quarter of a century. In every other country, a man's greatness and his national characteristics go together: the more he is of his country, the greater is usually his distinction. In France, the very reverse is the case. The less French the modes of thought and action, the higher is the chance of moral and political elevation: a man does not on that account love his country less, but he has other ways than hers,—he is estranged from her. This is specially to be noted in Montalembert and Tocqueville: both are great lovers of their country,—none more so; but neither has anything in common with his countrymen. Two characters more unlike can scarcely be found; yet they agree in this, that both are eminently what is understood by the term 'Constitutionalists.' Both are sincere Liberals, and for that reason cannot understand, or be understood by, their countrymen; cannot enter into their ways, or adopt their modes of action. 'I perceive quickly, that between my countrymen and me there is no one single point of contact,' writes poor Tocqueville a few years before his death; 'in their way of thinking and feeling there is nothing that can be likened to mine: we are each to the other strange; I have preserved tastes that have died out in them; I passionately love what they have ceased to love altogether; I have a fast increasing repugnance to what daily appears more pleasing in their sight.' Every word of that might be said by Montalembert, and at different times those are the kind of words he has addressed to his French listeners; but there is a resolute, tenacious energy in Montalembert, which, coming to him from his Scotch mother, prevents him from ever giving his enemies the satisfaction of seeing him sink under his sorrows. All Frenchmen of a certain stamp have suffered more or less from the degradation to which France has been subjected by despotism; but we believe that the two who have suffered most bitterly have been Montalembert and Tocqueville, because they were the two most passionate lovers of liberty France ever had, and the two who least understood the errors of judgment and weakness of purpose by which France cheated herself out of freedom. Tocqueville

mourns over France as a man mourns over a fondly-loved mistress; all that is noblest in his nature is brought out by the sadness that lies at his heart. Montalembert is incensed at the weaknesses he sees around him, and what is strongest in him is aroused to indignation. 'The sight of what is being done in France,' writes Tocqueville, 'and the manner in which it is done, are things which hurt and wound whatever is best in me—whatever is proudest, most honest, most refined. *I should be sorely grieved were I less sad.*'

Montalembert might have uttered every word of that sentence, only he would have ended it otherwise. He would have said, 'I should be sorely grieved were I less angry!' Tocqueville died of his sadness, Montalembert has had life trebled in him by his indignation. But both looked at France from an *un-French* point of view, and would have applied to her political modes of thought and action that were not hers; and both did this involuntarily and inevitably, because both were such sincere and thorough Liberals.

Montalembert had during all his career been a Cassandra; he was destined to continue playing that part. He thought France healthy under the Government of July, thought she was then possessed of all the necessary capacities for self-government, and might be trusted with freedom. Upon this point, we have already said, we differ from him; but it is certain that, compared with what she has been reduced to since, France was a healthy country in 1835, and might have attempted a far wider system of internal self-development. In 1848 she may be said to have passed through a fever which laid her low. *France has never arisen since that period*, and it is for having clearly discerned her utter prostration that Montalembert has been so accused by the Revolutionists of inconsistency. In 1835 he had been one of the champions of unlimited liberty as regarded the press, for he believed France healthy, and held that she had strength within herself whereby to repel the attacks of her internal foes. In 1849 Montalembert saw (as did, indeed, every reasonable man in or out of France) that France was sinking under the brutality of the attacks levelled now at all constituted society, at all principles of order and morality; that she was too unhealthy to have any repellent force left; and that in a state of confusion, in which men could make converts to doctrines, preaching the efficacy of murder, rapine, and other insane monstrosities, a check must be put upon the license of the press. He chafed at the miserable condition of his country, but did not disguise it from himself or from the public; and he at once discharged what seemed a paramount duty. As he had in 1835 foreseen what dangers to society mistrusted freedom might one day occasion, so

in 1849 he trembled at the results to freedom that would follow upon a course of absolutely unbridled riotousness.

'Mine is a hard and thankless task,' said Montalembert in July 1849, 'for no one is liked or thanked for showing the dark side of things; but to show them is often the positive duty of an honest man and a good citizen. We have, every one of us, a great fault, in that we flatter ourselves. We no longer flatter kings or nobles, for a very good reason,—there are none left us to flatter. But we flatter ourselves under the thin veil of "society," or "humanity," or "country," or "nation," or "the existing state of things," as we choose to denominate it! We exaggerate every form of adulation when the subject happens to be our "society," our "country," or our "epoch;" but, in reality, what is sweet to us in all this is the flattery of ourselves. Well, for my part, this is what I will not do. I have never yet been the courtier of any one alive; I will not now become the courtier or the flatterer of my "country," or even of my "time." Let us penetrate to the very bottom of the question, and render to ourselves an exact account of our "society" and of our state of civilisation. At this present hour, and after the two experiments of June 1848 and June 1849, I have no hesitation in saying that *society, whole and entire*—I beg you to mark me well: I do not say such a ministry, or such an authority, or even such a form of government,—I say *society, whole and entire*, is exposed to the chances of any sudden attempt made upon it. *La société toute entière est à la merci d'un coup de main!*'¹

And this, too, they disregarded! and liberty ran riot, and became the worst form of oppression,—the tyranny of the mob, as lawless as the despotism which succeeded it, and to which it gave rise. 'It is for society I tremble,' said Montalembert in 1835, when he saw the timid efforts of the Government to hedge 'society' round with defences. 'It is for liberty I tremble!' he exclaimed in 1849, when he witnessed the self-abandonment which made every one retire before liberty's worst excesses. He was not deceived for a moment as to what the consequences would be; and when he saw every political right and every moral principle imperilled by the hideous outrages committed (and submitted to!) in liberty's name, he but too well knew what the reaction would be, and how 'society,' incapable of defending itself, would eagerly implore protection, and ask to be over-defended. 'Kings have already remounted their thrones,' said Montalembert prophetically, in this same year (1849), after the Revolution had been apparently vanquished throughout Europe, 'but Liberty has not remounted hers. She has not reascended her throne in all our hearts! I well know how you write her name up everywhere, how it stands in our laws, and how you blazon it forth from every wall and every cornice; but in your hearts that

¹ *Discours*, vol. iii., pp. 206-207.

name is effaced. Yes! the fair, the proud, the pure and noble, the holy liberty we so dearly loved, and so cherished, and so served—(*violent opposition on the left!*)—Yes! the liberty we served! for we did serve it before you, more than you, better than you ever did! That liberty,—I will hope she is not yet quite dead; but she is fainting, she is gasping and crushed! threatened with destruction between what, on one side, has been termed the sovereignty of the end to be reached (that is, the sovereignty of evil), and what, on the other side, is the inevitable reaction towards “exaggerated authority,” of which you have made a necessity for society, and for human nature, which recoils terrified from your violence.’

Perhaps in no country is there a man who has, for a quarter of a century, spoken so much as Montalembert, and who could, so advantageously to himself, give back to the world at the end of that time every word that he ever spoke. Nay, we will go further, and say that, not only was it advantageous to himself that he should reproduce all he had ever said, but that it was necessary. Less than all would have been too little. Montalembert is of so very strenuous a nature, he advocates whatever cause he upholds in so passionate and exclusive a way, that you cannot possibly do him justice, if you do not follow him closely, and watch how, under various forms and appearances, he is for ever attaching himself to the one same unvarying end. The political fault of Montalembert is that of all energetic and generous spirits: he deals with a temporary ally as though he were an eternal friend; and the work of the moment done, mutual disappointment of course ensues; and when the coolness or the rupture comes, one of the two allies is surprised to find that he has only been courted for a special purpose, and the other instantly hurls the easy reproach of ‘inconsistency’ at the head of a man who perversely persists in placing broad general principles above party.

One of the most striking traits in Montalembert is his eminently British contempt for what are called ‘consequences.’ If a measure good in itself is to be taken, he, like a true Briton, says, ‘Take it;’ whereas the logic-enslaved Frenchman hesitates at what may be its ‘consequences,’—and at all events does his best to escape them, and thus morally avoid paying his debts. Of all this Montalembert knows nothing, and his fearlessness is something quite unusual in his own country, and, above all, in the Chamber to which by birth he belonged.

We repeat what we said at the commencement of this article: that France had not in her wherewith to furnish forth the elements of strong, pure, healthy, complete Representative Government; and we are disposed to believe that one of M. de Monta-

lombert's chief errors was the overlooking of this defect. But after scrupulously reading all that is contained in the five volumes of his speeches, we conscientiously say, that had the principles been acted upon—the principles of *fearlessness and fair play*—which are set forth in every line, France would not, could not, have stood where she stands to-day. Had the spirit of Montalembert been the spirit of the majority of politicians in France, or even of a large minority,—had it been in the French nature to think of public life as he thought, that could not have happened which did happen: the long Guizot Ministry could not have endured; small reforms could not have come to look monstrous in the sight of silly, purblind, miscalled ‘Conservatives;’ nor, consequently, would the vexation of the Opposition have been lashed into desperation, throwing down all before it. We could make out a goodly catalogue of shortcomings to be headed with Montalembert's name; but we maintain that, had his mode of looking at things (which was the British mode) been generally adopted, France would have been saved from the degrading state into which successive revolutions—by unstringing and wearing out the public nerve—have plunged her.

However harsh our judgment upon modern France may seem, we would remind the reader that it is only a relative one,—relatively to what countries in the full enjoyment of all their constitutional capacities can be,—relatively to such countries as our own and as Austria (perhaps the only two that can be named), where every force exists that can limit a neighbouring force. France, with her present social and territorial organization, must, in our mind, always be condemned to inferior internal development; but, relatively to her own history of the last three-quarters of a century, relatively to what she was under the first and is under the second Empire, the Parliamentary period of France, from 1815 to 1848, is the only period to which any honest Frenchman can look back with satisfaction. ‘This *régime*,’ Montalembert truly says, ‘gave to France thirty-seven years of life, of legal liberty, and of constituted authority, the benefits of which have survived, and to which we now owe whatever small amount of good is still left to our public morals.’

We cordially echo that sentiment, and, as we have already said, we claim for M. de Montalembert a place to himself in the public annals of France,—that of a fearless, upright, even-handed, thorough Member of Parliament, such as the word means in Great Britain.

- ART. III.—1.** *Papers relative to the Affairs of British Columbia. Part I. Copies of Despatches from the Secretary of State for the Colonies to the Governor of British Columbia, and from the Governor to the Secretary of State, relative to the Government of the Colony.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 18th February 1859.
- 2.** *Papers relative to the Affairs of British Columbia. Part II. Copies of Despatches from the Governor of British Columbia to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, relative to the Government of the Colony.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 12th August 1859.
- 3.** *Further Papers relative to the Affairs of British Columbia. Part III.*
- 4.** *Facts and Figures relative to Vancouver Island and British Columbia, showing what to expect and how to get there. With Illustrative Maps.* By J. DESPARD PEMBERTON, Surveyor-General, V. I. London, 1860.
- 5.** *Wanderings of an Artist through British North America.* By G. J. KANE. London, 1857.

THE great reserves of gold which are destined, from time to time, to give a fresh impetus to the progress of mankind, appear to have been hidden only to be brought to light as the exigencies of society and the expansion of the human race require. Certainly no agent has been found so potent in supplying remote lands with an industrious population, and enlarging the domain of civilisation. Three centuries were permitted to elapse after the discovery of America before any new regions productive of gold were opened to the enterprise of man. Some of the consequences of that great event, and the evils which it entailed on the New World, were not calculated to inspire a hope that the experiment, if we may so express it, would be very speedily repeated. In due time, however, society was to be again agitated by the concurrent discoveries of gold in regions widely separated from each other.

A great State is now rising at the antipodes which may even affect the future of India and China, and change the character of their civilisation. The influence of the Californian discoveries will be transitory compared with the results which must follow the rapid colonization of Australia. The gold of California raised a neglected portion of America into the dignity of membership with a great republic. The gold of Australia

will probably be the foundation of an empire that may equal, if not rival, that of the parent State.

The Californian and Australian discoveries were quickly followed by another. In a remote, unexplored, almost unknown, region of North America, there exists a territory which, if it ever occupied for a moment the thoughts of a statesman, was only associated with bleak, snow-covered mountains and savage Indians; and it was considered to be as useless to Great Britain, either for commerce or for colonization, as Boothia Felix or any of the other happy lands which our Arctic voyagers have added to the domain of geography. The highest use that could be reasonably assigned to it was that of a hunting ground of a commercial corporation of old standing and repute. The territory now known as the colony of British Columbia, in fact, constituted for two centuries a portion of the vast region which was granted by charter to that ancient and celebrated body, the Hudson's Bay Company. Their forts and stations were thinly scattered over a mountainous and picturesque region, inhabited only by tribes of roving Indians, who exchanged the produce of the chase for some commodities of Europe. No civilised man ever entered this remote region, unless he was connected with the fur trade. The great corporation had no interest in its glens, mountains, and prairies beyond their productiveness in animals of the chase. They regarded it as a game preserve; and if they were aware of its agricultural capabilities they certainly did not appreciate them. To have made them known would have been to invite immigration, and to encourage schemes essentially opposed to their commercial character. This territory has been recently found to combine, in a remarkable degree, fertile land, fine timber, navigable rivers, rich deposits of alluvial gold, coal and other minerals, and many of the most important elements of wealth. On the discovery of gold, a state of things arose which rendered the government of the Hudson's Bay Company altogether unsuitable to the country. It was indeed attempted to apply the administrative machinery that had long been in action to the regulation of the new society which so suddenly and unexpectedly sprung up; but it was found wholly unsuitable, and the Crown came to an arrangement with the corporation for resumption of its dominion. A feeble attempt had previously been made to introduce an agricultural and pastoral element into the country, under the auspices of the company itself, but the wishes of the Government were but ill seconded, and the project fell to the ground.

This valuable possession was declared a colony of the British empire by an Act of Parliament which received the Royal

assent on the 2d of August 1858, and is therefore, as a British dependency, just three years old. It is declared to comprise 'all such territories within the dominion of her Majesty as are bounded to the south by the frontier of the United States of America, to the east by the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, to the north by Simpson's River and the Finlay branch of the Peace River, and to the west by the Pacific Ocean, and to include Queen Charlotte's Island and all other islands adjacent.' It possesses 500 miles of sea-coast, and is about three-and-a-half times the size of Great Britain.

British Columbia is remarkable for several physical peculiarities, which, notwithstanding its numerous advantages, present obstacles of no ordinary magnitude to the settlement of the country, and which must involve works of labour attended with considerable expense. It is extremely mountainous, and, generally speaking, covered with a dense growth of wood. Fertile valleys abound, as well as elevated table lands, capable of supporting large herds of cattle. Quadrupeds are, nevertheless, singularly scarce in a country very well adapted to support them. The country, from the mouth of Frazer's River to the Falls which interrupt its navigation (a distance of about 200 miles), is thickly timbered, mountainous, and, except by the 'trail' or track used by the Indian hunters, almost impassable. The miner, on camping in these elevated regions finds no resources beyond those which the rivers supply. During the winter the thermometer indicates occasionally from 20° to 30° of cold below the zero of Fahrenheit; but this severe temperature is confined to the upper country contiguous to the Rocky Mountains. In general, snow does not lie to such a depth along the banks of the principal streams as to preclude winter travelling with pack animals, and in some places it never lies at all. The changes of temperature, however, are very remarkable. The thermometer has been often noted at 31° at daylight; in the shade at noon on the same day, at 85°; and 40° in the evening.

The interest which at present attaches to British Columbia being chiefly centered in its gold fields, we shall describe, as briefly as the subject will admit, the character of these deposits. The Australian gold regions are so peculiar that they cannot be brought into comparison with any in the American continent. There is undoubtedly a large extent of country in Australia rich in superficial gold, but in the most productive districts the earth must be penetrated many hundred feet before the precious metal is reached, and then it is found in patches, or 'gutters,' as they are provincially called, sometimes of wonderful productiveness. No deposits of this character have been hitherto discovered either in California or British Columbia. The geolo-

gical features of the valley of the Frazer River, and its tributaries, where the gold is chiefly found, are interesting. The stream runs through a rocky channel, and is bounded by high, and occasionally very precipitous banks; but above these banks are several terraces, or 'benches,' as they are termed, parallel in their direction to the course of the river, but rising one above another like steps, and receding from the river in proportion to their height. These 'benches,' doubtless, indicate former levels of the Frazer, and have been formed by remote geological disturbances. These raised terraces have been compared to the parallel mountain roads which are seen in the Grampians, and which are explained on the supposition of the whole space between the boundary ranges having been originally a vast lake, and by successive upheavals of the country. In accordance with this theory, it is not merely the existing bed of the Frazer River that ought to be auriferous, but the successive 'benches,' rising one above the other, ought to be equally, or even in a greater degree, impregnated with gold. This hypothesis has been remarkably verified by experience. The river in its earlier course has brought down with it a rich alluvial gold detritus, just as the present river is constantly enriching with the disintegrated gold quartz suspended in its stream the 'placers' which it deposits along its banks. The present bed of the river pays for the whole distance which it has been explored, from 5 to 100 dollars per hand per day; but the 'benches,' which extend along the whole length of the Frazer's course, and which vary from one to five or six miles in length, have been recently proved to be highly productive. 'Every spadeful of the soil,' says a recent explorer, 'I believe to be auriferous. I am convinced that the "dry diggings" on the banks of the Frazer are on a most enormous scale.'¹ The only impediment to the almost unlimited production of gold is the want of water; but as soon as the remunerative character of the work is conclusively established, hydraulic machinery of great power will, it is said, be immediately applied.

The gold of British Columbia is not limited to one region. There are valleys separated from the Frazer by mountains which preclude the possibility of the same river having flowed through them, and these valleys are, in many places, highly auriferous. Alluvial diggings of extraordinary richness have been discovered on Quesnel River, a tributary of the Frazer. 'Last year,' writes the Governor in confirmation of the general opinion entertained of the wide extent of the gold region, 'an impression was generally entertained by the miners that the gold deposits had been made mainly by the Frazer, and that the gold

¹ Report of the Chief Justice of British Columbia to the Governor.

was brought down by the stream from a source existing somewhere in the range of the Rocky Mountains; but they have since discovered that not only the bed, but also the higher banks of the Frazer, which rise terrace-like one above another as they recede towards the hills on either side, are composed of auriferous earth and beds of water-worn gravel,—a circumstance that has led them not illogically to the conclusion that the river occupied at some former period a much higher level than its former bed, and that the water has been drained off by its gradual deepening, through the natural process of attrition, or by volcanic agency; and Mr Douglas states, as a proof of the richness of the gold deposits, that he had been informed by a respectable merchant residing at Fort Yale, that he saw 71 ounces of gold dust taken out of one mining claim at Boston Bar by three men in twenty-four hours, and that the same claim yielded regularly from 48 to 50 ounces of gold a-day for about four weeks, when the holders were driven out by a sudden rise in the river, the claim being only accessible at extreme low water for about four weeks in the year.¹

California does not possess any gold deposits that resemble those on the raised benches and elevated table-lands of British Columbia. The gold of California is derived principally from the great existing mountain ranges, but the geological disturbances have been there wanting that raised the river beds in Columbia. Californian gold is found chiefly on the banks of existing streams; and, ground finer and finer as it is carried forward, year after year, by torrents, it is at last deposited as 'dust of gold' in the ooze or sand of the broad and tranquil rivers. There is, therefore, considerable reason to believe that the productive gold-fields of California will be exhausted in a comparatively short period; and although the gold is derived from mountains yet rich in the precious metal, ages must elapse before they will again impregnate the beds and banks of the Californian rivers with the golden particles which are diffused throughout the quartz of the Sierra Nevada.

The wide distribution of gold in British Columbia is unquestionable: the Frazer traversing the country diagonally from north to south everywhere passes through a gold region. The same may be said of Thomson River and of the Columbia, the upper portion of which, north of the 49th parallel, is in British territory. The aggregate length of these rivers is more than a thousand miles. As a rule, the gold is found in much smaller particles, and less in quantity, near the mouths of the streams; and it

¹ Despatch from Governor Douglas, C.B., to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. Dec. 1859.

increases both in size and quantity as their sources are approached. Instances of great success are numerous ; and miners have been known to realize L.400 or L.500 each in a season. In 1858, the greatest monthly shipment of gold was 235,000 dollars, and the smallest was 6000 ; and the total produce of the mines was estimated at 1,495,211 dollars, and in the following year at 2,000,000. The yield of the Californian mines has been ascertained, with tolerable accuracy, to be 50,000,000 dollars, or L.10,000,000 annually, while the average earning of each miner is estimated at only L.50 ; the mining population is consequently always ready on the vaguest rumour, to rush to neighbouring and even distant countries, at the prospect of a higher remuneration. The surface gold of California is now believed to be much diminished. The early miners collected what nature had been quietly hoarding through countless thousands of years. By the action of frost and of fire, of air and water, she has been slowly wearing down the primitive mountains in which the precious metal was originally formed, washing away the lighter matter, and condensing the gold thus derived from cubic miles of granite and quartz within a few feet of sand at the bottom of the water-courses. A miner may thus take from a river bed in one day an amount of gold which he could not have extracted from the rocks in a year.

While the mines of California will probably diminish in productiveness from year to year, there is every reason to expect that those of British Columbia will increase ; since the peculiar formations to which we have adverted give a geological character of permanence to the workings. A Chinese immigration has recently set in, and the movement is a strong corroboration of the mineral wealth of British Columbia. That sagacious people, as is well known, do not emigrate in large numbers, without having first ascertained that they will improve their position by the change. Their agents have carefully investigated the mining districts, and have reported on them most favourably ; and British Columbia is found a far more attractive field for the emigrants from the Celestial Empire than California, where they have long been treated with harshness and illiberality. In the British colony they receive the same protection as other settlers ; and the existing population hail their arrival with satisfaction, labour of all descriptions being greatly in demand.

The colony is yet destitute of one indispensable element of progress. There is no productive class, the population consisting entirely of miners and persons employed in the Government departments. The miner is an unceasing consumer ; and the fair face of nature is scarred by marks of his devastations. The merchant may be allured to the most remote of the British

colonies by the hope of gain ; but the substantial wealth of the country can only be derived from the cultivation of its soil. Without agriculture, British Columbia must be dependent on other countries for its daily food. A farming population forms the solid basis of every prosperous State. It is as much the interest as it is the duty of Government, on the first establishment of a colony, to open up the country as speedily as possible for the reception of such a class. Roads, therefore, are the first necessity in a new colony ; without them, indeed, there can be no real progress, and the most fertile soils are as valueless as sandy deserts.

As British Columbia has been only partially surveyed, it is impossible to state, with any degree of accuracy, the quantity of land which is available for cultivation, or to determine its agricultural value ; but wherever explorations have been made, they have resulted in the discovery of tracts of rich land, even in places where they were least expected. There is, therefore, no probability that a settler will experience any difficulty in selecting a good location. There is an abundant supply of timber for fencing, buildings, and fuel ; and the produce of the forest may be made a source of immediate profit in the export of its valuable woods ; and the production of potash, which finds a ready market, will partly pay the cost of clearance.¹ The flora and vegetation of the country are in a very high degree luxuriant. The richness of the soil in the neighbourhood of the gold-bearing rocks is, Mr Pemberton says, most remarkable, as shown in the production of gigantic roots and vegetables. Turnips as large as hassocks, raddishes as large as mangolds, and a bushel of potatoes from a single stalk, are, he says, far from uncommon. This exuberant fertility of soil is common to almost the coast of the Pacific as far south as San Francisco, where, at agricultural exhibitions, pimpkins weighing from 200 lbs. to 250 lbs. have been displayed, and pears are produced, 'to eat one of which requires the united efforts of five guests.'² 'An acre of land,' says the Surveyor-General of the colony, 'planted with apple trees, would, at the end of three years, on a minute calculation, have cost the proprietor from L.30 to L.40 ; and their lowest selling price would then be L.200.' Hops succeed admirably. Native hemp, quite equal to the best Russian, grows freely, and is found in a wild state near every Indian hut. The general agricultural advantages of the country are thus stated by Mr Pemberton :—

¹ In Canada, two acres and a half of wood will produce a barrel of potash, worth, after paying all expenses, about L.7, 10s.

² This is stated, it must be observed, on the authority of an Englishman, not of an American.

‘Open grass lands can, of course, be ploughed up at once, and a crop obtained. Fern lands require to be ploughed in the heat of summer, in order, by fermentation, to kill the fern, and to destroy by exposure bulbous roots, such as crocuses, kamass, etc., for which purpose pigs make admirable pioneers. To clear pine lands is not very difficult: being very resinous, they burn up readily, and are easily overturned, as the roots do not descend but creep along the ground; in which respect these trees stand like pawns upon a chess-board. Oak is more difficult to eradicate, as the roots go straight down. Marsh lands are usually easily drained, and reclaimed by burning them up in summer; these lands afterwards produce the best crops. The cost of clearing an acre of timbered land may be taken at L.8; and other descriptions less, varying with the locality. An acre of land produces from 20 to 40 bushels of wheat, or a corresponding quantity of oats or barley, and continues to do so for some years, without manure, before it is exhausted. Hitherto, wheat has sold in the colony at 8s. the bushel, oats at 6s. Hay pays remarkably well, varying in price during the year from L.8 to L.16, or more, per ton.’

For meat and vegetables, the miners, and the British fleet, which is supplied by public contract, afford a ready market. The Indians everywhere grow potatoes and carrots as far north as Queen Charlotte’s Island; their plan is to repeat the crop until the ground is exhausted, and then to clear more. The potatoes are excellent; and potatoes and salmon is their standing dish. Meat in the colony is dear—1s. to 15d. per lb.—which to the consumer, however, is counterbalanced by the remarkably low prices of tea, wine, and spirits, in consequence of Victoria being a free port. There is probably no fairer field for a small capitalist at the present time than British Columbia. By taking up 100 or 150 acres of land in a mining locality, which he may do without being called upon to pay any portion of the purchase money for the first year, he can, according to the latest return of prices, sell his milk for 4s. a gallon; his butter for 4s. a pound; eggs for 4s. a dozen; bacon for 1s. 3d. to 3s. a pound; and all other farm produce at corresponding rates.

The salmon fisheries in British Columbia might be made the most productive and valuable in the world. The fish ascend the rivers in vast quantities, and are so abundant that they are captured with a hook tied to a stick; the bears even secure with their paws, from the banks of the streams, as many as they wish. None of the fish, it is said, ever return, as the receding waters leave them in the bushes, and the banks are often covered with the dead. They are found of all weights up to 50 lbs., and in flavour the best kinds are said to be quite equal

to any in Europe. On the coast the Indians live on them, and catch them in a great variety of ways,—in weirs ingeniously constructed, and in baskets adapted to receive them when they leap. In suitable situations they spear them, in deep streams cunningly decoy them to the surface, and in shallow water they stone them,—a whole tribe having been seen thus engaged on the banks of a river with great success. The salmon fisheries may be said to be practically inexhaustible.

In a new colony, the most important consideration for intending emigrants is the price of land, and the conditions on which it can be obtained. In British Columbia the terms are exceedingly liberal, and such as must meet with a ready acceptance. Any British subject may obtain 160 acres, in anticipation of a survey, and acquire an inchoate title simply by taking possession and by the payment of a small fee. As soon as the land has been accurately surveyed, the proprietor or his heirs can acquire a perfect title, on payment of a sum not exceeding the rate of 10s. per acre, but which it is expected will soon be reduced to 5s. In addition to 160 acres thus obtained, a settler can purchase additional land, at a price not exceeding 10s. per acre, of which 5s. is to be paid at the time, and the remainder after a survey is completed. The liberality of this land law must prove attractive to a class of small capitalists whose profits are insufficient for their comfortable support at home.

There are two obstacles to the speedy colonization of British Columbia,—namely, its great distance from England, and the want of roads into the interior. While Canada, the Cape, Australia, and New Zealand offer their lands on liberal terms, it is scarcely to be expected that the British emigrant, unless under extraordinary inducements, will turn his attention to the youngest and most distant of the colonies, as a voyage of five months, or an expensive journey across the Isthmus, must be undertaken before he can reach the settlement. The distance of the colony from the mother country counterbalances for the present its great attractions, and will continue to do so until a road is constructed across British North America. This is a desideratum which we believe is now seriously engaging the attention of scientific men and of statesmen. Without it, not only will British Columbia continue practically inaccessible to the best class of emigrants, but a permanent barrier must continue to be interposed to the colonization of a territory not inferior in fertility to the best portions of Canada. The basin of Lake Winnipeg and the valley of the Saskatchewan have been recently explored by order of the British and Canadian Governments. The quantity of land in British North America fit for settlement, and capable of cultivation, is estimated at not less than 500,000 square

miles. The climate is no drawback, the heat of summer being sufficient to bring most of the cereals to maturity over vast tracts of country far north of the 49th parallel. The Red River settlement is an example of the great productiveness of this portion of the American continent; and there are, it has been ascertained, enormous areas in the Saskatchewan and Lake Winnipeg basins, equally suited for agriculture, and rich in most of the elements of wealth. The passes of the Rocky Mountains have been examined, and these expeditions have resulted in the discovery that there exists no practical difficulty in the construction of a road, and even a railway, from the shores of Lake Superior to the Frazer River; and as British vessels can now proceed for 2000 miles into the American continent by the St Lawrence and the canal and lake navigation of Canada, a road for the remainder of the distance to British Columbia ought, considering its importance, to present as few difficulties in a financial as it does in an engineering point of view.

In the colony itself the want of communication is severely felt. The force despatched to aid the first colonists in road-making has proved wholly inadequate, and there are no funds, in the present undeveloped state of the colony, available even for the most necessary public works. Possessing as yet little or no export trade, and the gold of the miners passing over the boundary into the United States territory to evade the duty on its export, the public resources of the country are restricted to such duties as can be levied on imports; and these, in a somewhat unsettled state of society, are not always easily collected. Capital, for making the first roads in a new colony, might, we think, be judiciously advanced by the Imperial Government. A country would thus at once be endowed with the elements of success; immigration would set in, and a rapidly increasing population would soon enable the local government to pay off the debt thus incurred, and the commerce of Great Britain could not but feel in a short time the effect of so provident an outlay. Such is the course adopted by the Government of the United States in its new settlements. Roads are the first necessities of civilisation; without them there can be neither trade, social progress, nor political development.

At present the population of British Columbia is almost wholly fed and clothed from the neighbouring states of Oregon and California. The exports of the colony are insignificant, and consist only of a few tons of oil, a little coal, and some barrels of cranberries. Some spars that were ordered from England had to be purchased from a neighbouring State, although the forests of British Columbia abound with the finest timber in the world. There were then in the colony no means of transporting

them to the coast. Hay, which sells at prices ranging from L.8 to L.16 per ton, is imported from California, as are building materials from Paget Sound and Oregon. 'In our present state,' writes an intelligent settler, 'we are compelled to sit on an American chair, wear an American hat, read an American book, and patronise an American tailor; in fact, America reigns supreme, and this must be the case while we are driven of necessity to American markets to obtain our supplies. Almost all the articles that we require now fetch here three times their cost in England, and are, moreover, of an inferior description. A ready and remunerative market is a great boon to the shipper; but we have more to offer,—we have good harbours and a free port. Not one iota of duty has to be paid on the goods shipped to Victoria: there they can remain till they are sold; and when sold, first class paper on England in payment is at the disposal of the merchant.' These facts cannot be generally known in England. The imports into British Columbia and Vancouver Island amount to L.700,000 yearly, but the gold of British Columbia, in consequence of the absence of trade with the mother country, instead of finding its way to England, goes to swell the exports of the precious metal from California.

In one important respect British Columbia presents greater attractions than many of our other dependencies. No part of the world is better suited to the constitution of Englishmen. The capital, New Westminster, possesses a climate milder than that of England, although in a latitude a thousand miles farther north than Quebec. Snow falls in the mountains early in October, but seldom remains for any length of time in the valleys. The summer is dry, and the heat considerable. One peculiarity of the climate it requires, Mr Pemberton says, an effort to realize. 'Surrounded by snowy peaks, the air is often not only warm, but sultry. Even at Victoria, where snow seldom exceeds a few inches in depth, or at Langley, we have evidence of this every day. The snow itself is not of the damp compact nature we are accustomed to; it is light, dry, and drifting, and, on this account, when it thaws it disappears with astonishing rapidity.' The Rocky Mountains have been crossed without difficulty on the 21st of January.

This colony is unsurpassed in pictorial interest. It is a land of broad lakes, foaming rivers, thundering torrents, of mountains piercing with their snowy pinnacles the blue transparent sky, with valleys of enchanting beauty, and forests of matchless magnificence. 'Nothing,' says Governor Douglas, 'can surpass the imposing grandeur of the mountain masses and deafening cataracts of the two districts, the Harrison's River and Lake, the admiration of every lover of the sublime and pic-

turesque in scenery.' In other districts similar grand and imposing features present themselves. 'Looking north, south, and east,' writes the surveying officer of Engineers, 'the view embraced mountain scenery of a description rarely to be surpassed. As far as the eye could reach, an endless sea of mountains rolled away into the blue distance, their sides clothed almost to their summits with an impenetrable forest of every species of pine, and their peaks and recesses lit up by the rays of the early sun, too early yet to lighten the gloomy valley below us. Here and there a rugged naked peak towered up in bold relief some 1000 feet or more above the summits of the adjacent ranges, spotted with occasional patches of snow in crevices never perhaps penetrated by the sunlight; and so complete was the network of mountains in which we were enveloped, that the question, how we were to get out of them, appeared to be somewhat difficult of solution.'

There has been some misapprehension respecting the Indian tribes which inhabit British Columbia, and tales of their savage nature, and of attacks made upon settlers, have not been without their influence in checking immigration. Unlike the nations to the eastward of the Rocky Mountains, of which the Blackfeet have attained a bad pre-eminence for their bloody disposition and frequent feuds, the races to the west of the mountains are of a mild nature, and have shown an aptitude for civilisation. The missionaries exercise much influence over them, although their success in making converts has not been hitherto great. No persuasion has been able to make them agriculturists, but they pursue hunting and fishing as the sole and precarious resource against famine. The moral ascendancy of the chiefs over the tribes is greater than has been often observed in savage life. 'These people,' says Mr Kane, speaking of the Indians inhabiting a district of British Columbia, 'are governed by two chiefs,—the Chief of the Earth, and the Chief of the Waters. The one exercises great power over the tribe, except as regards the fishing, which is under the exclusive control of the Chief of the Waters. He dispenses justice, strictly punishing any cheating or dishonesty among his subjects. He opposes the gambling propensities of his tribe to the utmost, even depriving the successful gamblers of their share of the fish received annually from the Chief of the Waters.' The latter personage appears to be of great importance. No one is allowed to catch fish without his permission. His large fishing basket or trap is put down a month earlier than any one is allowed to fish for himself; and the Chief of the Waters informed Mr Kane, that he had taken as many as 1700 salmon, weighing, on an average, 30 lbs. each, in the course of one day. The daily

average taken in the Chief's basket was about 400. He distributes the fish thus taken during the season amongst his people, every one, even the smallest child, getting an equal share. Indifference to age, more especially to female age, is a disagreeable characteristic of the Indian tribes on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. Children are a source of profit and strength to an Indian parent; but the old of both sexes are regarded as burthens of the earth, and are often left to perish from hunger and cold. Mr Kane relates an incident which strongly brings out this peculiarity.

'Some Indians,' he says, 'while bathing near the shore, picked up a cask, and finding upon examination that it was full of rum, made up their minds to have a carouse. One of the party, however, suggested the possibility that the white men had put poison into it, to be revenged on them for having fired on the inland brigade of boats going up the river the year before. This deterred them from drinking until they had tested its quality. For this purpose they selected eight of the oldest women in the camp to try the experiment on. The women fell into the snare, and, becoming intoxicated, commenced singing with great glee. But an old chief soon put an end to their potations, saying that it was evident there could be no poison in it, and that it was much too good to be thrown away upon old women. The whole tribe then set to, and were not long in draining the cask.'

Mr Kane, in his very interesting work, supplies some amusing details respecting the habits, manners, and superstitions of the Indians of British Columbia, and those inhabiting the district of the Rocky Mountains; and he arrives at the conclusion that, if fairly treated, they will not give any trouble to European settlers. Their disposition is rather to exaggerate the merits of the Europeans with whom they come in contact, than to repel their advances. Mr Kane thus describes the effect produced upon the Indians by a travelling Scotch piper :—

'A Highlander, of the name of Colin Fraser, joined our party. He was on his way to a small fort, of which he had the charge, at the head of the Athabaska River, in the Rocky Mountains, where he had resided for the last eleven years. He had been brought to the country by Sir George Simpson, in the capacity of his piper, at the time when he explored the Frazer River, and made an extensive voyage through a country hitherto little known, and among Indians who had seen few or no white men. He carried the pipes with him, dressed in his Highland costume; and when stopping at forts, or wherever he found Indians, the bagpipes were put in requisition, much to the astonishment of the natives, who supposed him to be a relation of the Great

Spirit, having, of course, never beheld so extraordinary a looking man, or such a musical instrument, which astonished them as much as the sound produced. One of the Indians asked him to intercede with the Great Spirit for him; but Fraser remarked, the petitioner little thought how limited his (Fraser's) influence was in that quarter.'

The opinion formed of the native races by the Judge of British Columbia is highly favourable. 'We found,' Mr Begbie says, in reporting the results of a tour through the country, 'everywhere the Indians willing to labour hard for wages, and perfectly acquainted with gold dust, and the minute weights for measuring one or two dollars with. The amount of wages for the most abject drudgery to which human beings can be put being 8s. per day and provisions, wherever we went, shows of itself a very high rate of average profit as the wages of labour in British Columbia. If this is the average remuneration of the most unskilled labour, what ought skilled labour, supported by capital, to earn? It was the uniform practice of storekeepers to entrust these Indians with their goods. Thefts were said to be unknown. My impression of the Indian population is, that they have far more natural intelligence, honesty, and good manners than the lowest class, say the agricultural and mining population, of any European country I ever visited, England included.'¹

VANCOUVER ISLAND, recently erected into a separate colony, promises in some respects to become even of more importance than British Columbia. It possesses the best harbour in the whole line of the Pacific coast, all the ports, with the exception of San Francisco and Apaculpo, being, from the difficulty of their approach, the terror of navigators. Esquimault, from its position and capabilities, appears likely to be the emporium, not only of Vancouver Island, but in a great measure of British Columbia. Although not a first-class harbour in point of size, it has ample room for twelve ships of the line and many smaller vessels; and the harbour of Victoria, three miles from Esquimault, if it cannot rival the former as a naval station, possesses an ample haven for large merchant ships, and is only separated from Esquimault by a narrow neck of land, a canal cut through which would connect the two harbours. Vancouver Island possesses coal, excellent in quality, abundant in quantity, and easily worked, and vessels are able to lie alongside a wharf within a few yards of the pits. The Hon. W. Fitzwilliam, on his visit to Vancouver Island, found a party working a seam of coal 6 feet

¹ Report by Mr Begbie to the Governor of British Columbia, April 1859. Papers Relating to British Columbia. Part III., p. 17.

thick, at a depth of 40 feet, and within 20 yards of the shore.¹ The consumption of coal on the Pacific has been estimated at 200,000 tons a-year. San Francisco alone, in 1859, imported 79,722 tons. The Pacific coasts produce coal in many places, but they are not able to supply more than one-tenth of the demand. An extensive and valuable coal-field within British territory is therefore an economical fact of the greatest importance with reference to the future of our dependencies in this quarter of the world. It is the opinion of practical miners who have visited the locality, that coal may be found everywhere within a distance of two miles from Nanaimo, where it is now worked at a depth of 50 feet from the surface.

Vancouver Island is about the size of England, and formed a portion of the territory governed by the Hudson's Bay Company until it was erected into a British colony. It has hitherto been very partially explored, but is believed to be covered to a great extent with forests of magnificent timber, and many valleys have been found of great fertility. The soil is described as generally productive, although in places rocky. The country is divided into woodland and prairie. The prairies are park-like, and form extensive plains stretching into the forests. Clover grows with luxuriance in several places on the coast, and it is supposed to have sprung originally from seeds accidentally dropped from packages brought from England, some of which were made up in hay. The timber of the interior is described as very fine, and the whole course of a river (the Nimkish), from an extensive lake, as 'lined with splendid red pines, large and long enough for the spars of the largest men-of-war.' The Douglas pine is found from 3 to 28 feet in circumference. But the largest and most picturesque tree of the fir tribe in Vancouver Island is the *Nobilis*, which is met with chiefly in rich alluvial valleys, where they have been seen 250 feet high, with a circumference of 42 feet at the butt, and with bark from 8 to 14 inches thick. Two kinds of oak are found on the island, but they do not grow to any considerable size, and are dwarfed into insignificance by the towering *conifera* by which they are surrounded. Gold-bearing rocks have been observed in the mountains, and doubtless gold detritus will be discovered when the country is farther explored. The streams abound in salmon and trout. Many thousand barrels of dried fish are annually sent from Victoria to the Hudson's Bay Company's depôt at the Sandwich Islands; and an enterprising fisherman from Orkney, who had established himself at Beecher Bay, one of the inlets of the coast, put up and exported in one year 300 barrels of salmon, which he had purchased from the Indians

¹ Evidence of Hon. C. W. W. Fitzwilliam before the Select Committee on the Hudson's Bay Company. P. 114.

and cured. The neighbouring bays are inexhaustible in their supplies. 'And to give some idea,' says Mr Fitzwilliam, 'how prolific these seas are, the method of catching herrings is for two Indians to go in a canoe, one paddling in the stern, and the other standing in the bow. The Indian in the bow has a lath of wood about 8 or 9 feet long studded with nails. He scoops down into the water and impales the fish on the nails, and literally rakes them into the canoe. In two or three hours they get a load.'¹ The climate is extremely fine, and wheat, barley, and oats have been raised in perfection wherever it has been attempted to cultivate them, and potatoes are a staple production.

This fertile and attractive island is undoubtedly the most valuable of the British possessions in the Pacific, and will doubtless soon become the principal station of our naval squadron in that sea. Although New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia is in its infancy, Victoria, the capital of the sister colony, has already grown to the proportions of a considerable town of between 3000 and 4000 inhabitants. The site is represented as all that could be desired, and the views on every side are replete with pictorial attractions, the snow-capped mountains of British Columbia being visible from almost every street, and reflected in the broad sheet of water which forms the noble harbour of the rising capital.

It may be useful to specify the class of emigrants to whom these colonies hold out prospects of remunerative labour or investment. First, then, to capitalists they present many attractions. In a new colony the value of money is always high. The rate of interest in Vancouver Island ranges from L.25 to L.30 per cent. per annum, with unexceptionable security, and no difficulty is found in placing money out on those terms. To agriculturists, as soon as the necessary communications are made, high prices must ensure a rapid prosperity. All professions are at present overstocked but that of a schoolmaster, and governesses and private tutors would find a ready demand for their services. Shepherds, ploughmen, and gardeners obtain the highest wages of skilled labour, and mechanics are sure of ample remuneration. To those who may be attracted by the glittering prizes in the lottery of gold digging, we can only say that hard work and uncertain gain have been the lot of the gold seeker in every country and age. The produce of the mines of British Columbia, compared with the population at work on them, has been doubtless highly satisfactory; and the deposits are unquestionably far richer than those of California. A remarkable calculation, however, appeared in the *San Francisco Herald* in 1859, proving the great losses sustained by

¹ *Ib.*, p. 114.

the Californian miners during their temporary residence on the Frazer River. Ten thousand of the best American miners were induced by the favourable reports of the gold production to quit California for British Columbia. Estimating the amount of gold obtained at 50 dollars for each miner for six months of laborious work, and the expenses for the same period, including passage money and maintenance, the conclusion is arrived at, that they sustained a loss of 300 dollars each. Since that period, however, the average daily yield of the mines has greatly increased, and immigration has again set in from Oregon and California, with, we believe, much better results. The greatest misapprehension exists as to the exertion required for gold washing. To any enterprising clerk or artizan who may be tempted by golden visions to try his luck in British Columbia, we recommend the perusal of the following passage from Mr Pemberton's work :—

‘Construct a “rocker,” the materials of which will not cost many shillings. Place the rocker under the pump, and fill the box that is on the top with gravel. Now, recollecting that a few halfpence worth of gold to a pan of gravel pays the miner L.2 a day, file three halfpennyworth from a half sovereign into the box; rock away with one hand and pump with the other, only stopping to shovel gravel into the box as often as you empty it: in this way you will be able not only to acquire a good idea of the amount of physical exertion required, but also to test your skill in the art, before you have occasion to practise it many thousand miles from home. If, after counting the cost, you still determine to try your fortune, I should say the surface diggings of British Columbia, or the gold deposited from disintegration that has been going on for ages past, are as yet unexhausted. Be early in the field, and may success attend your adventure!’

The laborious nature of mining as a pursuit is too often lost sight of, although such is the fascination exerted over the masses by the hope of sudden enrichment, that multitudes will never fail to be attracted to those countries which offer the prospect of a sudden transition from poverty to wealth. In British Columbia there is at present an important element of expense to be taken into consideration, in consequence of the uncertainty and cost of obtaining supplies. ‘Sometimes,’ says Mr Pemberton, ‘with the tracking line passed over his shoulders, the miner drags his boat or canoe against a swift current, wading up to his waist in water. At other times we meet him toiling up some rugged hill with a month's provisions on his back. And what has been the result? Since mining began in British Columbia in 1858, the miner's average earnings have not exceeded L.100 a-year, while the cost of living is at least L.60. An intending emigrant should dismiss

from his mind any instances of extraordinary success he may have heard of. Suppose he became acquainted with an authenticated case of a man making five or ten times more than the average in such a season, such an instance only argues 5 or 10 to 1 against his (the intending emigrant) realizing anything.' Mr Pemberton further states, from data before him, the gold production in 1859 to have been about 2,000,000 dollars, and the product of two years to have been about 3,000,000 dollars, and that the number of miners actually at work at any time in the country cannot have exceeded 3000, which thus gives for the miner's average annual earning about £100. In California the average annual earning is only half that sum; but the country is more accessible, and the facilities for living are much greater. The general result of the comparison between British Columbia and California is, that the gold fields of British Columbia although labouring under certain temporary disadvantages, are certainly twice as productive as those of California.

In concluding the subject of the mineral riches of British Columbia, we shall refer to the latest discoveries which have rewarded the researches of the various 'prospecting' parties in the colony. Several localities have been recently found rich in the precious metal. In a district termed Rock Creek, gold, coarse and heavy, in highly remunerating quantities, has been discovered by the Government surveyors for a distance of 50 miles along the course of the stream, and the average earnings of the miners are computed at from 10 to 50 dollars a day, and no doubt is entertained that every creek, gully, and rivulet in the country is more or less auriferous. Mountains, which were thought to present impassable barriers to the operations of the miner, have been found even more profitable than the richest 'placers' and most productive river beds. Notwithstanding their repelling cliffs, they are likely to become a source of wealth, and the support of a large mining population. Rich gold-bearing quartz is there found in abundance, but the greatest expectations have just been raised by the discovery of silver lead of a very rich quality. Cinnibar and copper have also been discovered with most promising indications, and the whole country surrounding the Lower Frazer is described as 'teeming with mineral wealth.' Considering how small a proportion of the colony has been explored, traces of such riches met with at so early a period, certainly point to a very brilliant future. Coal, too, has been recently found in British Columbia, of a quality superior to that of Vancouver Island.

How are these promising and interesting dependencies to be rendered more accessible to British industry and capital? This is a question worthy of occupying a portion of the public atten-

tion. There are at present several routes open to the emigrant besides the passage round Cape Horn, but they involve transshipments and railway journeys, and they are too expensive for the resources of ordinary settlers. England, however, possesses a territory stretching continuously from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, and it requires only a moderate degree of liberality on the part of the Imperial Government to insure the construction of a road across British North America to the regions of the North Pacific. The United States have already connected their eastern territories with the Pacific by 8131 miles of mail-coach road, opened and maintained by the nation at a gross expenditure of more than 1,000,000 dollars per annum, and the population for whose benefit this large outlay has been incurred does not exceed 650,000; and it has been calculated that the Pacific States are peopled at a cost to the Federal Government of 17s. annually for each settler. The districts which benefit by this expenditure form undoubtedly an integral part of the United States territory; but it has always been the principle of England, on endowing a colony with free institutions, to leave it to the people themselves to develop its resources, to make roads, and to execute all works of public utility which the settlement may from time to time require out of their own resources. The American Government, on the other hand, undertakes these works itself, considering them essential to the growth of an infant state, and holds the public lands and revenue as securities until it has been indemnified for outlay.

The policy of England in the treatment of her colonies, in this particular, was stated by Sir Bulwer Lytton in a despatch to British Columbia in 1858:—‘I cannot avoid reminding you,’ he says, ‘that the lavish pecuniary expenditure of the mother country in founding new colonies has been generally found to discourage economy, by leading the minds of men to rely on foreign aid instead of their own exertions; to interfere with the healthy action by which a new community provides step by step for its own requirements, and to produce at last a general sense of discouragement and dissatisfaction. For a colony to thrive and develop itself with steadfast and healthful progress, it should from the first, as far as possible, be self-supporting. No doubt it might be more agreeable to the pride of the first founders of a colony which promises to become so important, if we could at once throw up public buildings and institute establishments on a scale adapted to the prospective grandeur of the infant settlement. But, after all, it is on the character of the inhabitants that we must rest our hopes for the land we redeem from the wilderness; and it is by self-exertion, and the noble spirit of self-sacrifice which self-exertion engen-

ders, that communities advance through rough beginnings to permanent greatness.'

The despatch embodying these sentiments may be a very able literary composition, but we must be permitted to doubt the correctness of its reasoning. Which of the arrangements, the American or the British, is most in accordance with good policy, there is little reason, we think, to doubt. We believe it to be both the interest and paramount duty of Great Britain to provide the funds required in the first instance to make a colony *habitable*, controlling of course their expenditure, and taking effectual security for their repayment. Applying this principle to the expediency of opening a route between the Atlantic and Pacific colonies of Great Britain, it may be inquired how this important object can be best attained. For half a century England pursued with a consistent but unfortunate perseverance the chimera of a north-west passage to the Pacific, but the various Arctic voyages have resulted in no advantage to commerce, and contributed little to science beyond a trifling addition to our geographical knowledge, at the cost of a sum considerably exceeding L.1,000,000. The delusion is now completely dispelled, and we are beginning to discover that, instead of forcing a north-west passage through the Arctic seas, there is a practicable route to the other hemisphere, a real 'north-west passage,' across the continent of North America. We have adverted to the fact of the navigation being open from the ports of Great Britain to the northern shores of Lake Superior. The Atlantic can now be crossed by the inferior class of settlers for 50s. per head, and for that trifling sum, an emigrant can be carried from Liverpool or Glasgow to Quebec. A railway across British North America is at present justly considered as impracticable; and to an emigrant, speed in travelling is not so much an object as certainty and economy. There exists already a practicable track from the Frazer River to the Red River settlement, and no difficulty is anticipated in extending this road to Lake Superior. The existing track, as far as it extends, might be easily converted into a waggon road, and continued to the Canadian frontier. All the colonies of British North America would then be connected, the line would from time to time be improved, and ultimately converted into a railroad, as the countries advance in prosperity and importance. An emigrant, it has been calculated, would, by this overland route, reach Victoria, the capital of Vancouver Island, or the city of New Westminster, sooner by a week than he can now do by the quickest available transit.

The interest of such an overland journey to the Pacific would be unequalled. Entering the wide St Lawrence—the pride of

the Canadian people—ascending the noble stream, its banks studded for three hundred miles with thriving villages, picturesque hamlets, and stately cities, and backed by distant mountains and forests, the traveller would pass into the great North American Lakes, crowded with the ships of the second commercial State in the world, and with those of the prosperous colony of Canada, and reflecting in their bright waters the blended glories of nature and the pride of rising towns; and reaching the extremity of Lake Superior, with its grand but desolate shores, he would traverse a country of minor lakes and of pine woods; he would see the great Saskatchewan, its banks crowded with herds of buffalo; he would pass over boundless prairies, and catch occasional glimpses of the wild hunter, as he pursues his gigantic game over the plains, until he reach the Rocky Mountains, mysterious in their unexplored seclusion but beautiful in their outlines and their forms; and, threading their romantic defiles, he would suddenly emerge into the gold fields of British Columbia, wind among valleys, the scenes of animated industry, and skirt the banks of rivers broken by foaming torrents and overhung with magnificent woods, until from some eminence he would see the blue Pacific looming in the distance, and below him, in the dim horizon, the cities of New Westminster and Victoria; and, arriving at the capital of the youngest and not the least prosperous of the fifty-two colonies of Great Britain, he would exult in the thought, that he has passed from the shores of England, over an ocean of which she is the mistress, and through a territory of which she is the sovereign for upwards of four thousand miles, and that the same flag which floats over the royal castles and fortresses of his native land, still waves in the soft breezes of the Pacific, and is hailed with pride as the symbol of authority and protection by every dweller in the immense region which he has traversed in his lengthened route.

ART. IV.—*Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church ; with an Introduction on the Study of Ecclesiastical History.* By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ's Church. London, 1861.

THIS volume by Dr Stanley is professedly an instalment of his labours as occupant of the chair of Church History in Oxford. Many circumstances conspired to give unusual interest to Dr Stanley's appointment to that chair, and to raise high expectations of his labours in an office so congenial to his tastes and genius. Nor have such expectations been disappointed. The three introductory lectures which Dr Stanley published immediately after the commencement of his duties as Professor, showed how familiar he was with the field on which he was entering,—what a masterly and richly informed survey he was able to take of it,—and how thoroughly he had pondered its relations ; how, from the call of Abraham, 'the first beginning of a continuous growth,' to the Puseyite controversy,—the most recent sucker from that growth,—he could trace and bring into some degree of proportion its wonderful ramifications. A certain ease, fulness, and richness of historical apprehension and allusion, combined with an enlarged appreciation of the capacities of the subject, especially distinguished these lectures, which reappear as an introduction to the present volume.

The main part of the volume, as the title imports, is devoted to the history of the Eastern Church. The reader, however, must not look for a complete and continuous history. So little is there of this, that to some, we fear, the volume will prove a disappointment. In its separate parts it is interesting, graphic, and full of information ; it is marked throughout by Dr Stanley's characteristic qualities of fairness, pictorial vigour, and constant animation of style, and particularly by the vivid portraiture of characters, of scenes and geographical features, in which he so much delights ; but it does not satisfy the suggestions of the subject. It is too fragmentary and sectional for this,—a collection of Lectures, and not a fully outlined narrative or history. It does not, indeed, pretend to be more than *Lectures* ; but, even in this view, a want of continuity and fulness of treatment strikes the reader, and leaves him dissatisfied. He expects to learn more of the Eastern Church than the volume teaches. With the consciousness that its history was very much a blank in his mind, he had hoped to have the blank filled up ; and when he finds himself detained, during four lectures, on such

old ground as the Council of Nicæa, and finds two more lectures on Athanasius and the Emperor Constantine,—these lectures embracing more than half the volume,—he feels as if the book, failing to answer his hopes, failed also to answer the occasion.

To a considerable extent this fragmentary character of the volume is owing to the subject itself. Properly speaking, as the author-remarks, 'the Eastern Church has no history. It is marked out rather by tracts of land and races of men, than by successive epochs in the progress of events, of ideas, or of characters. The nations which it embraces have been for the most part so stationary, and their life so monotonous, that they furnish few subjects of continuous narration.' Little remained, therefore, for a lecturer, but the choice and treatment of certain aspects of the subject. Still, many will think that these aspects might have been presented so as to furnish a more consistent and progressive picture of Eastern Christianity, both in its theological spirit and in its external relations.

With such qualifications, we must express our obligations to Dr Stanley for what he has done; and we feel especially bound to say, that any want of completeness in the contents of the volume by no means detracts from its interest. From beginning to end, it is most pleasant as well as instructive reading. The gravity of the scenes and events is everywhere relieved by the picturesque and vivid force with which they are described. The reader is made constantly aware, that he is dealing with real life and character, however distant in time, and far removed from anything in his own experience. No English writer, so far as we know, has ever given such a picture of the Council of Nicæa,—a picture alive with strange and crowded figures, and with the light of the old East, and its strange mixture of sacred mystery and earthly passion, everywhere flushing it. If any one wishes to contrast the work of the mere annalist with the graphic pencil of the descriptive historian, he has only to compare Bishop Kay's volume—in itself excellent—on the Council of Nicæa, with Dr Stanley's pictured pages. It is no mere ghost of an extinct theological feud that rises before us, but a scene of living struggle: theological terms, and the shades of polemical doctrine which they suggest, vanish in the background; and the theologians themselves, Alexander, Athanasius, Arius, Eusebius of Cæsarea, and his presumed brother of Nicomedia, scarred hermits from the upper Thebaid,—with 'the right eye dug out,' and the 'left leg hamstrung' in the Diocletian persecutions,—and the Emperor Constantine in his semi-barbaric splendour, stand out before our view. The hand of the artist is apparent throughout. Every accessory is seized, and every trait carefully preserved, that could make an impression, and stamp the features of the

scene upon the mind. The pictures have not the massive colour and brilliant effect of some of Milman's,—as, for example, his description of the Council of Constance; but they have that sharpness and life of detail, and those easy and seemingly careless, yet really very artful touches, that photograph themselves and linger in the memory.

In the remaining pages we shall endeavour to present, in a summary form, the most interesting and instructive points in Dr Stanley's volume. We shall be guided, in doing so, chiefly by a regard to what may seem most novel in his researches, and in his mode of exhibiting them.

In his introductory lectures he has strongly claimed for the sphere of ecclesiastical history, the Jewish as well as the Christian era; and, theoretically, he is right. The latter era cannot be fully understood without recognising and appreciating its connection with the former. The thoughts and feelings of the Semitic race, as expressed in the history of the Jewish nation, are the key to the history of the religious thoughts and feelings of Europe. The sons of Israel, as he says, are 'literally our spiritual ancestors: their imagery, their poetry, their very names, have descended to us; their hopes, their prayers, their psalms, are ours. In their religious life we see the analogy of ours; in the gradual, painful, yet sure unfolding of divine truth to them, we see the likeness of the same light dawning slowly on the Christian Church. . . . In the history of the Jewish Church, we find the principles of all religious and ecclesiastical parties developed, not amidst names and events which are themselves the subjects of vehement controversy, but as a narrative of acknowledged authority, free from all the bitterness of modern watchwords, and yet with a completeness and variety such as, within the same compass, could be found in no modern church or nation.' This is true; and what follows is a no less picturesque than true summary of the striking points to be sketched in Jewish history, and round which the deepest interest of the religious historian must ever gather. 'Reproduce this history with all the detail of which it is capable: recall Abraham resting under the oak of Mamre; Joseph amidst the Egyptian monuments; Moses under the cliffs of Horeb; Joshua brandishing his outstretched spear; Samuel amidst his youthful scholars; David surrounded by his court and camp; Solomon in his Eastern state; the wild, romantic, solitary figure of the great Elijah; "the goodly fellowship" of gifted seers lifting up their strains of joy or sorrow, as they have been well described, like some great tragic chorus, as kingdom after kingdom falls to ruin, as hope after hope dies and is revived again. Represent in all their distinctness the several stages of the history in its

steady onward advance from Egypt to Sinai, from Sinai to the Jordan, from the Jordan to Jerusalem, from the law to the judges, from the judges to the monarchy, from the monarchy to the prophets, from the prophets to the great event to which not the prophets only, but the yearnings of the whole nation, had for ages borne witness.'

This grand 'story of the elder Church' is one peculiarly fascinating to Dr Stanley; and we do not wonder at it, because perhaps no writer of our day is so well fitted to do it justice, both from natural genius and acquired knowledge. He zealously, therefore, retains it within the rightful province of his chair; and he states, in a note, his belief that in all European Universities the chair of Ecclesiastical History has been held to include Jewish History. This, we understand, is true; yet it may be questioned whether there is much practical use in maintaining a conjunction which widens a field of study already, in its strictly Christian limits, too extended and complicated for any single mind adequately to overtake. It is more and more felt that history cannot be treated in large periods with the discrimination and justice that the ends of truth and the value and interest of its several facts demand. The most that even the highest mind can do, is to master the meaning and details of some section of the great field of secular or Christian history, and reproduce them in living and proportionate shape.

How vast a field the study of the Christian Church is of itself, is sufficiently apparent from the names given to its four great divisions by Dr Stanley: Ancient Christianity; Byzantine or Eastern Christianity; Roman or Latin Christianity; and Protestant or Teutonic Christianity. He has briefly and happily sketched the character of each of these, and indicated the subdivisions of the latter according to the countries traversed by the Reformation,—Germany, England, Switzerland, Holland, Scotland,—the very names in each case suggesting a pregnant meaning and history in themselves. It is clear, in the very nature of the task, that no one can competently traverse such an extent of historical space; and it is one of the chief merits of Dean Milman's 'Latin Christianity,' that he has recognised this, and confined himself to one rich and significant portion. As it is, he has but inadequately embraced it,—the meagreness with which he has given the history of Latin theology, and his lack of interest in the course of doctrinal development, forming the main deficiency of his otherwise valuable work. It will ere long be recognised, in fact, as presumption for any man to try to compass the field of Christian any more than of civil history. Neander's is probably the last, as it is the greatest, 'General Church History' we shall ever have. No man is

likely again to bring the same combination of powers to such a task. And our Church historians, before they can secure the interest of the general as well as the studious reader, in what ought to be the noblest and most fascinating subject of human thought, must be content to concentrate their labours on special epochs and great characters, where they can bring into play that life of incident and those distinctive features which alone can give animation and attractiveness to their pages.

Dr Stanley recognises and dwells upon the necessity of this detailed study of events and persons in his second introductory lecture; and in his lecture on the Council of Nicæa, in the present volume, he has given us an admirable specimen of this mode of treatment. Its effect, however, is somewhat impaired, from the position in which it stands, and from that idea of a more extended aim suggested by the title of the volume, to which we have already adverted. In the same lecture he has dwelt upon the advantages arising to the ecclesiastical historian from an acquaintance with the actual localities of great struggles, the consecrated scenes of suffering and of heroism,—the catacombs of Rome, the graves of the Scottish Covenanters, the relics of cathedrals, and of Oxford Halls. No Church, he says, should be so rich in ecclesiastical history as the Church of England,—so composite in its structure, and so storied in its memories; mediæval in its service, Protestant in its creed; touching, in 'its constitution, its origin, and its formularies, all the religious elements which have divided Christendom. The prayer-book, as it stands, is a long gallery of ecclesiastical history, which, to be understood and enjoyed thoroughly, absolutely compels a knowledge of the greatest events and names of all periods of the Christian Church. To Ambrose we owe our *Tē Deum*; Charlemagne breaks the silence of our ordination progress by the *Veni Creator Spiritus*. The Persecutions have given us one creed, and the Empire another. The name of the first great Patriarch of the Byzantine Church closes our daily service; the litany is the bequest of the first great Patriarch of the Latin Church, amidst the terrors of the Roman pestilence. Our collects are the joint productions of the Fathers, the Popes, and the Reformers. Our communion service bears the traces of every fluctuation of the Reformation, through the two extremes of the reign of Edward to the conciliatory policy of Elizabeth, and the reactionary zeal of the Reformation. The more comprehensive, the more free, the more impartial is our study of any or every branch of ecclesiastical history, the more will it be in accordance with the spirit and with the letter of the Church of England.'

These extracts will be sufficient to show the spirit in which Dr Stanley contemplates his work as an ecclesiastical historian,

and the scope which he is disposed to assign to it. So much notice seemed demanded by the interest of the introductory lectures themselves, as well as by the fact of his having republished them in the present volume. It is now time to turn to the special subject of the volume.

In the first lecture, which is one of the most interesting of the series, he sketches the general divisions,—the historical epochs,—and the general characteristics of the Eastern Church. With a facile and accomplished pen he ranges over this wide field, and brings the whole into an intelligible picture before the mind. There is no field that can at first sight seem less inviting to the student of Western civilisation. He beholds, for the most part, decay rather than progress; the stationary forms of a monotonous life; the unmeaning terms of controversies long since forgotten, and utterly barren, save in the traditionary feuds they have engendered, and which have outlived through centuries the interests in which they originated. The languages in which the Christian literature of the East is embodied are but little known, even to the learned; they have ceased in many cases to be intelligible to the priests who repeat the services. Oriental Christianity has 'produced hardly any permanent works of practical benevolence. With very few exceptions, its celebrated names are invested with no stirring associations.'

Yet, in this very contrast of Eastern Christianity with Western, there is reason for making it a subject of study. It is well for the student to remember that there are forms of Christian profession widely different from his own—that nearly a third of Christendom lies outside the pale of Western thought and movement. No view of the Church can be complete which ignores such a fact. We are bound, also, to remember the early grandeur of the Oriental Church, and the august traditions that surround the seats of its origin and early influence. Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, Smyrna, and the ruined Ephesus, start emotions to which no Christian heart can be dead. And more even, in Dr Stanley's eyes, than these cities, do other consecrated localities give interest to the fortunes and struggles of the Eastern Church. It is a Church 'of mountains, and rivers, and dens, and caves of the earth. The eye passes from height to height, and rests on the successive sanctuaries in which the religion of the East has entrenched itself, as within large natural fortresses, against its oppressors—Athos in Turkey, Sinai in Arabia, Ararat in Armenia, the Cedars of Lebanon, the Catacombs of Kieff, the Cavern of Megaspelion, the Cliffs of Meteora. Or we see it advancing up and down the streams, or clinging to the banks of the mighty rivers which form the highways and arteries of the wide plains of the East. The Nile still

holds its sacred place in the liturgies of the East. The Jordan, from Constantine downwards, has been the goal of every Eastern pilgrim. Up the broad stream of the Dnieper sail the first Apostles of Russia. Along the Volga and the Don cluster the mysterious settlements of Russian nonconformity.'

It was the boast of the Oriental Church that it was pre-eminently 'orthodox.' Its history is everywhere a contradiction of the boast. The national Churches, which form the first group in Dr Stanley's general division of its branches, strikingly show this. In the view of the Imperial Constantinopolitan Church, they are all heretical; while they, in their turn, protest in behalf of 'orthodoxy' against the alleged innovations of the See of Constantinople. These national Churches present scarcely any continued history. Their literature is unknown, or nearly so. Even their present external condition is but partially known. Yet they are, in some respects, the most characteristic of all the Eastern Churches; they are 'Easternmost' in thought and custom, as well as derivation; and there is an attraction in their wild and romantic position and habits. 'The characteristic fable of Prester John, the invisible Apostle of Asia, the Imperial priestly Potentate in the remote East or the remote South, fills up in their traditions the vacant space which in Europe was occupied by the Pope of Rome and the Emperor of Constantinople.'

The Nestorian, the Armenian, the Syrian, and the Coptic or Egyptian, with its daughter of Abyssinia, are the Churches enumerated by Dr Stanley as forming this group. The origin of the first is well known in connection with Nestorius, the famous Bishop of Constantinople. Long a widely spread and powerfully organized body, strengthened by the very persecutions to which they were subjected, they extended their missions far into the East. No Church, except the Roman, in the sixth and sixteenth centuries, can be said to have rivalled their missionary activity. Their agents traversed the whole of Asia, 'as far eastward as China, as far southward as Ceylon.' Only a small colony on the Indian coast, the Christians of St Thomas, remains to testify to their once extended energy and influence. A limited tract in the north of Persia, within the secluded fastnesses of Kurdistan, is now sufficient to shelter the main fragment of this the ancient Church of Central Asia.

The Armenian is the most powerful of these Churches. Ararat and the surrounding country form its centre; but it has extended its episcopate, and, singularly enough, in conjunction with that, the spread of commercial enterprise far and wide. 'A race, a Church of merchant princes, the Armenians are, in quietness, in wealth, in steadiness, the "Quakers" of the East. They were converted by Gregory, the Illuminator in the fourth

century, whose dead hand is still used for continuing the succession of the Patriarchs. The seat of the patriarchate is Etchmiazin, their sacred city. Their canonical scriptures include two books in the Old and two in the New Testament acknowledged by no other Church; the history of Joseph and Asenath, the Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, the Epistle of the Corinthians to St Paul, and the third Epistle of St Paul to the Corinthians.' They call themselves 'orthodox,' and are more nearly connected with the Constantinopolitan Church than any of the other national Churches of the East. The missionaries of the West, especially of America, have been active both among the Nestorians and the Armenians; and both Protestants and Papists have made many converts from the latter.

The Church of Syria carries us back to the very days of the Apostles. Antioch, its capital, is for ever associated with the name of 'Christians' as its birthplace; and the glory of Ignatius, of Chrysostom, and of John of Damascus, as well as many other illustrious theologians, belongs to it. The chief pastor of Antioch claims with a peculiar right the title of 'Patriarch.' In our own time, this Church, or at least one of its two divisions, has attained an unhappy notoriety. It is composed of Jacobites and Maronites,—the latter designated from Maro, their founder in the fifth century, and forming the whole Christian population of Mount Lebanon. The Maronites are singular among Eastern Christians, in having retained a close communion with the Roman Church ever since the time of the Crusades,—a connection which, strangely enough, is not without important political significance, in the present complicated and uneasy relations of the European Powers with the decaying Empire of Constantinople.

The Church of Egypt, the old rival of Syria, is connected with it in a common monophysite doctrine, and in the consequent rejection of the decrees of the Council of Chalcedon, the fourth of the 'four chief Councils.' It is, according to our author, 'the most remarkable monument of Christian antiquity; the only living representative of the most venerable nation of all antiquity. Within its narrow limits have now shrunk the learning and the lineage of ancient Egypt. The language of the Coptic services, understood neither by people nor priests, is the language, although debased, of the Pharaohs. The Copts are still, even in their degraded state, the most civilised of the natives: the intelligence of Egypt still lingers in the Coptic scribes, who are still, on this account, used as clerks in the offices of their conquerors, or as registrars of the watermarks of the Nile.' The proud Church of Alexandria has dwindled into this 'ancient

sect,' which maintains a certain antique venerableness and respect amidst all its ignorance and decay. A primitive air, unknown elsewhere even in the East, hangs around its services. The universal kiss, and the combination of social intercourse with worship, remind us of the very first ages.

The Abyssinian Church, which sprang from that of Alexandria in the fourth century, is the most extreme type of what Dr Stanley calls 'Oriental Ultramontaniam.' It survives, a mere dead framework of mingled Jewish and Christian tradition, among a savage people. Every inherited rite is superstitiously regarded: the Jewish Sabbath as well as the Christian Sunday continues to be observed; dancing, as in the Jewish temple, forms a part of worship; polygamy even, as in the elder Church, is permitted. Controversy rages; but morality is entirely divorced from religion, and the most abject spirit of idolatry prostrates the people.

The next group in the general division of Eastern Christianity possesses a single representative in the Greek Church,—the lineal descendant, under all its long oppression and violence, of Orthodox Imperialism. It numbers as its adherents all who speak the Greek language, from the southern outpost in Sinai to Athos and Constantinople. Its memories carry us back to the earliest Fathers, and the time when the Roman Church was merely a Greek colony. The early Popes, it is well known, were Greeks, and not Italians. The very name of 'Pope' is not Latin, but Greek, and remains 'the common and now despised name of every pastor in the Eastern Church.' Amid all its corruptions, a proud sense of ancient dignity and unwonted grandeur clings to a Church which can trace its ecclesiastical lineage to a higher direct source than any other, and whose privilege it is to claim 'a direct continuity of speech' with the Apostles. And, notwithstanding the oppression under which it has sunk elsewhere, Greek Christianity is not without signs of revival. 'In the little kingdom of independent Greece, the Greek clergy are still, within narrow limits, an enlightened body. In it, if in any portion of Eastern Christendom, lives the liberal democratic spirit of ancient Hellas.'

The third group comprises the tribes or nations among whom Byzantine Christianity has spread to the north, corresponding to the conversion of the Teutonic tribes by the Latin Church. On the one hand, these are represented by such nationalities as Bulgaria and Servia on the Lower Danube, and, on the other hand, by the great Russian Church, which, in its vast growth, may be said to have absorbed the history, as it is likely to determine the fate, of Greek Christianity generally. 'The Church of Wallachia and Moldavia is remarkable, as being Latin in origin, yet Greek in doctrine and ritual; a counterpoise to the

two Churches of Bohemia and Poland, which, being Slavonic by race, are Latin by religion.' The Russian Church remains the prominent representative of Oriental Christendom in modern times, as the Czar or Emperor is its head. The great Slavonic race, whose dominion has spread over the whole of the east of Europe and the north of Asia, has become the guardian of the peculiar manners, customs, and feelings of the ancient Church of Constantine; and the traditions and policy of Byzantium have been inherited by St Petersburg more completely than any Western Government is now identified with the spirit and aims of Papal Rome.

Having thus described the geographical landmarks of the Eastern Church, Dr Stanley proceeds to consider its historical epochs. Amid 'the dead level of obscure names' which its vast limits enclose, this is no easy task. He has selected, however, three leading periods or events, as marking the points of its history most deserving of importance. The first of these he terms the 'Period of the Councils.'

'The first seven General Councils, with all their leading characters, were as truly Eastern Councils, as truly the pride of the Eastern Church, as those of Constance and Trent are of the Western. Almost all were held within the neighbourhood, most under the walls of Byzantium; all were swayed by the language, by the motives, by the feelings of the Eastern world. These Councils were "general," were "œcumenical," in a sense which fairly belonged to none besides. No Western Council has so fully expressed the voice of Christendom; no assembly, civil or ecclesiastical, can claim to have issued laws which have been so long in force in so large a portion of the civilised world, as those which emanated from those ancient Parliaments of the Byzantine Empire. And if many of these decrees have now become virtually obsolete, yet those of the first and most characteristic of the seven are still cherished throughout the East, and through a large portion of the West. If, with Armenia and Egypt, we stumble at the decrees of Chalcedon; if, with the Chaldean and Lutheran Churches, we are startled by the language of the Fathers of Ephesus; if, with the Latins, we alter the creed of Constantinople,—yet Christendom, with but few exceptions, receives the confession of the first Council of Nicæa as the earliest, the most solemn, and the most universal expression of Christian theology. In that assembly the Church and the Empire first met in peaceful conference: the confessors of the Diocletian persecution came in contact with the first prelates of an Established Church; the father of dogmatical theology and the father of ecclesiastical history met for the first time, in the persons of Athanasius and Eusebius. The general Council of Nicæa may be considered both as the most significant of all the seven, and also as the most striking scene, the most enduring monument, of the Oriental Church at large.'

The rise of Mahometanism forms the second historical great epoch. The religion of Mahomet 'is essentially interwoven with that of Eastern Christianity. Even without considering the directly Christian influences to which the Arabian teacher was subjected, no one can doubt that there are points which his system, in common with that of the Eastern Church, owes to its Oriental origin. In other points it is a rebound and a reaction against that Church. The history of the Greek and Slavonic races can only be understood by bearing in mind their constant conflict with the Arabs, the Tartars, and the Turks.

The conversion and establishment of the Russian Church and Empire make the next and most fertile epoch in our author's plan of historical treatment, and to this, in the sequel, he devotes four lectures. It will be seen, in the mere enumeration of these periods, that there is no attempt at regular chronological succession. The subject does not well admit of this, and the naturally discursive genius of the historian adapts itself to the fragmentary and incidental treatment which he employs.

Before passing on, however, he exhibits in a summary form what he regards as the general characteristics of Oriental Christendom. The differences that separate the Churches of the East and the West are original,—arising out of broad contrasts of race and manners. Such points as the doctrine of the Double procession, the usage of leavened and unleavened bread, the excommunication of Photius, and other ostensible causes of secession, were rather the indication of their deeper and more characteristic differences than the real cause of their disunion. The one Church is mainly speculative, the other mainly practical, in its tendency. 'The East,' Milman says, 'enacted creeds, the West discipline.' 'The first decree of an Eastern Council,' Dr Stanley continues, in illustration of this statement, 'was to determine the relations of the Godhead. The first decree of the Pope of Rome was to interdict the marriage of the clergy. All the first founders of theology were Easterns. Till the time of Augustine, no eminent divine had arisen in the West; till the time of Gregory the Great, none had filled the Papal chair. . . . The Latin language was inadequate to express the minute shades of meaning for which the Greek is admirably fitted. Of the two creeds peculiar to the Latin Church, the earlier—that called 'the Apostles'—is characterized by its simplicity and its freedom from dogmatic statements; the latter, that called the Athanasian, as its name confesses, is an endeavour to imitate the Greek theology, and, by the evident strain of its sentences, reveals the ineffectual labour of the Latin phrases, 'persona' and 'substantia,' to represent the correlative but hardly corresponding words by which the Greeks, with a natural facility, expressed 'the

hypostatic union.' All the prolific controversies as to the union of the two natures in Christ, which created such excitement in the East, were scarcely heard of in the West. Apollinarianism, and Monophysitism, and Monothelitism, which formed the basis of sects and churches in the former, had few or no adherents in the latter. 'Probably no Latin Christian has ever felt himself agitated, even in the least degree, by any one of the seventy opinions on the union of the two natures, which are said to perplex the Church of Abyssinia.'

The Greek mind applied the subtleties of philosophical speculation to the analysis and expression of theological questions; the Latin made use, for the same purpose, of the abstractions of the Roman law. The one was speculative in spirit, and rhetorical in form; the other was logical in method, and legal in language. Even in the hardest nomenclature of the theology of the early Councils, there is a subtler play of thought than we find in the characteristic terms of Latin theology, dating from Tertullian and Augustine. Such phrases as 'merit,' 'demerit,' 'satisfaction,' 'imputed righteousness,' 'decrees,' Dr Stanley says, 'represent ideas which, in the Eastern theology, have no predominant influence, hardly any words to represent them.'

Besides this distinction in the theological character of the two Churches, there are many points in which they stand contrasted. The Eastern Church was the nursery of monasticism, and has always been the home of its most intense and peculiar forms. The great orders of the West have been far more powerful organizations, and exercised a far higher and more beneficial influence upon the progress of civilisation; but the genuine perfection of the monastic, or solitary life, has only been found on the plains of Syria or amidst the deserts of Upper Egypt. Contemplative devotion, in its pure inertia, has there alone found its votaries. Any activity, on the strict Eastern theory, is an abuse of the system. 'Amidst all the controversies of the fifth century, on one religious subject the conflicting East maintained its unity,—in the reverence of the Hermit on the pillar. The West has never had a Simeon Stylites.'

Again, and very much from the same general causes, all the ecclesiastical forms of the Eastern Church have remained stereotyped; while those even of the most ancient branch of the Western Church—the Latin—which we are accustomed to consider so unchangeable,—have been comparatively flexible. The primitive posture of standing at prayer, is still that which prevails in the East. Organs and musical instruments have never been introduced into worship. Baptism is still performed by immersion. The 'laying on of hands,' as in the apostolic age, immediately follows baptism, and has never developed, as in

the West, into the distinct rite of confirmation. The 'anointing with oil by the elders of the congregation,' as mentioned by St James, is literally observed. The Eucharist is administered to infants, according to an ancient perversion of the text in the sixth chapter of St John, respecting the bread of life.

The total absence of art in the Greek churches and worship,—the non-missionary and generally non-persecuting character of Greek Christianity,—form further points of difference. In the matter of persecution, the Eastern Church contrasts most favourably in its history with that of the West, but the difference springs, in a great degree, from its lack of the energetic missionary spirit characteristic of the latter. 'A respectful reverence for every manifestation of religious feeling, has withheld Eastern Churches from violent attacks on the rights of conscience, and led them to extend a kindly patronage to forms of faith most removed from their own. . . . No Inquisition, no St Bartholomew's massacres, no Titus Oates, has darkened the history of any of the nobler portions of Oriental Christendom.' Even in Russia, where the exercise of despotic power is so easy, 'the worship, not only of Dissenters from the Greek Church, but of Latins and Protestants, is protected as sacred.' The recognised influence of the laity, and the study of the Scriptures in the vernacular of the several Christian nationalities of the East, with a married clergy, complete the series of contrasts between Latin and Greek Christianity.

Amidst all its stagnation and deadness, and the gross superstition into which it has sunk, this most ancient form of the Faith suggests some useful lessons as well as warnings. It is 'the aged tree, beneath whose shade the rest of Christendom has sprung up;' and it is healthful for the Western theologian to study a picture of Christianity so strongly contrasted to that with which he is familiar,—and a theology to which the scholastic formulæ and the systems of the Reformation are alike unknown. He need not thereby learn to esteem his own creed less, but only to understand and appreciate more thoroughly the elder elements of thought out of which it has sprung, and the respectful recognition due to the faith of multitudes who know nothing of its later distinctions. Certainly he may learn something 'from the sight of churches where religion is not abandoned to the care of women and children, but is claimed as the right and the privilege of men; where the Church reposes not so much on the force and influence of its clergy, as on the independent knowledge and manly zeal of its laity.'

We shall not follow Dr Stanley in the lengthened account of the Council of Nicæa, with which he follows up his first lecture, nor yet in his lectures on Athanasius and the Emperor Constantine,

and the rise of Mahometanism. Interesting and careful as are his labours in these departments of his subject, and peculiarly graphic and picturesque as is his description of the meeting of the first General Council, the ground which he traverses so far is comparatively familiar. The student of Church history will be enlivened and refreshed by accompanying our author here as everywhere, but he will not learn much that he has not previously known. In the concluding lectures on the Russian Church we enter, with him, if not an untrodden field, yet one comparatively novel, which most of our readers will thank us to glean for them, in a brief summary of its main and most striking particulars.

It is only in Russia that Eastern Christianity attains to a continuous course of development. Elsewhere it merely appears in broken phases of nationality, whose history we fail to trace, or in isolated events, which, however instructive in themselves, show no sustained or growing movement. Here, however, we can see from its first beginning the growth of a Church representing the principles and practices of Eastern Christianity, unfolding itself in great institutions, and attaining always to a higher power and dignity, till it may be said to embrace within its shelter all other forms of Eastern faith. There is also another special advantage in dwelling on the Russian Church as the exemplar of Oriental faith. Through its contact with Europe, it has become intelligible to Europeans. It has acquired a voice or speech which we in vain seek for elsewhere. 'The Oriental, who, in the Armenian, the Syrian, or the Abyssinian Church, eludes our grasp altogether, in the Russian Church is within our touch, within our questioning, within our hearing.'

The story of the Russian Church is divided by our author into four periods, which he enumerates as follows:—1st, The period of its foundation, from the close of the tenth century to the beginning of the sixteenth; 2d, The period of its consolidation, from the beginning of the fourteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth; 3d, The period of its transition, from the middle of the seventeenth century to the beginning of the eighteenth; 4th, The period of its reformation, from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present time.

There is, of course, a legendary as well as a historical version of the origin of the Russian Christianity. St Andrew is the central figure of the former. As he travelled up the Dnieper on his way from Sinope, and beheld, about five hundred miles from its mouth, a range of low hills called Kieff, 'the mountain,' he planted on the height the Cross, and prophesied that they should

be the seat of a great city, and many churches, whence the grace of God should shine forth. Here legend, as in other cases, pictures certain features of the truth. Through the Dnieper the course of Christian light has, no doubt, penetrated from the East the vast steppes of Russia; and Kieff, in point of fact, is the sacred scene associated with the rise of Russian Christianity, just as Moscow is the centre of its history in the second and third, and St Petersburg in the fourth stage of its development. It is to Nestor, a monk of Kieff, the 'venerable Bede' of Russia, that we owe our historical knowledge of the conversion of the country in the end of the twelfth century.

The Normans, with the same unconquerable energy which had made them masters in so many parts of the west of Europe, had, in the course of the ninth century, possessed themselves of the throne of Russia in the family of Ruric. It is to his descendant Vladimir, about a century later, that Christianity owes its introduction. Our author reproduces, with great *naïveté* of detail, the singular story of his conversion. Vladimir was a ferocious prince, distinguished alike by his savage crimes and his savage idolatry. Exercising a wide dominion, he was naturally an object of interest to his neighbours; and this interest took the form of embassies on the subject of religion. Messengers came to him from the Mussulmans on the banks of the Volga, from the Jews, and from the Christians of the West, urging the claims of their respective religions; but in vain. To the Mussulmans, who exhorted him to be circumcised, to eat no pork, and to drink no wine, he replied, 'Drinking is the great delight of Russians—we cannot live without it.' To the Jews he replied with equal plainness, as they explained that their dispersion from Jerusalem was owing to the wrath of God against their forefathers, 'You wish to teach others—you whom God has rejected and dispersed.' To the emissaries of the Pope, who, with characteristic confidence, said, 'Your country is like ours, but not your religion,' 'Ours is the right,' he answered, 'go home: our fathers did not believe in your religion, nor receive it from the Pope.'

Following these unsuccessful messengers came 'a philosopher from Greece,' who, before beginning his own story, criticised with an effect which for the first time impressed Vladimir, the statements of those who had preceded him. As he dwelt upon the abominations of Mahometanism, a sense of indignation, 'the first moral spark,' arose in the King. He spat upon the ground, and said, 'This is shameful.' Improving the opportunity, the philosopher proceeded to explain the reason why Christ was crucified, and the whole course of Divine providence terminating in that event; nay, even beyond that, down to the Seventh General

Council! He spoke of the end of the world and of the last judgment; and, what was far more to the point, he showed the rude monarch a painting of this event, pointing out the just on the right hand entering into Paradise, and the wicked on the left being cast into hell. Vladimir, as he looked at the picture, heaved a sigh, and said, 'Happy are those who are on the right; woe to the sinners who are on the left.' The philosopher urged baptism as the sure means of being made happy with those on the right hand. But, struck as he had been, Vladimir paused, and said he would 'wait yet a little while.' At the same time, he dismissed the philosopher with kindness and presents.

The impression made on Vladimir's mind was destined to grow into great results. Wise men were sent forth to report more particularly on what had been communicated to the king. They proceeded to Constantinople; means were taken to surround them with the most imposing ceremonial of the Greek worship, in the gorgeous temple of St Sophia. The effect was decisive. All that they saw appeared 'awful and majestic;' but the sight of the deacons and sub-deacons, as they issued from the sanctuary in their robes and with torches in their hands, altogether overpowered them. 'This is supernatural,' they said. The guides encouraged the idea, and represented 'the young men with wings and dazzling robes' as angels come down from heaven to mingle in their service. 'We want no further proof,' responded the convinced Russians; 'send us home again.'

The success of certain warlike enterprises, and especially the gift of the daughter of the Emperor Basil in marriage, dispelled any hesitation that still lingered in Vladimir's mind. He was himself baptized at Cherson, and he issued orders for a general baptism of his people at Kieff. The huge wooden idol which had been the favourite object of their worship, was dragged at a horse's tail, mercilessly scourged, and precipitated into the river. The people were immersed in its waters, some plunging in, some swimming, whilst the priests read the prayers. 'It was a sight,' says Nestor, 'wonderfully curious and beautiful to see; and when the whole people were baptized, each one returned to his own house.'

Such was the foundation of the Russian Church. There had been individual conversions before, even of the princes, as of Olga the grandmother of Vladimir; but the people now, for the first time, submitted themselves in any number to the Christian faith, and Russia assumed the name of a Christian nation. One characteristic trait of Russian Christianity deserves to be mentioned, in connection with the circumstances of the royal and national conversion. We have seen how the mind of the king

was impressed by a picture of the last judgment. This influence has perpetuated itself in the singular devotion of the Russian Christians to sacred paintings. 'No veneration of relics or images in the West can convey any adequate notion of their veneration for pictures. It is the main support and stay of their religious faith and practice. Everywhere, in public and in private, the sacred picture is the consecrating element. In the corner of every room, at the corner of every street, over gateways, in offices, in steamers, in stations, in taverns, is the picture hung, with the lamp burning before it. In domestic life it plays the part of the family Bible, of the wedding gift, of the birth-day present, of the ancestral portrait. In the national life it is the watchword, the flag which has supported the courage of generals, and roused the patriotism of troops. A taste, a passion for pictures, not as works of art, but as emblems, as lessons, as instructions, is thus engendered and multiplied in common life, beyond all example elsewhere. Enter within a church, or at least any church such as those at Moscow, which best represent the national feeling; there the veneration has reached a pitch which gives an aspect to the whole building, as unlike any European church as the extreme types of European churches are from each other. From top to bottom, from side to side, walls and roof, and screen and columns, are a mass of gilded pictures: not one of any artistic value, not one put in for the sake of show or effect, but all cast in the same ancient mould, or overcast with the same venerable hue; and each one, from the smallest figure in the smallest compartment, to the gigantic faces which look down with their large open eyes from the arched vaults above, performing its own part, and bearing a relation to the whole.

The 'middle ages' (1250-1613), as they are termed, of the Russian Church, are marked by few incidents deserving our attention. During this period, the centre of ecclesiastical influence was transferred to Moscow, which to this day may be said to remain the sacred city of Russia, 'our Holy Mother Moscow,' as the Russian peasant delights to call it. Although it cannot boast of any such primitive traditions as hallow the very soil of Jerusalem and Rome, it has acquired over the vast numbers of Christians, who look towards it as the central seat of their faith, an influence scarcely inferior to that which lingers around those elder cities. And as Moscow, in the heart of the Russian Empire, is the great central sanctuary of its faith, so is the Kremlin the inner shrine of this sanctuary. 'In that fortress, surrounded by its cracked towers and battlemented walls, are united all the elements of the ancient religious life of Russia. Side by side stand the three cathedrals of the mar-

riages, coronations, and funerals of the Czars. Hard by are the two convents, half palatial, half episcopal. Overhanging all is the double, triple, palace of Czar and Patriarch. Within that palace is a labyrinth of fourteen chapels, multiplied by sovereign after sovereign, till the palace is more like the dwelling-place of the Pope than of the Emperor.

The Russian Church is not merely a State institution; but in the East still more than in the West, the idea of a Holy Roman Empire succeeding to the imperial dominion of Pagan times was closely preserved. According to this idea, the Czar was regarded not only as the political head of the Church, but as its highest embodiment. All its sacredness was summed up in him. He was the father of the whole patriarchal community. The veneration for him was, in the middle ages, almost as if he were Christ Himself. 'He who blasphemes his Maker, meets with forgiveness amongst men; but he who reviles the Emperor is sure to lose his head.' 'God and the Prince will it, God and the Prince know it,' were the decisive summaries of Muscovite faith and duty. 'So live your Imperial Majesty, here is my head;' 'I have seen the laughing eyes of the Czar,' were the confiding and childlike expressions of Muscovite loyalty. The Czar is entitled to participate in the most solemn ecclesiastical and spiritual privileges. 'In every considerable church is placed a throne in front of the altar, as if in constant expectation of the sudden apparition of the sovereign. In every meeting, council, or college, is placed the sacred triangular mirror—"the mirror of conscience," as it is called—which represents the imperial presence, and solemnizes, as if by an actual consecration, the business to be transacted.'

Following the Czar in dignity and importance is the Metropolitan of Moscow. For a time, the Primacy became a Patriarchate; but neither the importance of the position, nor the character of any of its holders, has succeeded in conferring upon it any independent political or even ecclesiastical power. It has always continued subordinate to the higher Imperial position; and any temporary struggle, as in the case of Nikon, to be presently noticed, has invariably issued in the firmer establishment of the Imperial authority. 'There has been no Hildebrand, no Becket, no Anselm,' among the Russian Metropolitans. They have always been the supporters, and not the rivals, of the throne.

After the Czar and the Metropolitan, the third ecclesiastical power in Russia may be said to be the monastic orders. These are not to be confounded with their brethren in Western Europe,—the Benedictines, Franciscans, or Dominicans. Their parallel is rather to be found in the primitive anchorets of the Thebaid

and Syrian deserts. The same rigid system of contemplative austerity which prevailed in these arid regions is carried on in 'the dark forests of Muscovy and by the frozen waters of Archangel.' The Russian ascetics rival those of Eastern antiquity. Their influence arises not from their extended beneficence or their treasured learning, but from their wild seclusion, their self-inflicted pains, and the prophetic utterances of which they profess to be the vehicle. There is no variety of orders among them. The name of the Black Clergy is applied to all, and the one rule of St Basil governs them in common. They may be said, however, to be divided into two classes,—the Hermits and the Monks. The former dwell in solitude, except once a-year, when they come forth to receive the Eucharist on Easter day, or they wander in numbers through the country; the latter are established in vast seats encircling the outskirts of such cities as Moscow and Novgorod. 'Like the Convent of Sinai, like the convents of Greece, they are the refuges of national life, or the monuments of victories won for an oppressed population against invaders and conquerors.'

Such were the main institutions into which the outline of the Russian Church settled during that 'middle-age' period, which forms the second of the chronological epochs into which Dr Stanley divides its history. The Tartar (1338) and the Polish (1606) invasions are the two great events which distinguish this history during the same period. Both events contributed to the influence of the Church in Russia; for it was the clergy which chiefly kept alive the flame of patriotism in both cases, and through whose active and powerful exertions the tide of invasion was turned back. The Convent of Troitska, about sixty miles from Moscow, became in a special manner the centre of these wars of independence. Here, as on a sacred hearth, the fire of national and religious enthusiasm was nursed, when it had gone out almost everywhere else. When the Tartars had overspread the land, and the spirit of the Grand-Prince Demetrius had begun to fail him, the blessing and prayers of the holy hermit Sergius (a name as dear to the Russian as William Tell to a Swiss, or Joan of Arc to a Frenchman) inspired him with new courage, and strengthened him to defeat the invaders in the battle of the Don (1380); and from this time Sergius, and the convent associated with him, became names wherewith to conjure the national heart, and draw forth its noblest patriotic inspirations. In the later invasion it justified its patriotic renown, and once more, 'when Czar and Patriarch had disappeared, when the holy city of Moscow itself was in the hands of strangers and heretics,' became the rallying point of the national hopes, and the venerated symbol of recovered freedom. Thither, ac-

cordingly, to this day the Muscovite turns with profoundest reverence: innumerable pilgrims flock to the consecrated spot; and the Czar himself never comes to Moscow without paying his devotions there.

The Polish invasion of Russia was connected with, and, in fact, was directly caused by, the failure of succession to the crown. The race of Ruric expired with the death or murder of the child Demetrius, and pretender after pretender aimed to secure the sovereignty. The Polish Sigismund seized the opportunity, and, professedly supporting one of the pretenders to the throne, made himself master of the country. With our modern associations as to the subjugation of Poland by Russia, it is difficult for us to realize a time when Poland had the master hand, and held Russia within its subjection; yet so it was. For more than half a century the Poles virtually ruled over the vast continent; and it was, more than anything, the inextinguishable patriotism surviving in the Church that threw off the yoke. With the restoration of national independence, the services which the Church had rendered during the years of struggle were acknowledged in the most prominent manner. The new race of monarchs was taken from the family of the Chief of the Church, Philaret, the Patriarch of Moscow, once a humble parish priest. Michael Romanoff, his son, became the founder of the house of Romanoff, the present dynasty, the great names of which—Peter, Alexander, and Nicholas—are so familiar to us. Father and son,—the former as Patriarch, the latter as Czar, reigned together; a circumstance of which a Russian historian boasts as something ‘remarkable in the annals of the world, which has in no country nor in any time been repeated.’

This auspicious circumstance opens the third stage of Russian history,—a period of transition and of attempts at reformation. The great hero of this period, whose figure, in fact, fills up the whole of our author’s canvas, is the Patriarch Nikon, whom he describes as being together (although in coarse and homely proportions) ‘a Russian Luther and a Russian Wolsey.’ He has devoted the second last lecture of his volume to a striking picture of this Russian Reformer. He passes by with a brief paragraph—as being, we presume, beyond his special field in these concluding lectures—the career and character of Cyril Lucar, a reformer in a far higher sense than Nikon. Many of Dr Stanley’s readers will be disappointed, and with some justice, at this. A movement so important in the Eastern Church as that represented by Lucar, first Patriarch of Alexandria and then of Constantinople, might have been expected to secure a larger share of notice from the historian of the Eastern Church. Lucar was the ardent student of European Protestantism, and the correspondent of

Dutch Protestant ministers ; the friend of Archbishop Laud, and the munificent donor to Charles I. of the Codex Alexandrinus, now one of the chief treasures of the British Museum ; a theologian who, if not properly styled a Protestant, was yet a believer in justification by faith, and in the sole authority of Holy Scripture ; a Reformer, without being an Iconoclast, strong in conviction, yet patient in hope, seeking to win, in his own language, by 'gentle and slow remedies,' what he could not achieve otherwise ; a fervent apostle, a devoted martyr. The Patriarch Nikon is a bolder and more decisive, but a ruder and coarser figure,—a mixture of simplicity and barbaric strength, of magnanimity and yet wilfulness and obstinacy, as different as possible from the refined, thoughtful, and comprehensive theologian of Alexandria and Constantinople.

The reforms after which Nikon strove were mainly practical. 'He set himself with stern severity and indomitable courage to root out the various abuses of the Russian hierarchy, especially the one crying evil, unfortunately not yet extinct—in temperance. To this day they remember, with a mixture of veneration and hatred, what they expressively call the "hedgehog hand" with which he kept them down.' He distinguished himself by the most active benevolence, founding hospitals and almshouses, visiting the prisons personally, and rendering prompt justice to those whom he judged innocent after examination. He innovated upon the most time-honoured practices of his countrymen,—the superstitious veneration for sacred pictures, the exclusion of the female sex from the open enjoyment of public worship. He forced, after a long struggle, the recognition of the validity of the baptism of the Western Church ; he improved the Church music ; he promoted the circulation of the Scriptures in the purest Slavonic dialect ; he revived preaching, and from his own lips was first heard, 'after many centuries, the sound of a living practical sermon.' To this ardent spirit of reform he united a savage determination of manner, in comparison with which the 'rough action' of Luther or of Knox is gentleness itself. 'He was,' according to the report of a Greek archdeacon, who travelled at the time in Russia, 'a very butcher among the clergy. His emissaries are perpetually going round the city ; and when they find any priest or monk in a state of intoxication, they carry him to prison, strip him, and scourge him. His prisons are full of them, galled with heavy chains, and logs of wood on their necks and legs, or they sift flour day and night in the bakehouse.' A terrible story is told of him in an interview with the chiefs of a Kal-muck tribe, who avowed themselves cannibals, saying, in reference to a refractory clergyman, 'I have a man here who

deserves death; I will send for him, and present him to you that you may eat him.'

It may be easily imagined that such a reformer as this was not likely to be popular. Enemies sprang up around his path, and at length succeeded in driving him into retirement, and securing his condemnation. At first he had not only stood in high favour with the Czar Alexis, the son of Michael, and the father of Peter, but a peculiar and even affectionate intimacy for many years united them. Many of the nobles, however, hated him with an intensity exceeding the Czar's regard, and at length were successful in sowing the seeds of dissension between the friends. Nikon resigned his dignity, withdrew into a convent, and was at last degraded and imprisoned during many years. Finally he returned, but only to die. As he sailed down the Volga to meet the Czar Theodore, who had recalled him, death overtook him; and he was buried, after his many vicissitudes, in the Monastery of the Resurrection, or the New Jerusalem, which he had earnestly desired might be his last resting-place.

Peter the Great is the second reformer of the Russian Church; and to him, in conjunction with 'the Modern Russian Church,' Dr Stanley accordingly devotes his concluding lecture. He describes his visit to England, and his personal appearance, not with the broad vivacity of Macaulay in his last volume, but with those quiet and graphic touches of outward feature which distinguish his style. 'The ancient Czars vanish to appear no more, and Peter remains with us, occupying henceforward the whole horizon. Countenance, and stature, and manner, and pursuits, are absolutely left alive in our sight. We see the upturned look, the long black hair falling back from his fine forehead, the fierce eyes glancing from beneath the overhanging brows,—the mouth clothed with indomitable power. We gaze at his gigantic height, his wild rapid movements, the convulsive twitches of his face and hands; the tremendous walking staff, almost a crowbar of iron, which he swings to and fro as he walks; the huge Danish wolf-dog and its two little companions, which run behind him.' With all his own savage peculiarities, and the wild passions in which he freely indulged, Peter was undoubtedly the great civiliser of Russia. He had a clear perception of what his country needed, and the most ardent and persevering ambition to secure its elevation in the scale of nations. Nothing could move him from his purposes; and he endured, what to him must have been a true self-denial, 'the splendour of Paris and London, and, what is still more astonishing, the cleanliness of Holland,' that he might acquire himself those branches of knowledge and of art that he laboured to recommend to his countrymen.

The reforms which he carried out in the Church were similar

to those attempted by Nikon,—reforms of the ‘customs, institutions, and habits, rather than of the doctrines and ideas’ of Russian Christianity. Notwithstanding all his contact with Western forms of religion and of freethinking, he remained himself attached with apparent sincerity to the Orthodox Church. He had dined at Lambeth with Archbishop Tenison, and also with Bishop Burnet, to whose gossip we are indebted for many stories of his visit to England; he had attended Lutheran sermons in Germany, and visited the house of Luther in Wittenberg, where he dashed in pieces the Reformer’s drinking-cup, in vexation at not being allowed to carry away the memorial; he had loaded vessels with works of Dutch theology for the enlightenment of his subjects, and come across freethinkers at Amsterdam; but he remained staunch to the faith of his fathers, and looked upon an adherent of the Seven Councils as wiser than all modern speculators in religion. Yet he recognised the necessity of many advances in Church as in State. He increased schools, regulated the monasteries, and set limits to their growth. His main constitutional change was the abolition of the Patriarchate, and the substitution of a synod of prelates, presided over by the Emperor or his secretary. He also innovated, as Nikon had done, upon many details of ecclesiastical habit; and his changes in this respect provoked more irritation and serious and permanent opposition than any of his greater changes. Russian Dissent seems to have been called forth chiefly, if not entirely, in this manner. It is the offspring not of desire for change, but of conservative resistance to change. The main body of Dissenters, known under the name of Starovers, call themselves ‘the Old Believers,’ and claim to be the one true Orthodox Church of Russia. ‘They are Protestants,’ says Dr Stanley, ‘but against all reform. They are Nonjurors and Puritans both in one. They regard the Established Church as Babylon,—themselves as the woman who fled into the wilderness; Nikon as the False Prophet; the Emperor as the Great Dragon; Peter as Antichrist himself. Their converts from the Established Church are solemnly rebaptized.’

The grounds of this Eastern Nonconformity are ludicrous in their frivolity, and present our author with a text which he does not fail to improve. It was deemed a mortal sin, for example, that Nikon should have changed the time-honoured practice of blessing with only two fingers. The ‘doctrine of the three fingers,’ as it was called, was impious and heretical in the highest degree. The repetition of the name of Jesus in two syllables instead of three, and of the Hallelujah thrice instead of once, were damnable errors. Equally to be reprobated was the correction of the service-books and of the old version of the Scrip-

tures. In the same manner, many of the innovations of Peter—the introduction of Western pictures into churches, the use of tobacco, and even of potatoes—particularly the alteration of the calendar, were regarded as fatal heresies. The horror caused by this last change was extreme. ‘Was it not the very sign of Antichrist, that the Emperor should change the times and the seasons? Could there be anything so impious as the assertion that the world was created in January, when the ground was covered with snow,—not on St Saviour’s day in September, when the corn and the fruits were ripe?’ Yet there was something even worse than this—the attempt to enforce the Western mode of cutting the beard. To shave the beard was pronounced ‘a sin which even the blood of martyrs could not expiate.’ So strong was the opposition on this point, that the Emperor was compelled to some extent to give way; and among the clergy of the Established Church, no less than among the Dissenters, ‘flowing locks and magnificent beards’ are still the fashion.

The Russian Dissenters, as has been already stated, are chiefly settled on the banks of the Volga and amongst the Cossacks of the Don. They live in peace, and practise without interference their peculiar rites. Some are more moderate, and others more extreme, in their opposition to the Established Church; but their general aim is the preservation of every feature in the ancient ritual of Russia. Benediction with two fingers, the use of the antique service-books and pictures untainted by Western art, but especially the mediæval chant in all its wild dissonance,—‘sole orthodox, harmonious, and angelical chant,’—are the points in favour of which they raise their testimony. Compact, and devoted in their adherence to their inherited forms, they yet form only a section of the nation, and from their very characteristics tend to a steady diminution.

The great bulk of the Church, with its most distinguished prelates, embraced the changes introduced by Peter. Three prelates in particular, Theophanes of Plescow, Metrophanes of Voronege, and Demetrius of Rostoff—were, in Dr Stanley’s language, ‘the Cranmer, and the Ridley, and the Latimer, who assisted the Russian Henry in his arduous work, and who, whilst they earned the hatred of the Old Believers, have yet, at least in the two latter instances, won a reverent admiration from the hearts of the nation at large.’ The Dissenter passes by with contempt the tomb of Demetrius in the venerable church of Rostoff, as the man who, when the Rascolnicks (the Separatists) said they would rather part with their heads than their beards, answered, ‘You had better not. God will make your beards grow again; will He ever make your heads grow again?’ But by many a pilgrim the grave is visited as of a canonized saint,

and no work is more popular in Russian cottages than his 'Lives of the Russian Saints.'

The fact that the Russian Church continues unimpaired, and even strengthened, by the violence of Peter's changes, is evidence to our author of its inherent vitality. But what its future will be he does not venture to conjecture. The fair dream which he indicates in the following words is more, we apprehend, the expression of the fond hopes of the man, than the expectation of the historian :—' Will Russia exhibit to the world the sight of a church and people understanding economy, fostering the progress of new ideas, foreign learning, free inquiry, not as the distinction, but as the fulfilment, of religious belief and devotion? Will the churches of the West find that, in the greatest national church now existing in the world, there is still a principle of life at work, at once more stedfast, more liberal, and more pacific, than has hitherto been produced either by the uniformity of Rome or the sects of Protestantism? On the answer to these questions will depend the future history, not only of the Russian Church and Empire, but of Eastern Christendom, and, in a considerable measure, of Western Christendom also.'

ART. V.—*Edwin of Deira, and other Poems.* By ALEXANDER SMITH. 1861.

WE are the advocates of the real in poetry, as in art and in everything, and love our brown loaf better than Ambrosia, and claret at thirty shillings more than the mead of the Mysian Olympus. Such tastes are human and ignoble; but we are convinced that a greater amount of incomprehensible twaddle has been talked upon the 'ideal' than upon any other mundane matter. The ideal! Except in the frost-bitten romance of the nursery, or during the revelries of the dear Christmas-tide, where does the 'ideal' exist? The gauzy wings, and the brief and spangled petticoats, are yet, no doubt, unprofaned by an irreverent criticism.

'Still in immortal youth Arcadia smiles.'

Jack still mounts his marvellous bean-stalk; and Cinderella drops the fairy slipper, as she hurries from the enamoured prince. But the man who, in these days, can sit down, and, in cold blood, indite a treatise on the 'ideal,' must be a lunatic, or a lover. The reign of chivalry is over; and the 'ideal' has no place in a world which has been converted into an extensive cotton-mill.

The triumph of the realistic school of artists has been pretty complete of late. We are all Præ-Raphaelites. Mr Millais' gawky girls, and Mr Dyce's skinny saints, have gained the day. The fair and noble matronhood of Sir Joshua, and the princely simplicity and lustre of Gainsborough, have grown quite dim in our eyes. *That* was the England of Mrs Crew, and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire: *our* England prefers a charity-scholar with chubby cheeks and bare legs, or a bit of misty hill-side, or a clump of Scotch firs stained with sunset. Not that we are altogether wrong—by any means. The old mythological pictures,—the Hours, and the Muses, and the Graces,—were, it must be confessed, hideously tiresome; and the artist had become so careless in his observation and reproduction of natural forms, that it was a chance whether Mr Ruskin could tell a cauliflower from a cabbage in his pictures. 'The sacred Seasons might not be disturbed' (so Keats supposed); yet are they gone. The kindly old-fashioned Seasons, that we all remember so well, Summer, seated on her tawny pard, and Autumn, crowned with yellow sheaves, and grey-bearded Winter, shivering in his bear-skin coat, have been clean swept away, and men of fine genius expend more 'tender' labour on the berries of the mountain.

ash than on the blue eyes of Lesbia. Why not? *Magna est veritas*. Let us be true, and sincere, and conscientious, however dreadfully unpleasant we may make ourselves.

But it is ungracious to utter a single word that may be construed, even by remote implication, into a sneer at pictures, that, in honesty, we hold in all honour. To paint a leaf truly is a good thing; to touch the heart is a better; and many of our Præ-Raphaelites can do both. We may smile at the stiff and quaint formality of their earlier work, if we like; in so far as it was purely imitative and scholastic—an endeavour to reproduce Cimabruë and Fra Angelico in the nineteenth century—it did not merit our gratitude; but in so far as it indicated an honest desire to represent ‘the meanest flower’ with essential accuracy, it did. And one could see, even then, that a sweet and powerful fancy was at work,—a fancy which sought a freer expression and more ‘liberal applications.’ The first pictures of the school were stubbornly prosaic; in the later, the presence of a fine and rare faculty is made manifest. Rossetti’s *Guinevere* at Oxford, where the phantom queen rises between the unfaithful knight and the San-Greal, and keeps the coveted blessing from his grasp: Hunt’s great *Christ in the Temple*, and his strange picture of the sacrificial goat, plodding its weary way through the quaking wilderness, with the encrimsoned rocks of Edom smiling down upon the deadly and accursed Sea: Wallis’ *Chatterton*, where the white ghost of the morning casts its cold light upon the yet warm clay, and the martyr-face beautiful in death, and the tawdry garret, from which the Immortal has escaped now: the pale, passionate, imploring woman-child in the *Huguenot*, who is yet so glad and proud in her despair of the man who durst not lie by a gesture even for *her*: the fawn-eyed sisters, gathering their wonderful *Autumn Leaves* in the mystical glory of the twilight: the ineffable rapture of the mother, when she stretches out her suppliant hands towards her infant daughters, who—thank God—are safe once more, though the fire still crimsones with its red light their smiling trustful faces, and the white night-gear, in which they lay in each others arms, and dreamt together of the angels who tended their innocent slumber;—these are pictures where the imagination is triumphant. Yet they are all rigorously truthful,—so truthful, that adverse criticism will insist that they are little better than photographs. But even a fern-leaf or a rose-bud, painted by such a hand, is a very different matter from the fern-leaf or the rose-bud which comes out of the photographer’s box. A photograph is a blind transcript from nature; but, in the most literal picture, the imagination binds the blossoms and stirs among the leaves.

The triumph of the realistic school has been nearly as com-

plete in Poetry as in Art. An immeasurable gulf divides the age which could relish 'the great Mr Congreve's' stilted and artificial tribute to 'Anna's mighty mind,' from that which recognises, in the simple and honest words that Alfred Tennyson addresses to his Queen, a truer spirit of loyalty. In Poetry, too, as elsewhere, the old mythologies have 'undergone the earth.' The Spirit that had her haunt 'by dale, or piny mountain, or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly brook,' has vanished, and left no trace of her whereabouts. Where are Oberon and Titania? There is no moonlight now like that in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Never a witch rides to the 'Brocken' on her broom; and when, in its mystic cauldron, her black broth simmers upon the stage, the gods laugh. Even the Hobgoblin has lost faith in himself, and cracks a jest upon his own nose. Phillis, and Daphne, and Lavinia have been forsaken by their swains; and the domestic poet of the period presents his frigid affections to Mary-Jane or Anna-Maria. Our 'Bridge of Sighs' crosses the unromantic, if not unmemorable river, which supplies Barclay and Perkins'.

It was about time indeed that the romantic school should be abolished, when Mrs Radcliffe and Monk Lewis had come to be its apostles. The thing had entirely worn itself out: it was as dead as the Dead Sea,—and the sooner it was put out of the way the better. The fairy world had been unpeopled; which it was not to Shakespeare, though he rather inclines occasionally to quizz Peas-Blossom and Mustard-Seed. But Shakespeare had as real a faith in that world as in any other; it did not strike him with any sense of strangeness. Theseus, no doubt, declares,—'I never may believe these antique fables and these fairy toys;' but the Master himself must be held to reply, in the words of Hippolyta, that even the tricks of the imagination are never altogether without warrant; and that, when thus transfigured, the story of the night,—

'More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy:
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.'

Yet even Shakespeare rarely gives us more than a *glint* of moonlight. Ariel and Titania are very well in their way; but Englishmen need coarser food: moonbeams will not fill the stomachs of mortals; and so, with his delightful ease, he turns the page, and the strong colourless light falls upon doughty burghers, and patriotic kings, and the passions which consume Lear, and Othello, and Juliet.

That the recoil has been somewhat excessive need not be denied. Reactions always are; and Mr Buckle will be succeeded

by a fanatical Joe Smith or an ultramontane priesthood. Wordsworth has a good deal to answer for in this respect. Steeped in poetry, as he was, the bard of Rydal was yet utterly destitute of the faculty of selection, and he always showed himself quite unable to appreciate the natural suitableness and the relative proportions of the subjects on which he worked. The result was, that in vindicating the real, he not unfrequently descended to what was essentially mean, trivial, and prosaic. Most of his disciples have kept in his track. The delicate revelries of the imagination, the stately discourse of kings and heroes, Belinda's charming burlesque, the polished couplet and the ringing epigram, have been exchanged for the sorrows of an idiot or the amours of the nursery maid. The fair humanities of old religion, nay, even the ladies and gentlemen in the drawing-room, are scrupulously avoided, and the poet seeks the angel of the house in the scullery or behind the bar. This wretched mistake discredits the reformation. Homeliness is not necessarily poetic. It is pure caprice and wantonness to single out the ignoble incident in an ignoble career. The man who does so wilfully cripples his art. The most exquisite genius is needed to conceal the essential meanness and poverty of many of the situations which Wordsworth selects; and, with all his enthusiasm, he fails to invest them with interest. Whereas a great theatre—the Thermopylæ Pass, the Sacred Lagoon, the Plain of Marathon or of Troy—warms the imagination. It rouses the fire in the reader, and he comes prepared to own and to obey the spell.

The true domain of poetry may be said, in this aspect, to lie somewhere between the photograph and fairy-land. Neither fairy nor photograph is touched by the authentic passion of the imagination; and, deprived of *its* heat, poetry dies. The nobler incidents of history (using the word in its widest sense) are thus the materials which the poet must use, and, for our part, we are disposed to hold that these incidents should be chosen from the past rather than from the present.

Not that we by any means acquiesce in the opinion that the present time is necessarily prosaic. Every age has its own romance; and scraps of that romance are sometimes visible to, and sung by, the contemporary poets. *The Charge of the Light Brigade* is already classic as one of Homer's battles. No tragedy in past history causes a thrill such as stirred Europe, the other day, when its greatest statesman died. Cavour's whole life, indeed, is a poem,—none the less fascinating because the purity of his patriotism did not shrink from base allies and obscure intrigue. He may, like Robert Bruce, have deeply sinned; but he was true to freedom, and he died for his nation. It is impossible to touch pitch with impunity; but it cannot be said to defile

the man who devotes his life with incorruptible fidelity to a great cause, as it defiles the man whose aims are sordid and whose ambition is mean. The character of Cavour may continue to perplex the judgment of the formal moralist; but, as with the outlawed king, the higher and more religious instinct strikes home, detects the royal manhood behind, and pronounces an unfaltering absolution :—

‘ De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God’s altar slain thy foe ;
O’ermastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless’d !’

And even the real life immediately about us still keeps its pathos. Love, anger, jealousy, despair, are potent under Victoria as under Agamemnon or Lear. There is not a household in the land where the Great Sorrow is not felt—which the Destroyer does not enter—from which the *Cry of the Human* does not ascend to heaven.

‘ O God, to clasp these fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely ;
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only.
Be pitiful, O God !’

Mrs Browning’s is a noble poem,—alas ! that she too should even to-day have dragged that sharp cry, not from one heart only, but from many who revered and loved the purity, and gentleness, and unquenchable energy, and vivid intelligence, of a most helpful woman,—but the subject is one not easily exhausted. It will last our time,—as also, let us trust, the Love which deprives His dart of its sting, and reaps victory through her tears. Such materials can the present time furnish to the Tragic Muse ; and for Comedy,—Have we not Vincent Scully and a whole island of Irishmen ?

At the same time, as we have intimated, we incline to prefer the claim of History. When a poem possesses a historical basis, the risk of caricature is diminished. The poet who spins his web out of his own brain for any long time, ‘gangs aft agee ;’ whereas the poet who relies upon the facts which the unimagined annalists of a people have recorded, is protected against the deceitfulness of the imagination, and brought back incessantly to reality. And, moreover, an event, as a whole and in its completeness, may be viewed with better effect when removed a little way from us. The pressure of the crowd partly conceals its proportions ; but, in the silence of the night-season, what is poetic in the story is disengaged from its casual environment, grows plainer and more distinctly articulate.

We have always held that there was the right stuff in Mr Alexander Smith. We felt sure that one who united, as he did, the fire of the poet with the sagacity and moderation of the critic, would ultimately work clear of the fogs which obscured his genius. We are glad to find that we have not been mistaken. Mr Smith has turned to history; and, guided by the Venerable Bede, has produced a thoroughly good piece of work. There can be no mistake about it. He has hitherto failed conspicuously in his choice of subjects; but his choice in this case is admirable. The story is rife with incident, and keeps the reader's interest awake from beginning to end. His plot, too, has been generally very defective: it wanted bone and muscle; but he has now got a historical framework which he is forced to respect, and which prevents him from running into unnaturalness. The morbid and diseased self-consciousness of the *Life Drama* is got rid of: the author of *Edwin of Deira* is beyond dispute an eminently healthy and well-conditioned mortal. The passion is no longer inverted or irregular; and, while it has ceased to consume itself in an explosive way, it continues to fire the narrative, and prevents it from languishing or growing tame. Nor does his fertile pictorial faculty run to seed as it used to run; the tendency to verbal conceits and remote prettinesses is subdued; and when an analogy is introduced—for the dawn, and the sea, and the stars, are still visible—it is true, simple, and effective, and aids, instead of embarrassing, the progress of the story. In short, we everywhere detect the evidence of honest and thorough work, and the result is exactly what we might look for. Mr Smith has written a poem, which is marked by the strength, sustained sweetness, and compact texture of real life.

No doubt, the old cuckoo-cry of plagiarism will be again heard. It will be said that *Edwin of Deira* is a mere echo of *The Idylls of the King*. We do not dwell upon the fact that Mr Smith had planned and well nigh executed his poem before the appearance of the Laureate's master-piece (though we have the best reason to know that such is the case), but we say that those who cannot see that, however alike in certain subordinate respects the two works may be, Mr Smith's is yet substantially original, must be quite unable to discriminate between the nicer moods of poetic feeling. We have no doubt that, were we to descend into the obscure arena, we could point out half-a-dozen passages—not more—in which there is a marked verbal resemblance between *Edwin* and the *Idylls*. But what of that? Can such coincidences—lying upon the surface, and not affecting the internal structure and general bearing of the work—detract from the reputation of a poet who, in the concep-

tion and execution of his subject, shows vital force and essential originality?

Some critics, indeed, who desire to deal fairly and honestly with Mr Smith, may say that his indebtedness does not end here. And in one sense they are right. Mr Smith is undoubtedly indebted to the Laureate for the *form* of his verse. The *Morte d'Arthur* is, if not the first, at least the most perfect specimen, in our language, of a peculiar poetic construction. It is rather difficult to define precisely wherein its peculiarity consists. We may compare it, perhaps, with the paintings of some of the early artists—Cimabue or Giotto—or with the abstract representations of natural forms in architecture. It is plain, angular, unelastic; but in its lofty simpleness there is none of the familiarity of the love-song or the pastoral. This simple stateliness is preserved with unbroken and marvellous effect throughout the *Morte d'Arthur*. It is perceptible, in a more modified form, in *The Idylls of the King*, and Mr Smith has employed it in *Edwin of Deira*, but with certain essential variations. With simplicity of construction, he has tried to inweave richness of imagery and subtlety of feeling. It may be doubted how far such a union is practicable. We are rather disposed to fancy that the style to which we allude is best suited to represent the marked and naked features of nature, and well-defined and not very intricate feelings. It is thus that it is used in the *Morte d'Arthur*—the scenery massively lined rather than described,—

‘A dark strait of barren land,

On one side lay the ocean, and on one

Lay a great water, and the moon was full,’—

and the feelings clearly articulated, and not confused by moral or intellectual dilemmas. Mr Smith, however, has almost succeeded in his venture; and, though we experience a jolt occasionally, it is seldom sufficient seriously to interrupt our enjoyment. We do not think it needful to add a word on his right to use this form. If he is not entitled to use it because it has been used by another, then Pope was not entitled to employ in *The Dunciad* the measure which had been employed by Dryden in *MacFlecknoe*—a proposition which we bequeath to the provincial and metropolitan Cockneys who pass their time in picking the dry bones of the poets.

It is a story from the early annals of England that Mr Smith has selected. He has caught the hurry and movement of a martial age. The poem is rich with colour; there is everywhere a glow as of a king's crown or a knight's armour. The princes and warriors are noble gentlemen. The chivalrous demeanour,

the stately kingliness of speech, are well suited to the environment. But it is the scenes of stiller life, when the strife of heroes, and the bay of the hunters' dogs, and the clatter of the wine-cup, and the trumpet-call sounding shrilly through the crash of battle, are momentarily silenced, that we like best. Donegild, smitten but unsubdued by suffering,—

‘More queenly—wearing sorrow’s dreary crown,
And robed in bitter wrongs—than when she moved
In youthful beauty, and the diadem
Paled in more golden hair,’—

is a fine picture, firmly handled; and Bertha is as sweet a girl as ever entered into a poet’s dream. We are almost afraid to own how much we admire her. There is an exquisite rhythm in the verse whenever this maiden enters, as if her own fingers had touched the strings—a delicious swell of music, as if the very Spirit of Love were breathing through the words. It may be quite true that we never meet in modern literature with the superb and thoroughbred gentlemen, to whom we are introduced in *Coriolanus* or *The Tempest*—gentlemen who seem to have spoken with kings and worn ermine all their days—but Bertha, at least, may claim a niche between Miranda and Hermione.

We have spoken highly of Mr Smith’s new poem; and we are anxious that our readers should judge of the fidelity of our estimate. They will be better able to do so, if, before reading the sketch of the story and the illustrative extracts we purpose to make, they will, in the first place, turn to Bede’s *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation* (Book ii., cap. 9 to 14 inclusive), where they will find the history of ‘Æduin, King of the Northumbrians,’ narrated at length. In the meantime, a few sentences from Hume will serve to explain ‘the situation.’

‘Adelfrid, king of Bernicia, having married Acca, the daughter of Ælla, king of Deiri, and expelled her infant brother Edwin, had united all the counties north of Humber into one monarchy, and acquired a great ascendant in the heptarchy: he also spread the terror of the Saxon arms to the neighbouring people; and by his victories over the Scots and Picts, as well as Welch, extended on all sides the bounds of his dominions. . . . Notwithstanding Adelfrid’s success in war, he lived in inquietude on account of young Edwin, whom he had unjustly dispossessed of the crown of Deiri. This prince, now grown to man’s estate, wandered from place to place in continual danger from the attempts of Adelfrid, and received at last protection in the court of Redwald, king of the East Angles, where his engaging and gallant deportment procured him general esteem and affection. Redwald, however, was strongly solicited by the king of Northumberland to kill or deliver up his guest: rich presents were promised him if he would comply, and war denounced against him in case of refusal. After rejecting several

messages of this kind, his generosity began to yield to the motives of interest; and he retained the last ambassador, till he should come to a resolution in a case of such importance. Edwin, informed of his friend's perplexity, was yet determined at all hazards to remain in East Anglia, and thought that, if the protection of that court failed him, it were better to die, than prolong a life so much exposed to the persecutions of his powerful rival. This confidence in Redwald's honour and friendship, with his other accomplishments, engaged the queen on his side; and she effectually represented to her husband the infamy of delivering up to certain destruction their royal guest, who had fled to them for protection against his cruel and jealous enemies. Redwald, embracing more generous resolutions, thought it safest to prevent Adelfrid before that prince was aware of his intention, and to attack him while he was yet unprepared for defence. He marched suddenly with an army into the kingdom of Northumberland, and fought a battle with Adelfrid, in which that monarch was defeated and killed, after avenging himself by the death of Regner, son of Redwald: his own sons, Eanfrid, Oswald, and Osway, yet infants, were carried into Scotland; and Edwin obtained possession of the crown of Northumberland. Edwin was the greatest prince of the heptarchy in that age, and distinguished himself both by his influence over the other kingdoms, and by the strict execution of justice in his own dominions. He reclaimed his subjects from the licentious life to which they had been accustomed; and it was a common saying, that during his reign a woman or child might openly carry everywhere a purse of gold without any danger of violence or robbery.¹

The poem opens at the close of the great battle with Ethelbert, which drives Edwin, a solitary fugitive, from his kingdom, to seek the hospitality of his father's friend, King Redwald.

'Edwin 'scaped, but 'scaped as one
Wet-fetlocked from the Morecambe tide, that brings
Sea-silence in an hour to wide-spread sands
Loud with pack-horses, and the crack of whips.
And on the way the steed of steeds beloved
Burst noble heart and fell; and with a pang
Keener than that which oftentimes is felt
By human death-beds, Edwin left the corse
To draw the unseen raven from the sky;
Then fearful lest the villages of men
Might babble of his steps to Ethelbert,
Certain to sweep that way with clouds of horse,
He sought rude wastes and heathy wildernesses
Through which the stagnant streams crept black and sour.

He wanders on, passing through 'the land of reed and fen, with many a wing be-clanged,' till he comes to a glen near Redwald's capital,—

'To a ravine that broke down from the hill

¹ History of England, chap. I., p. 32.

With many a tumbled crag : a streamlet leapt
 From stony shelf to shelf : the rocks were touched
 By purple fox-gloves, plumed by many a fern ;
 And all the soft green bottom of the gorge
 Was strewn with hermit stones that sideways leaned,
 Smooth-checked with emerald moss.'

Here he meets one of the pages from the Court, who enlarges to him on the gossip of the palace, on the king and his seven sons, 'the maddest men for hunting,' and his daughter Bertha, a maid that comes—

'Like silence after hoof and bugle-blare ;
 Who owns the whitest hand, the sweetest cheek
 Air touches, sunlight sees.'

At length they reach the town,—

'Discouraging thus
 They entered on a broad and public way
 Whereon were travellers and lively stir,
 And now a maid, and now a knight went past
 With light upon his armour ; and at length,
 The while the press was growing more and more,
 They came upon the palace, vast in shade
 Against the sunset. Noisy was the place
 With train and retinue, and the cumbrous pomps
 The feasters left without. The steeds were staked
 Upon the sward, and from the gates the folk,
 Busy as bees at entrance of a hive,
 Swarmed in and out. Men lay upon the grass,
 Men leaned with folded arms against the walls,
 Men diced with eager hands and covetous eyes ;
 Men sat on grass with hauberk, greave and helm
 And great bright sword, and as they sat they sang
 The prowess of their masters deep in feast,—
 How foremost in the chase he speared the boar,
 How through the terrible battle press he rode,
 Death following like a squire.'

The travel-stained fugitive is brought into the great hall, where Redwald and his nobles are feasting,—

'A hundred bearded faces were up raised
 Flaming with mead.'

The king recognises him ; the wandering face brings back the old time, 'ere thou, young sir, wert thought of,' and he greets him cordially. Placing Edwin beside him, the feast, which is described with great zest, goes on,—

'Sheep, steer, and boar,
 And stags that on the mountain took the dawn
 High o'er the rising splendours of the mists,

Were plenteously there. All fowls that pierce
 In wedge or caravan the lonely sky,
 At winter's sleety whistle, heaped the feast;
 With herons kept for kings, and swans that float
 Like water-lilies on the glassy mere.
 Nor these alone. All fish of glorious scale,
 The fruits of English woods, and honey pure
 Slow oozing from its labyrinthine cells,
 And spacious horns of mead—the blessed mead
 That can unpack the laden heart of care—
 That climbs a heated reveller to the brain,
 And sits there singing songs.'

Next day, dressed in a manner suited to his rank, he is conducted to the chamber where the princes are preparing for the chase.

'Then he led,
 Through a long passage, toward a noise of dogs
 That ever nearer grew, and entered straight
 A mighty chamber hung with horn and head;
 Its floor bestrewn with arrows, as if War
 Grown weary of his trade, had there disrobed
 And thrown his quiver down. And in the midst
 The brothers stood in hunting gear, and stroked
 Great brindled dogs, that leapt about their knees,
 And talked of them the while, and called to mind
 How this one charged the lowering mountain bull,
 What time he stood affronted in the glade
 And the spurned earth flew round him in his rage;
 How the boar's tusk made that one yelp and limp
 The day he came upon him in the brake.'

Then, while they babble of hawk, and steed, and hound, the princess enters,—

'In at the door a moment peeped a girl,
 Fair as a rose-tree growing thwart a gap
 Of ruin, seen against the blue when one
 Is dipped in dungeon gloom; and Redwald called,
 And at the call she through the chamber came,
 And laid a golden head and blushing cheek
 Against his breast. He clasped his withered hands
 Fondly upon her head, and bent it back,
 As one might bend a downward-looking flower
 To make its perfect beauty visible,
 Then kissed her mouth and cheek.'

Edwin proceeds to describe to Redwald how he lost his kingdom,

'And how, at a most dismal set of sun,
 He saw his files lie on the bloody field,
 Like swathes of grass, and knew that all was lost;'

and urges the cautious and hesitating old man to undertake his cause. Redwald will not commit himself, but his eldest son Regner, touched by the misfortunes and nobleness of the fugitive, becomes his fast friend. A hawking expedition follows. A heron is flushed among the reeds of a gloomy mere, and Edwin first casts his hawk,—

‘Then Regner, riding near,
Watching his countenance, caught his eye, and cried,
“When ’gainst the heron Ethelbert thou fliest,
I follow in thy track, come weel, come woe!”
And, rising fiercely in his stirrup, flung
His falcon into air. A glorious sight
To see them scale the heaven in lessening rings
Till they as motes became: while here and there
About the strand the eager brethren rode,
With shaded faces upturned to the blue,
Now crying, “This one has it!” and now “That!”
When suddenly, from out the dizzy sky,
Dropped screaming hawks and heron locked in fight,
Leaving a track of plumes upon the air.
Down came they struggling, wing and beak and claw,
And splashed beyond the rushes in the mere.
Amid the widening circles to the waist,
A falconer dashed and drew to shore the birds,
All dead save Edwin’s falcon, that, with claws
Struck through the heron’s neck, yet pecked and tore,
Unsated in its fierceness.’

On their return to the palace, and after the feast is over, Bertha joins them,—

‘The Princess came and sang as was her wont,
And as it chanced that night a tale of love—
Of love new-born and trembling like an Eve
Within a paradise all wide and strange
At the most perilous sweetness of herself
But one short-moment known. And while her voice
Went wandering through a maze of melody,
The hand lay where it fell, and ceased the breath,
And finer grew the listening face. And when
Like a leaf’s wavering course through autumn air,
The wildered melancholy music ceased,
And silence from a rack of keen delight
Unstretched their spirits to their grosser moods
And common occupations, she arose
With music lingering in her face, and eyes
That seemed to look through surfaces of things,
And would have thence withdrawn from out the hall
But Regner caught her twixt his mighty knees,

Proud of her innocence and gentle ways,
Impatient half that she was not a glede
Fire-eyed to peck his fingers.'

Edwin is already deeply smitten, and he has soon an opportunity to avow his love. A great stag-hunt takes place, at which the princess is present. They leave the palace in the early morning, ride to the forest where the antlered monarch has been seen, and the chase begins—

'And when afar
At instance of a strong-lunged forester,
The sudden bugle on the rosy cliff
Was splintered into echoes, from the marsh
The heron screaming rose; within his wood
The mountain bull stood listening to the sound,
Silent as lowering thunder, when the winds
Are choked, and leaves hang dead; and from his lair
Rose, with dew-dappled flanks; the stag, and snuffed
Their coming in the wind—a moment stood,
His speed in all his limbs—but when the pack
Dragged with them down the echoes of the vale
And opened out, he fled, with antlers laid
Along his back like ears.'

As the impetuous chase goes on, Edwin and Bertha are left alone together, and the story is told—

'Around a crag
That with its gloomy pines o'er-hung the vale,
Swept hunt and hunter out of sight and sound.
They were alone, and in the sudden calm,
When round them came the murmur of the woods
Upon a sweeping sigh of summer wind—
O moment dying ere a cymbal's clash!
O memory enough to sweeten death!—
The unexpected solitude surprised
His heart to utterance, and the princess sat
Blinded and crimson as the opening rose
That feels yet sees not day. Then, while the wind
To his quick heart grew still, and every leaf
Was watchful ear and eye, he pressed his lips
Upon the fairest hand in all the world
Once.'

The stag is killed by Regner, and the hunters turn home—

'The princess rode with dewy drooping eyes
And heightened colour. Voice and clang of hoof,
And all the clatter as they sounded on,
Became a noisy nothing in her ear,
A world removed. The woman's heart that woke

Within the girlish bosom—ah! too soon!—
 Filled her with fear and strangeness; for the path,
 Familiar to her childhood, and to still
 And maiden thoughts, upon a sudden dipped
 To an unknown sweet land of delicate light
 Divinely aired, but where each rose and leaf
 Was trembling, as if haunted by a dread
 Of coming thunder. Changed in one quick hour
 From bud to rose, from child to woman, love
 Silenced her spirit, as the swelling brine
 From out the far Atlantic makes a hush
 Within the channels of the careless stream,
 That erst ran chattering with the pebble stones.'

But, ere he reaches the palace, Edwin's friend, the page, meets him, and warns him not to enter, as an agent of Ethelbert is with the king, who meditates treachery. He remains without the walls during the night,—a prey to bitter reflections—

' " Ah, miserable me! My soldiers bleach
 Beneath the moon, and she who bore me, sleeps
 On flint beside the waterfall, begirt
 By widows, and by children, and by all
 The congregated sorrow of a realm
 Most sorrowful. And I, who can alone
 Bring to my people roof-tree, fire, and law,
 And build for them again an ordered state,
 Sit here an outcast, and the door is shut.' "

As he waits through the long night, sorrowful and desperate, an apparition appears to him, and undertakes to restore him to his kingdom and to unite him with Bertha. Edwin promises obedience to his ghostly visitor; and in the morning the page returns to inform him that Ethelbert's emissary has been dismissed, that war has been declared, and that the council in the king's chamber wait for him. He enters, and Redwald tells him somewhat hotly that, moved by Bertha's tears, he has espoused his cause—

' And while the king
 Went on thus chafing, Edwin's sleepless heart
 Grew silent as an eagle's famished brood
 Huddled upon a ledge of rosy dawn,
 When sudden in the blinding radiance hangs
 Their mighty dam, a kid within her grip,
 Borne off from valleys filled with twilight cold
 That know not yet the morn.'

Edwin gratefully accepts the proffered aid, and concludes by avowing his love for the princess—

' At the king's feet
 She sat, and, hearing, over neck and brow

Brake morning; and as love is faced like fear,
Or wears fear's mask, she hid her own and shrank;
And, shrinking, like a sudden burst of light,
The unimprisoned splendour of her hair
In coil on coil of heavy ringlets fell,
And veiled the face that burned through hands close pressed,
And clothed her to the knee.'

Redwald gives his consent, in a passage of great beauty, and the two are betrothed—

“ So, sweet, arise,
And give the man thy heart hath chosen out,
From all his fellows a pure hand in pledge
Of faithfulness—the one assured thing
He ever will possess upon the earth.”

And then Bertha rises up, and puts her hand in his,—

‘ She heard, and, all untouched by virgin shame,
False and unworthy then, erect she stood
Before her father and her brethren seven,
Pale as her robe, and in her cloudless eyes
Love, to which death and time are vapoury veils
That hide not other worlds, and stretched a hand,
Which Edwin held, and kissed before them all
In passionate reverence; smitten dumb by thanks
And noble shame of his unworthiness,
And sense of happiness o’erdue. And while
The prince’s lips still lingered on the hand
That never more could pluck a simple flower
But he was somehow mixed up in the act,
She faltered like a lark beneath the sun
Poised on the summit of its airy flight,
And, sinking to a lower beauteous range
Of tears and maiden blushes, sought the arms
That sheltered her from childhood, and hid there,
Shaken by happy sobs.’

The preparations for the war are quickly completed. With his army Edwin crosses the hills, ‘through a world of mist, and crag, and dashing waterfall,’ and swoops upon Ethelbert like a falcon. The usurper is driven to bay,—

‘ So when the sun
Broke through the clouds at setting, on a mound
Stood Ethelbert, surrounded by his lords,
Known by his white steed and his diadem,
And by his golden armour blurred with blood,—

and falls under Edwin’s axe, after a kingly conflict, in which Regner is slain.

Restored to his kingdom and married to Bertha, the great drama is played out. The passionate excitement of war and love is over. A graver strain succeeds. Edwin has now to discharge the duties of the kingly office; and the poem is henceforth occupied with domestic life, religion, and his efforts to reconstruct the shattered state. A son is born to him—named Regner, after Bertha's noble-hearted brother—and the little fellow is very exquisitely described—

'So the boy throve into his second year,
And babbled like a brook, and fluttered o'er
The rushes, like a thing all wings, to meet
His father's coming, and be breathless caught
From the great foot up to the stormy beard
And smothered there in kisses. And whene'er
Edwin and Bertha sat in grave discourse
Of threatened frontier and the kingdom's need,
If the blue eyes looked upward from their knees,
Their voices in a baby language broke
Down to his level, and the sceptre slipped
Unheeded from the hands that loved his curls
Far more to play with. Every day these twain—
Two misers with their gold in one fair chest
Enclosed—hung o'er him in his noon-day sleep
Upon the wolf-skin—blessed the tumbled hair,
Cheek pillow-dinted, little mouth half-oped
With the serenest passage of pure breath,
Red as a rose-bud pouting to a rose;
Eyelids that gave the slumber-misted blue;
One round arm doubled, while the other lay,
With dainty elbow dimpled like a cheek,
Beside a fallen plaything. Slumbering there,
The fondest dew of praises on him fell,
And the low cry with which he woke was stilled
By a proud mother's mouth.'

The poem concludes with the arrival of the Christian missionaries, and the adoption by the king—warned by the apparition who again appears to him—of the faith which they have been sent to teach. This last scene is very fine and animated. A ship has arrived in the offing, and the king rides down to the beach to greet the wayfarers—

'In the bright
Fringe of the living sea that came and went
Tapping its planks, a great ship sideways lay,
And o'er the sands a grave procession paced
Melodious with many a chaunting voice.
Nor spear nor buckler had these foreign men,
Each wore a snowy robe that downward flowed,

Fair in their front a silver cross they bore,
A painted Saviour floated in the wind,
The chaunting voices, as they rose and fell,
Hallowed the rude sea-air.'

The people assemble on a great plain outside the city, and Paulinus addresses them,—

'Fair island people, blue-eyed, golden-haired,
That dwell within a green delicious land
With noble cities as with jewels set—
A land all shadowed by full-acorned woods
Refreshed and beautified by stately streams,—

and tells them of the message with which he has been entrusted—

'The Lord Christ bleeding bowed His head and died;
And by that dying did He wash earth white
From murders, battles, lies, ill deeds, and took
Remorse away that feeds upon the heart
Like slow fire on a brand. From grave He burst,
Death could not hold Him, and 'ere many days
Before the eyes of those that did Him love
He passed up through yon ocean of blue air
Unto the heaven of heavens, whence He came.
And there He sits this moment man and God;
Strong as a God, flesh-hearted as a man,
And all the uncreated light confronts
With eye-lids that have known the touch of tears.'

King and people accept the new religion; and, as the idol-temples are fired, the white-robed priests unite in a solemn chaunt—

'Down falls the wicked idol on his face,
So let all wicked gods and idols fall!
Come forth, O light, from out the breaking east,
And with thy splendour pierce the heathen dark,
And morning make on continent and isle
That thou may'st reap the harvest of thy tears,
O Holy One that hung upon the tree.'

Once more Paulinus addresses the king, and, in prophetic strain, discloses to him the great future which is now in store for his land—

'From out the twilight of unnoted time
The history of this land hath downward come
Like an uncitied stream that draws its course
Through empty wildernesses, and but hears
The wind sigh in the reed, the passing crane;
But Christ this day hath been upon it launched
Like to a golden barge with burnished oars,

Whose progress makes the lonely waters blush,
 And floods the marshes with melodious noise.
 And as that river widens to the sea
 The barge I speak of will dilate and tower,
 And put forth bank on bank of burnished oars,
 And on the waters like a sunset burn,
 And roll a lordlier music far and wide,
 And ever on the dais a king shall sit,
 And ever round the king shall nobles stand.'

So Edwin grows and flourishes, and becomes a mighty idol-breaker, until, in a good old age, he is laid in the church which he has built—

'The fanes he burned
 At Goodmanham, at Yeverin, and York,
 And Cateret where the Swale runs shallowing by.
 To Redwald and his sons he bore the faith,
 And sent Paulinus to the neighbouring kings.
 Near his own city, where the temple stood,
 He raised to Christ a simple church of stone,
 And ruled his people faithfully, until
 Long-haired and hoary, as a crag that looks
 Seaward, with matted lichens bleached by time,
 He sat in hall beholding, with dim eyes
 And memory full of graves, the world's third bloom;
 Grandchildren of the men he knew in youth;
 And dying, pillow-propped within his chair,
 The watchers saw a gleam upon his face
 As from an opened heaven. And so they laid
 Within the church of stone, with many a tear,
 The body of the earliest, Christian king
 That England knew; there neath the floor he sleeps,
 With lord and priest around, till through the air,
 The angel of the resurrection flies.'

Such is Mr Smith's new poem. We have quoted from it at length, because we are anxious that our readers should share with us the pleasure of again listening to a fine piece of old history,—one of the storied tales belonging to 'the milky youth of this great English land,'—and because, having spoken so highly of its many beauties, we are bound, in a manner, as the lawyers say, 'to instruct our averments.'

- ART. VI.—1. *Geological Map of Scotland*. By JOHN MACCULLOCH, M.D. London, 1832.
2. *Geological Map of Scotland*. By JAMES NICOL, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: W. and A. K. Johnston.
3. *Geological Map of Scotland*. By J. A. KNIPE, F.G.S. London, Stanford.
4. *Palæontological Map of the British Isles*. By EDWARD FORBES, F.R.S. Edinburgh: W. and A. K. Johnston.
5. *Geological Survey of Scotland*. Sheets 32 and 33.
6. *Memoirs of the Geological Survey. Geology of the Neighbourhood of Edinburgh*. 1861.
7. *First Sketch of a New Geological Map of Scotland*. By Sir R. I. MURCHISON, F.R.S., and ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: W. and A. K. Johnston.
8. *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society of London*. Vols. from 1850 to 1861.

It would be difficult to select any portion of Europe whose geological structure has been so frequently discussed, and yet so little worked out and understood, as the northern part of Great Britain. Some of the earliest and greatest battles of geology have been fought on Scottish soil. It was there that Hutton elaborated his immortal "Theory of the Earth;" and it was there that the cramped and crude speculations of Werner were disproved, and replaced by a broader and deeper philosophy. From the hills and glens of Scotland geology has obtained some of her surest foundation-stones; and many parts of the country are now regarded as classic spots by geologists all over the world. Nevertheless, we repeat that, in comparison with other countries, especially with England, the geological structure and history of Scotland are still very far from being generally or adequately understood.

The chief cause of this state of things is, that in the main, Scottish observers have been mineralogists rather than geologists, and, while exploring the mineral structure of their country, have, till within the last few years, done little towards elucidating the relations in time of its rock masses, and thereby constructing a geological history. Recently, however, the habit of observation has become more thoroughly geological. Among the causes of the change, a chief place is due to the inroads of southern geologists—some of them Scotchmen—who, satisfied with their labours in the south, have crossed the borders to try their fortune among the little known rocks of the north. Sir Roderick Murchison, Professor Edward Forbes, Mr Daniel Sharpe, Mr Binny, and Professor Harkness, may be named in

illustration. They have all written papers on the geology of Scotland within the last ten years, though not themselves resident in that country. Of these papers, those by Sir R. I. Murchison have completely revolutionized the geology of half the country. Edward Forbes has brought the secondary rocks of the Hebrides into still closer relation to those of England, while Mr Binny and Mr Harkness have done the same for the Permian rocks of Dumfriesshire. This friendly raid of English hammer-bearers has excited the dormant energies of their Scottish brethren, and now at length the geology of the country bids fair to be thoroughly explored.

No better illustration of the character and progress of geological inquiry in Scotland could be found than in a comparison of the maps, whose titles are prefixed to this article. In that of Macculloch we have the outlines of the great rock masses of the country roughly defined, together with a large amount of detail. It shows at a glance the general arrangement of the formations, and exhibits even more strikingly than is seen in nature their remarkable strike from north-east to south-west. The map, however, is better entitled to the name of mineralogical than geological; and, in this respect, it only represents in another form the prevailing character of Scottish inquiry in this branch of science. The maps of Professor Nicol and Mr Knipe are repetitions of that of Macculloch, with the additions and corrections that were made up to the time of their publication. They are still mineralogical rather than geological. The little map just published by Sir R. I. Murchison and Mr Geikie is the first attempt at a really geological representation of the country. It is, unfortunately, too small in size to be of much practical use in the field, but it is, we hope, the forerunner of a larger one. The classification of the Highland rocks, which these geologists have worked out, is there shown very clearly; the old red sandstone and carboniferous formations are likewise, for the first time in Scotland, subdivided into their respective zones; the igneous rocks are classified according to their chronological position; and a large number of useful notes and signs is inserted on the body of the map, and along the margin. This little map, in short, represents in a condensed form the present state of geological inquiry in Scotland.

The changes which the last few years have witnessed in the received ideas of the geology of the whole region from Cape Wrath to the Cheviot Hills, although of great extent and interest, are still very far from being generally understood. They have been announced in learned societies and associations, and published in scientific journals, but have not yet made much way among the public at large. We propose in this article to

point out their nature and extent, and to show how much still remains to be done in deciphering the ancient geological history of Scotland.

To one who wanders over some of the wilder tracts of the Highlands, it may seem a strange thing to be asked whether these grim crags, and cliffs, and scaurs, tossing themselves upwards in giant confusion towards the sky, are yet capable of reduction to geological symmetry and order. One naturally connects these tumultuous masses of hill and mountain with some strange Titanic conflicts of early nature, when powers that seem now extinct waged wild war together, and tore up the trembling crust of the earth into heaps of ruins. Such a scene is familiar to most of our readers in the pass between Lochs Katherine and Achray, and in the still more impressive defile of Glencoe. Not less striking are the narrow fiords along the western coast, as Lochs Hourn and Nevis, where precipitous mountains, of endless forms, black, jagged, and desolate, plunge headlong down beneath the waves of the Atlantic. And far away inland, among the deeper recesses of Inverness-shire and Ross, other masses of similar outlines, thrown together as it were at random, form the favourite haunt of the red deer and the eagle.

It cannot be a matter of wonder that, where there appears such a chaos of external form, it should have been inferred, even by geologists, that the rocks stand forth to us as the memorials of a primeval and chaotic condition of our planet. Nor is this impression lessened when we look a little more narrowly into the structure and composition of these rocks. They are made up of layers of different minerals, not disposed in regular laminæ like those of our sandstones and shales, but crumpled, and twisted, and gnarled in endless flexures and convolutions. It is, indeed, hardly possible to exaggerate the contortions to which some of these rocks, as gneiss and mica schist, have been subjected. To represent the arching of the greywacke strata of St Abb's Head, Sir James Hall made the famous experiment of piling up a number of layers of different coloured cloths, and compressing them from the sides. But no such experiment would adequately illustrate the convolutions of the Highlands. We should have to contrive it so that the layers of cloth or other material might actually break into and become incorporated with each other, the whole being irregularly crumpled and puckered up into a thousand varying folds.

Besides such complexity of structure, there is a corresponding variety of mineral composition. The same mass seldom long retains the same mineralogical character and arrangement. At one moment we are presented with the rock called gneiss; a few

yards farther on it passes into mica schist, then into talc schist, chlorite schist, hornblende rock, serpentine, porphyry or granite. To attempt to unravel all these complications, would be a vain and a hopeless task. The early Scottish geologists tried it; and the sense of bewilderment to which it gives rise, seems to have strengthened them in their views of the powerful part which igneous forces played in the production of the rocks of the Highlands. They found scope, too, for their love of mineralogy, and were content to show the details and varieties of mineral structure without troubling themselves to inquire how far the rocky masses which constitute the Highlands might be capable of reduction to the same laws that regulate the occurrence of other stratified deposits. They ascertained how one schist, by the change of its component minerals, passed into another, and how it was traversed by granite veins; and they called the whole series primitive or primary—a simple and comprehensive term, truly, by which to define the geological age of a large tract of country.

And so the matter rested for many years. Some there were who suspected that the mountainous districts of Scotland might, after all, prove not quite so entirely beyond the pale of order, and who shrewdly guessed, that as the great Silurian range of South Scotland passed below the central coal-fields, it might be that the excessively mineralized rocks of the Highlands were only the Silurian strata of the south coming to the surface again in a more altered form. But this was only a guess, and no one could say any more on the subject. Seven years ago, however, Sir Roderick Murchison—who had gone over part of the North-west Highlands, and observed some important features there, with Professor Sedgwick, so far back as 1827—revisited the district of Sutherland, and led the way towards clearing up the hitherto inexplicable geology of the Scottish Highlands. Now that the task has been achieved by him, and his fellow-labourers, Ramsay, Harkness, and Geikie, the whole structure of the country seems so simple, that one wonders how it should have remained so long unknown. In place of being the vague memorials of chaotic convulsions and Titanic earthquakes, boiling oceans and half-molten continents, we see the rocks group themselves like other ordinary sedimentary deposits in due order, with a simplicity and symmetry that are truly astonishing. There are many difficulties about them which geologists cannot yet explain; but the key to their structure has at last been found, and discloses to us, at a first glance, the old truth, that nature, even in her wildest moods, has ever been operating according to the same fixed and determined laws.

In the year 1854, Mr Peach, being sent from his custom-

house station at Wick to visit a wrecked ship on the north coast of Sutherland, discovered certain organic remains in the limestone of Durness, which, though imperfect, were unquestionably shells. This discovery renewed Sir Roderick Murchison's interest in the incompleted observations of his earlier years; and as it seemed to give a clue to the geological relations of the North-west Highlands, he spent part of the same summer among the Sutherlandshire rocks, accompanied by Professor Nicol. The two geologists were fully agreed upon certain points of structure; but they differed in some of the most essential parts—a difference which, unfortunately, has been widened during the subsequent years. With all deference to the opinions of Professor Nicol, however, and with a high appreciation of the boldness with which he has defended them, we must unequivocally decide in favour of the observations of Sir Roderick. There cannot be a doubt, we think, that the explanation so ably worked out by the latter geologist is the true one, and that it will always be regarded as one of the greatest achievements of his long and distinguished life. He ascertained that the order of superposition of the crystalline rocks, so difficult to determine in the Central and Southern Highlands, was, in certain tracts of Sutherlandshire, as manifest as in any undisturbed tract of Secondary rocks in Southern England. He proved that there was first and lowest a dark crystalline gneiss, forming irregular tracts along the sea-board of Wester Sutherland and Ross; that over the edges of this ancient rock there rested huge mountains of gently-inclined red sandstone; that on the worn and denuded surface of the sandstones came a later group of quartz rocks and limestones, above which, in strict conformable sequence, lay a newer gneiss, that swept eastwards in vast curving folds towards the North Sea. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the importance of this discovery in its bearings on the geology of the Scottish Highlands. Sir Roderick further argued the probability, that the quartzose and gneissose rocks that lay above the red sandstones would prove to be of Silurian age—an inference which was completely verified by the discovery of other and more perfect fossils in the Durness limestone. Before tracing the progress of this discovery, however, it may be well to glance at the physical features of the district in which it was made, since these admirably illustrate the close interconnection of the geological structure of a country with its external contour.

The west coast of Sutherland and Ross is deeply indented with narrow and often intricate fiords, that open out into the Atlantic. The shores are rocky and bare; and from Loch Inchaard southwards for forty miles, or more, they consist mainly of the old or fundamental gneiss, which stretches inland for a

greater or less distance, until overlapped by the red sandstone mountains. Nothing can be more impressive than the aspect of this great fringe of gneiss. You stand on one of its higher eminences, and look over a dreary expanse of verdureless rock, grey, cold, and barren, protruding in endless rounded crags and knolls, and dotted over with tarns and lochans, which by their utter stillness heighten the loneliness and solitude of the scene. Seawards, perhaps, if the sky be clear, you may catch in the distance the outline of Lewis or Harris—another range of the same primeval rock. But eastwards, in an inland direction, the landscape wholly changes. Beyond the undulating belt of gneiss rise some of the grandest mountains in Scotland—giant pyramids of red sandstone, with their strata disposed in lines, like level courses of masonry. The contrast of tint comes out strongly, between the rich reddish-purple hue of these mountains, and the cold neutral grey of the plateau that lies between them and the sea. The effect is occasionally rendered still more impressive by a capping of white quartz rock on the mountain summits. In certain phases of the sky, when the light falls brightly on these hill-tops, they look as if covered with ice; and the long lines of white rubbish that seam their sides might pass for glaciers that have shrunk up the mountains almost to the limit of perpetual snow. Advancing eastwards along one of the deep passes that are cleft through these sandstone ranges, you enter the district of quartz rock—a tract of sterile hills of almost snowy whiteness; then comes the limestone range, conspicuous by the bright green of its vegetation, and the number of its cottages, each with surrounding patches of barley or potatoes; beyond rises another chain of grey quartz hills, and then you pass into the region of the upper gneissose rocks—dark undulating mountains, traversed by deep glens, whose sides are grey with debris or brown with heath. Such are the features of those wide tracts of Sutherland and Ross where the succession of the ancient crystalline rocks of Scotland is clearly exhibited, and where lies the key to the structure of the rest of the Highlands.

Until the discovery of Sir Roderick Murchison, it was believed that the gneiss of Lewis and the north-west coast formed a part of the great gneissic series of rocks, which in the map of Macculloch was represented as spreading over nearly the whole of the northern half of Scotland. The red sandstone was set down, without question, as a part of the Old Red Sandstone; and the extreme northern end of Great Britain was thus regarded as 'set in an Old Red Sandstone frame.' The quartz rocks and limestones were classed with the rest of the gneisses, schists, and slates, as primitive; and Macculloch's announcement, that he had found chambered shells in some of them in

Sutherland, escaped attention. In short, the whole of the crystalline masses of Scotland formed a *terra incognita*, into which no geologist had ventured, and as to whose history and age he could only form vague conjectures.

The clear natural sections of the north-western counties, however, have at last opened the way to a complete understanding of the geology of the Highlands. The craggy sides of Suilven, Queenaig, and Ben More, that rise so gloomily from the margin of Loch Assynt, the precipices that descend into the depths of Loch Maree, and the shelving slopes that skirt the shores of Loch Broom, have given us a clue by which to unravel the intricate and endless convolutions of the rocks that stretch over Inverness, Perth, and Aberdeen, and sweep westwards through Argyle and the Hebrides to the shores of Ireland. Following their guidance, we learn that there exists in the North-west Highlands and in the Hebrides a gneiss older than any other rock in Britain—older even than any other rock in Europe, save the gneiss of Scandinavia, of which it is probably a prolongation. This rock is a gnarled, twisted, crystalline mass, containing a large admixture of the mineral hornblende, and on the whole very different from any other gneiss in the country. It is disposed in wavy irregular beds, always highly inclined or vertical, and running with wonderful persistence in parallel lines from N.N.W. to S.S.E. At Loch Maree it contains some limestones, but these have yielded no fossils; indeed, they appear to be so highly altered, that we can hardly hope ever to find them fossiliferous. Sir William Logan has described a rock like this occupying the same geological position in Canada; and he has given to the formation of which it forms a part, the name of 'Laurentian,' from its abundance along the banks of the St Lawrence. This name has been adopted by Sir R. Murchison and Mr Geikie in their map, and will probably become the recognised designation of the oldest rock of the British Isles.

The separation of this rock from all the other gneiss of Scotland was the first step in Sir Roderick's discovery: the next was the separation of the red sandstone from all the Old Red Sandstone. On the twisted and crumpled edges of the old Laurentian gneiss the red sandstones of the north-west rest, in what is called by geologists an unconformable sequence. The two series do not join on to each other consecutively, but are divided by a great physical break, which, of course, must represent a long period of time. The gneiss was, no doubt, at one time an ordinary sedimentary rock, like our common sandstones and shales; but it had been changed, in the process called metamorphism, into a hard crystalline mass, and had likewise been crumpled and elevated, and then worn and ground down

by the sea, before the red sandstone and conglomerate which rest immediately above it began to be deposited.

Few scenes in Scotland are better calculated to impress the geologist than the aspect of the sandstone mountains of the North-western Highlands. Along some of the maritime lochs, as Loch Keeshorn, Loch Torriden, or Gairloch, these vast truncated pyramids rise from the sea-margin to a height of fully 3000 feet, their bedded layers rising course above course in long sweeping lines, as it were the masonry of some primeval race of Titans. And yet these masses, vast as they appear, are nevertheless only fragments of a continuous sheet of sandstone which once spread over the whole of the north-west of Scotland to a depth of more than 3000 feet. They are merely the relics of a formation—like lonely sea-stacks that rise in mid ocean—the last vestiges of a land that has passed away.

In these sandstones no fossils have yet been found. But Sir Roderick Murchison has called them Cambrian, inasmuch as they underlie, unconformably, a series of rocks which are unquestionably of Lower Silurian age. There seems to us no reason to dispute the application of this name, which has been given to the vast series of sandstones and grits that lie below the Silurian strata of Wales. The Cambrian beds of the north-west do not occur elsewhere in Scotland. They range south-westwards along the borders of Sutherland and Ross, crossing into the islands of Skye and Rum, and then reappearing no more.

The strata which follow next in ascending order consist of white quartz rock, with some limestones of variable thickness. Just as the Cambrian sandstone rests on the edges of the gneiss, so do these quartz rocks lie on those of the red sandstone. There is here another unconformity or break in the succession; and the meaning of this, as in the former case, is, that after the red sandstone had been accumulated to a great depth, it came to be elevated, and its upturned edges, exposed to the action of the elements, were worn away. It was on the broken and denuded surface of these sandstones—and chiefly, perhaps, out of their waste—that the quartz rock—a hardened form of sandstone—was deposited. From the general relations of these quartz rocks and limestones to each other, and to the rest of Scotland, Sir Roderick conjectured them to be of Silurian age. But it was not until Mr Peach's discovery of fossils in them that the conjecture was confirmed. They were found to contain, at Durness in Sutherland, certain shells of unequivocally Lower Silurian types, and this placed their geological age beyond further doubt. Had this fact, however, borne reference merely to the rocks of the north of Scotland, though interesting in itself, it would have been of comparatively small importance in the general geology

of the country. But it affected, in the most material way, the received ideas of the geological relations of the whole Highlands. Sir Roderick showed, and that very convincingly, that these fossil-bearing quartz rocks and limestones passed below a series of quartzose flagstones, schists, and gneissose rocks, occupying the central and eastern parts of Sutherland and Ross. These latter strata, therefore, though often highly crystalline, could not possibly be older than the Lower Silurian period; and as they were covered in Caithness and Easter Ross by the great conglomerate of the Old Red Sandstone, they could not be later than the epoch of the Old Red Sandstone,—in short, they could only be of Silurian age. It was the natural consequence of this reasoning, that, as the rocks of Sutherland and Ross extended southwards into Inverness, Perth, Aberdeen, and Argyle, the whole of the Scottish Highlands—so long regarded as among the earliest remains of primeval creation—should be declared to have no higher antiquity than that of the Lower Silurian period. And thus by so simple a process has the geology of half a kingdom been totally changed.

There can be few pleasures in a scientific life more intense than to mark, when once the clue to the geological structure of a difficult tract of country has been obtained, how district after district, like the detached portions of a puzzle-map, falls into its proper place, and how complete is the order, and how evident the arrangement, where before all order and arrangement seemed to be wholly absent. Of such a kind is the interest with which we watch the application of the geology of the north-west of Scotland to the rest of the Highlands.¹ Instead of being involved in utter and hopeless confusion, we learn that, from Cape Wrath to the Highland border, the great masses of gneiss, quartz rock, flagstone, limestone, and schist are grouped in a certain determinate sequence, and are repeated by vast folds that roll athwart the country from north-west to south-east. It appears that the succession of formations in Sutherland and Ross holds good over all the rest of the Highlands, and that, by advancing southwards from these counties, the geologist recognises at every step repetitions of the rocks which are so clearly exhibited in the north-west.

The old Laurentian gneiss, as well as the Cambrian sandstone, is confined to the north-western coasts and the Hebrides. But the quartz rocks and limestones which cover them, occur in other parts of the mainland, and also in Jura and Islay, whence they stretch into Ireland. In Sutherland and Ross these strata dip

¹ See a Memoir on this subject by Sir R. Murchison and Mr Geikie (*Quart. Jour. Geol. Soc.* for May 1861), from which the substance of the succeeding paragraphs has been taken.

towards the south-east, so that as we advance towards the south-east we come upon higher and higher members of the series. This ascending order holds true up to a certain line, and then the strata take a reversed dip. Instead of being inclined to the south-east, they dip below the surface towards the north-west, and in this way they one by one come to the surface again, giving rise to the structure which is known geologically as a synclinal trough or fold. The quartz rocks and limestones of Assynt, stretching away towards the south-west, pass into Skye, and then are lost below the Atlantic. Like the other members of the series, they dip south-eastwards, and are succeeded by higher strata of micaceous and quartzose flagstone and schist, until, along a line running from the foot of Loch Shiel by Loch Quoich and the head of Glen Cluany towards the north-north-east, the centre of the basin is reached. They then begin to rise on the other side, lower and lower members appearing in succession, and at last the quartz rocks come to the surface again along the line of the Caledonian Canal, whence they run south-westwards and swell into the enormous mountains of Jura and Islay. They soon, however, begin to descend again towards the south-east, giving rise to an arch, or, as it is called by geologists, an anticlinal axis. Another trough occurs, then another arch, and so on in a succession of vast folds to the borders of the Highlands, the higher schistose and gneissose strata forming the central parts of the troughs, and the quartzose members bounding their edges. At last, along the Highland border, from Loch Lomond by Dunkeld to Stonehaven, the coarse conglomerates of the Old Red Sandstone supervene, and the crystalline rocks are seen no more.

Such is, after all, the structure of the Scottish Highlands. We see in it no abnormal results,—no traces of any earlier condition of things when laws operated that do not operate now, or when forces were at work that had become quiescent ere life was introduced upon our earth. On the contrary, we learn that, with the possible exception of the Laurentian gneiss, and the hardly possible exception of the Cambrian sandstone, all the rocks of that region have been formed and have undergone all their mutations since the beginning of life, and, therefore, since those laws came into operation by which the Creator still regulates the order of nature. Much still remains to be done, and many problems stand still unsolved. We know little of the process of metamorphism by which the Old Silurian sediments were converted into crystalline masses of mica schist, gneiss, and granite. And the geological arrangement of these Highland rocks introduces some fresh difficulties into the field. For instance, it has hitherto been customary to regard metamorphism as

a deep-seated change, pervading the crust of the earth from below upwards. If this were true, it would follow that the oldest, and of course lowest, rocks should be most metamorphized. But in Scotland this is not the case. The quartz rocks and limestones, which are at the bottom of the Silurian series, have suffered comparatively little change, while the gneissose schists that cover them have undergone, in many places, the most intense alteration. But these and other obscurities will doubtless be cleared away at no very distant date. It is enough at present to see the direction in which the work must be carried on.

Passing over the broad belt of Old Red Sandstone and carboniferous rocks that intersects Central Scotland from sea to sea, we find the Lower Silurian deposits rising again from under the later formations, and stretching across the island from St Abb's Head to the Mull of Galloway. There seems now to be little doubt that these strata are really a repetition of part of those that form the Highlands, the chief difference being that much less alteration has taken place in the south than in the north. They consist of various grits, sandstones, and shales or slates—rarely of limestone. They are thrown into endless arches and troughs, some of which have been laid bare along the magnificent cliffs around St Abb's Head, so well described by Sir James Hall. Fossils have been detected in various parts of this region, particularly in the neighbourhood of Girvan, where some of the higher members of the series appear to occur, while the black slates of Moffat have yielded a number of graptolites, and are probably very low in the group. But the structure of the great range of hilly ground, forming what is sometimes called the Southern Highlands, still remains to be worked out. At present we know it only in a general way; and so far as known, it corresponds to that of the north. From about the centre of the chain of hills the strata dip away in opposite directions. Those towards the north-west, after many convolutions and repetitions, disappear below the coal-fields and the Old Red Sandstone tracts of the central counties; while those on the south-east side of the chain continue in a similar series of contortions, until they are covered partly by the carboniferous and Old Red Sandstones of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Dumfries, and partly by the waters of the Irish Sea.

How strange it is to contrast the scenery of South Scotland with that of the central and northern Highlands, and yet to know that both regions belong to the same great geological formation, and were formed in the same geological period! How marked are the characteristics of that pastoral country immortalized by Scott,—its smooth, long-backed hills, green to the summit, and sweeping away on every side in boundless undula-

tions ; its sequestered watercourses opening out into the broader valleys, in which run rivers famous in border song and story—Tweed and Teviot, Ettrick and Yarrow ; and then its countless peels, and castles, and chapels, lonely and grey, like the hill-sides on which they stand ; and its endless traditions, by which almost every hill and valley is hallowed for ever ! How different, on the other hand, are the features of those Highland tracts to which we have already alluded ! The gentle pastoral element is wanting, and in place of it there is a savage sterility, a grim desolation brooding over a wilderness of crags and precipices, rugged mountains and trackless glens. Here and there, indeed, down the course of a brawling torrent, or along the margin of a lake, the mountain ash and the birch have taken root, but their straggling green serves only to heighten the effect of the surrounding barrenness. And yet these two regions of Scotland date from the same ancient period. They formed originally parts of one continuous ocean-floor, on which lived tribes of now extinct organisms. At the bottom of that old sea sand and silt accumulated for countless ages. These deposits reached an enormous thickness, and were subjected to a mineral change that converted them into hard rock. In what is now the Highland region this change was intense, the sand and mud becoming metamorphized into gneiss and schist. Over the area of the southern counties it was not so powerful, and the sediments there remained as sandstones, grits, and slates. Eventually subterranean forces elevated the sea-bed ; during a long lapse of time the up-raised land underwent many vicissitudes, being worn away by the elements, and sometimes submerged again beneath the sea. As the results of all this change, we have now in the one part of the country the rugged grandeur of the Highlands, in the other the soft pastoral beauty of the south.

The Upper Silurian formation appears to be but scantily developed in Scotland, and it is only within the last ten or twelve years that it has been shown to exist there at all. It occurs in the uplands of Lanark and Ayr, between Muirkirk and Lesmahagow ; in the Pentland hills, about twelve miles south from Edinburgh ; and in the south of Kirkcudbright. In the first district it rises from under the basement beds of the Old Red Sandstone, and consists of shales and grit-bands. Several genera of crustacea have been found in these strata, the most abundant and characteristic being the *pteryotus*.¹ The patch of Upper Silurian or Ludlow rocks lying among the valleys of the Pentland Hills likewise consists of shales and bands of hard grit. Of these some are highly fossiliferous ; and the researches of the

¹ See the monograph on these crustacea by Professor Huxley and Mr Salter, in the 'Memoirs of the Geological Survey.'

Geological Surveyors have brought to light a whole suite of organisms, some of them specifically identical with those of the Ludlow rock of the typical Silurian region. It is by no means certain that the area of Upper Silurian deposits is confined to the localities just mentioned. When we consider the frequent folds of the older palæozoic rocks, and that the present exposure of Upper Silurian strata in Edinburghshire and Ayrshire is due to the denudation of the tops of some of these folds, we can see how in the less explored tracts of the central and southern counties other projecting patches of the formation may have escaped observation. An interesting point in connection with this part of the geological series of rocks still remains to be worked out,—Whether between the Upper and Lower divisions of the system there exists any unconformity; in other words, whether we can detect any physical break, to show that the sea-bed of the Lower Silurian period had been broken up and possibly elevated into land before the shales of the Upper Silurian period began to be deposited. We know that there is a break of this kind in the contemporaneous series of rocks in Wales, and it would be important to ascertain that the subterranean movements which produced it extended also into Scotland. If this question is capable of solution, it will probably be determined by an examination of the hilly ground that stretches from the south-western end of the Pentland Hills across the country to the mouth of the Firth of Clyde.

The Old Red Sandstone of Scotland, rendered classic by the pen of Hugh Miller, has of late years been investigated more closely with regard to its stratigraphic subdivisions. Some curious and interesting discoveries have also been lately made in its palæontology, especially by Mr Page, Mr Powrie, and the Rev. Mr Mitchell, in Forfarshire and Kincardine. It is usual to classify this formation into three groups: 1st, and lowest, the Lower, or Forfarshire flagstones, containing *cephalaspis* and *pterygotus*, both of which occur in the Upper Silurian strata; 2d, the Middle, or Caithness tilestones, full of ichthyolites—the special field of Hugh Miller's descriptions; 3d, the Upper Sandstones of Dunnet Head, Dura Den, Haddington, and Berwickshire, also containing fish remains with the fragments of plants, generically identical with those that occur in the overlying carboniferous beds. It seems to us doubtful, however, how far No. 2 is strictly intermediate between No. 1 and No. 3. The lowest member of the series probably does not occur in Caithness. The mere existence there of a coarse conglomerate at the base of the tilestones is no proof that the actual base of the formation is there represented. At the same time palæontological arguments are not wanting in favour of the existing subdivision. If

the Forfarshire section were carefully examined in its upper parts as it approaches the true Upper Old Red of Fife, much light could hardly fail to be thrown on this branch of Scottish geology. Indeed, Mr Mitchell's recent discovery of a beautifully preserved series of fish in Forfarshire seems already to give a clue to the correlation of the Old Red Sandstone on the opposite flanks of the Grampian chain.

Among the Scottish Carboniferous rocks a wide field of research still lies open, both as regards their stratigraphical subdivisions and their fossil contents. Much has been done of late years in each of these departments. In the former, the beautiful maps of the Geological Survey take a foremost place, showing as they do the area and subdivisions of the carboniferous formation over the Lothians, with its coals, limestones, and associated igneous rocks. In the memoir to accompany sheet No. 32 of the Survey's maps the neighbourhood of Edinburgh is carefully described. The large amount of original observation collected in this volume forms a good illustration of the truth of the assertion with which we began this article. In the area of Midlothian, which we might have supposed to be now pretty nearly exhausted so far as its geology goes, the Surveyors have succeeded in throwing new light on the old ground, eliciting new facts in abundance, and presenting a more complete and, at the same time, a more generalized view of the geology of the district than has ever been given before. As regards the palæontology of the Scottish carboniferous rocks, some good work has also been done. In addition to the researches of the Survey published in the memoir just referred to, there are some excellent papers by Mr Davidson, Rev. Thomas Brown of Edinburgh, and Mr John Young of the Glasgow Museum. Mr Brown has devoted himself to the investigation of the carboniferous strata of the Fife coast, and has succeeded in developing their palæontological relations with a clearness and brevity worthy of the highest praise. Mr Young's researches have lain among the corresponding strata of the Campsie hills, where he has collected copious suites of fossils, publishing the results in a careful and interesting paper, read last year before the Geological Society of Glasgow. We may remark, in passing, that the spirit of geological inquiry appears to be more vigorous in that city than in any other part of Scotland. An enthusiastic band of hammerers exists there, who employ their leisure afternoons and evenings in exploring the quarries and ravines in their reach. The consequence is, that the list of carboniferous fossils from the west of Scotland is really a large one, —very much more complete than that of any other district of the country. Mr Davidson, in his recent monograph on the 'Scot-

tish Carboniferous Brachiopoda'—a work of the highest value to the palæontological literature of the country—takes frequent occasion to refer to the assistance which he received from the Glasgow geologists.

When the carboniferous formation of Scotland comes to be worked out thoroughly in all its relations, lithological, stratigraphical, and palæontological, and compared carefully with the corresponding formation in England, it will present us with one of the most curious chapters in the geological history of Britain. At present only the outline of the story can be said to have been determined. We know, for instance, that the coal-fields of England are not of the same age as the greater part of those of Scotland, but belong to a later division of the same geological period; that the coal-fields of the north are contemporaneous, to a large extent, with the Carboniferous, or Mountain Limestone, of the south; and that the great series of shales and sandstones, and occasional coal-seams, which in Central Scotland underlie the Carboniferous Limestone, are the equivalents of the Limestone Shales of the English geologists. This is the mere skeleton of the story—one or two of the features out of which, without any stretch of imagination, the geologist can reconstruct his sketch of the physical geography of the country during an ancient condition of things. Let us glance at the nature of his evidence, and the way in which he uses it.

When it is said that the Lower Carboniferous sandstones and shales of Scotland are contemporaneous with the Limestone Shales of England, the assertion is intended to imply, that during a certain part of a great geological period, known as the Carboniferous, mud, and calcareous matter full of corals, shells, and other marine remains, accumulated on the sea-floor over the area of Central and South-western England; while farther to the north the sea was probably less deep, or at least received a larger amount of various sediments that gathered over its bed, and formed shoaling banks and islets, on which the peculiar vegetation of the period flourished in abundance. It is curious to trace, both in these lower members of the formation, and also in the thick limestone which covers them, how gradual, and yet how complete, is the change in their progress from south to north. In the limestone itself the alteration is especially apparent. Throughout Derbyshire, for instance, this part of the formation reaches a great thickness, rising up from beneath the coal-fields as a great arch, that sweeps away into green undulating hills; whence the name, 'Mountain Limestone.' It is a truly marine rock, and for two thousand feet or more in depth consists of little else than the congregated stems and joints of encrinites or stone-lilies, with corals and shells. This vast

accumulation of organic remains, as we trace it towards the north, becomes gradually split up by the intercalation of sandstone and shale, representing deposits of sand and mud that were spread by currents across the bed of the ocean. These intercalations continue to increase in number at the expense of the limestone. By degrees, too, we encounter thin seams of coal resting on layers of underclay. These, we cannot doubt, were once sheets of vegetation, that grew on muddy tracts, scarcely submerged beneath the waters of the sea and of estuaries. In the north of Northumberland, the great Mountain Limestone of the central counties has dwindled down into a number of thin bands, separated by thick beds of sandstone and shale, with seams of good workable coal. And when, in fine, we reach the Scottish coal-fields, the limestone is represented by only one or two seams, sometimes not thirty feet thick in all, the rest of the formation being made up by alternating beds of sandstone and shale, with seams of coal and ironstone. It is in this series that the Scottish coal-fields principally lie. Hence it becomes apparent, that at a far-distant epoch the centre and south-west of England lay wholly under an ocean peopled with stone-lilies and corals, many genera of shells, and not a few fish; while towards the north this sea became shallow, until in central Scotland it was diversified by muddy flats and sand-bars, and dense jungles of a rich aquatic vegetation, the decayed remains of which now form our coal-seams.

As the formation went on, however, the physical conditions of the two countries appear to have approximated more closely. This is evidenced by the recent determinations of the Geological Surveyors, who have identified a certain zone of sandstone in the Lothians and Fife with the Millstone Grit of England, and have further shown that the coals which overlie these sandstones correspond in fossils to the true English Coal Measures. When the forests were growing which gave rise to the coal-seams of Newcastle, Staffordshire, and Wales, the same physical features seem thus to have extended into Scotland,—a wide expanse of jungle and morass flooded by the sea.

But though this general outline of the relation of the Scottish to the English coal-fields is sufficiently clear, very little has yet been done towards investigating the minute details of the formation in Scotland. Such an investigation may seem a dull task, and perchance hardly worth the labour. But it is in such branches of detailed research that British geology must now mainly advance. The general structure of the country is known, but the details remain still untouched over large areas. Moreover, it is only from such an exhaustive process of examination that correct generalizations can be formed; and until it is car-

ried out, the geological history of our country cannot be regarded as complete. The geologist who would write this history must, as far as possible, have all the facts, whether valuable or insignificant, before him ere he begin. Without this, his pictures will be deficient in breadth of treatment, or they will show a vividness of outline which must be more or less at the expense of truth.

There are three features in the geology of the carboniferous rocks of Scotland to which attention has not yet been given, and which nevertheless seem to open out into a wide and interesting field of inquiry. 1st, The remarkable absence of certain portions of the formation in some parts of the country, and their enormous development in other districts. This may have arisen, to some extent, from inequalities of the surface on which the strata were deposited. More probably, however, it resulted from difference of subterranean movement—some parts of the country being slowly upheaved, while others were gradually depressed, or remained at rest. The amount of change thus produced in the ancient physical geography of these tracts was very great; and the evidence of its successive stages still remains tolerably clear. 2dly, The influence of the abundant volcanic centres in modifying the general aspect of the country during Carboniferous times. The number of independent *foci* of eruption that continued in activity during the accumulation of the carboniferous rocks of Central Scotland, can be shown to have been large. We cannot doubt, therefore, that the amount of lava and ash thrown out at the surface, and now so conspicuous in the trap-hills of the central counties, must have tended materially to modify the form of the low-lying lands, and change the outline of the numerous bays and interlacing channels by which these flats were diversified. It remains as the work of future years to trace how far the evidence of such changes can still be detected. 3dly, In connection with the two branches of inquiry just referred to, it becomes a curious and deeply interesting inquiry, how far these various mutations in the physical features of the country affected its plants and animals. This is a subject which, so far as we are aware, has never been even suggested. It is one, however, for which abundant materials exist, ready for the use of any one who has the knowledge and capacity requisite to deal with them. We know of no investigation likely to be attended with more important results; for it bears not merely on the geology of a country, but on those far wider questions that relate to the progress of life, and the influence of the inorganic on the organic world.

The Permian formation occurs only in the southern counties of Scotland. It consists of various breccias, conglomerates, sandstones, and clays, which occupy a considerable tract of country

in the southern part of Dumfriesshire, and extend up some of the valleys that open out from the great hilly region of the lower Silurian rocks. The Corncockle sandstones, forming part of this series, have long been known as the repository of those reptilian footprints which were first described by Dr Duncan of Ruthwell, and which, from the fact that the tracks trended in a southerly direction, gave occasion to Dr Buckland's joke about the antiquity of the Scottish national characteristics, since even so far back as the Permian ages the tortoises of Scotland were 'aye travelling south.' It may be questioned, however, whether too wide an extent of ground has not been assigned to the Permian series. That Sir R. I. Murchison, Mr Binny, and Professor Harkness were correct in removing a large part of the red sandstones from the position which had been given them in the Trias, cannot be doubted. But looking at the analogical structure of the red sandstones and marls of Roxburgh and Berwick, it seems as if there were some possibility that part of the Dumfriesshire series may be either carboniferous or Old Red Sandstone. This is undoubtedly the case in Nithsdale, where part of the red sandstones and marls graduate into the true Mountain Limestone, and are therefore plainly carboniferous. Is there no chance that, after all, the sandstones of Corncockle Moor may belong to the same age as those of Roxburghshire, and that thus the existence of reptilian life in Scotland may be traced as far back as the era of the Old Red Sandstone?

The Permian strata of the south of Scotland are in some instances made up of the broken debris of parts of the carboniferous series. But we are not aware that they have ever been traced transgressively over the edges of the older formation. The amount of denudation over the whole area of the southern counties, since the deposition of these strata, however, has been so great, that only a few fragments are preserved. Enough remains to raise some points of much interest in the ancient physical geography of the country. Especially desirable is it to ascertain over what extent the carboniferous rocks may extend, whether they are now covered by newer strata, and what was the probable contour of the ground when they began to be worn away to form the materials of the Permian breccias and sandstones. We should like, too, to discover whether or not the breccias of Dumfries bear evidence of the existence of glaciers, as the breccias of Shropshire have been shown to do by Professor A. C. Ramsay.

The Trias formation seems to occur only doubtfully in Scotland. Professor Harkness considers part of the red sandstones that border the Solway Firth to belong to this series. But for this arrangement there is only lithological probability, no fossils

having yet been detected in these strata. There are, however, in the north, around the town of Elgin, certain yellow sandstones which have been claimed as triassic, not on the score of their lithological characters, but from the nature of their fossil contents. Viewing them in connection with the rocks of the surrounding region, geologists regarded them, though with a little doubt, as part of the Upper Old Red Sandstone. The occurrence of the skeleton of a small lizard-like animal and a number of reptilian footprints in these strata, gave rise to some hesitation as to whether a series of deposits containing such highly developed organisms could belong to so early a period as that of the Old Red Sandstone. But the doubt was allowed to subside, and the *Telerpeton*, or Elgin Reptile, figured in all the manuals and text-books as a veritable relic of the Old Red Sandstone fauna. Certain large scales or scutes were known to occur in the same strata, and were set down many years ago by Agassiz as those of a fish, to which he gave the name of *Stagonolepis*. And so in some dusty drawers and shelves these remains rested in ignoble obscurity, until their features, so different from those of the fishes with which they had been classed, arrested the attention, we believe, of Sir Charles Lyell. The scales and bones were more narrowly looked to; and Professor Huxley soon demonstrated, that in place of belonging to a fish, they in reality formed part of a reptile, worthy to rank beside the *Ichthyosauri* and *Plesiosauroi* of a later period, or the crocodiles and alligators of the present day. Fresh doubt was thus thrown on the geological horizon of the sandstones, in which organisms of so high a grade had been discovered. Sir Roderick Murchison, Sir Charles Lyell, Professors Ramsay, Harkness, and others, visited the locality, but without being able to solve the question, on account of the depth of the superficial accumulations by which the rocks are there concealed. As it was impossible to prove from stratigraphical evidence that the Elgin sandstones passed down into those which are undoubtedly of Upper Old Red Sandstone age, and as the fossil evidence went to show that they probably belonged to the triassic series, the geologists have found themselves compelled to bow to the force of the palæontological reasoning, and for the present to regard these strata as triassic.

The Lias and Oolite are but scantily preserved in Scotland, being confined to mere narrow strips and patches along the Moray Firth, and on the western coasts of Ross and Inverness, with their opposite islands. The small size of the area occupied by these formations does not arise from any original poverty of development, but from the fact, that the tracts over which the strata were deposited are now for the most part submerged, while the portions that remain above the sea have suffered much from

denuding forces, so that they stand as mere relics to mark how wide a region was once covered by liassic and oolitic rocks. There can be little doubt that, when these rocks were formed, the greater part of the north of Scotland was above the level of the sea. The pebbly sandstones that form the lower beds of the series, point to old lines of beach, which without much difficulty can still be traced. We know that the hills of Sutherland and Ross wore as primeval an aspect then as they do now, and that on their grey craggy sides there grew pines of extinct kinds along with ferns and cycadaceous plants, just as at present we see there the Scotch fir interblended with the paler green of the mountain ash and the hazel. There were thus two seas separated by a tract of mountainous land. That to the east corresponded to the present German Ocean; that to the west formed part of an older Atlantic; and the land between them is still preserved in those wild tracts of the North-west Highlands which have already been alluded to. What the configuration of the rest of the country may have been, we can only conjecture. No strata of liassic or oolitic age have yet been detected south of the great granitic barrier of the Highlands, until we reach the English border near Carlisle. Possibly the larger part of the country was above the sea, and presented as a whole the same general aspect as now, save that its vegetation was wholly different, approaching more in character to that of Australia, while its land animals, as we learn from the corresponding rocks of England, presented a similar analogy to those of the southern hemisphere.

The general area occupied by the Lias and Oolite in Scotland has long been known, but little has been done towards working out the details of these strata, and bringing them into comparison with those of England and the Continent. In the whole range of British palæontology there is no fresher field than that of the secondary shales and limestones which fringe the Moray Firth, and form many a sheltered bay and wild headland among the islands and fiords of our north-western coast. Some good papers have been written on some parts of these rocks, but a wider and more generalized investigation is urgently needed; and we cannot commend to our palæontologists, who begin to fret for new fields of research, a task more likely to win them renown, than to undertake the minute examination of these Scottish secondary rocks. They must bear in mind, however, that the labour is, in this case, quite as much physical as mental. They will have to prepare themselves for sorry quarters and poor fare, and must ever be ready at a push to couch them under the most sheltered rock they can select, and sing, with as good a grace as may be,

‘The heath this night must be my bed,
The braken curtain for my head.’

But with all its hardships, the life is a pleasant one. To escape from the smoke and din of London into the pure air of these retreats; to exchange the society of voluble Cockneys for that of a silent Celt, and the dust and dryness of a museum for the freshness of the very rocks themselves, is enough to give a weary palæontologist a new lease of life. And we hope before long to hear that some one has made the experiment.

But the palæontology of these rocks is not their only interesting characteristic that has not yet been investigated. In the Western Highlands, and conspicuously in the chain of islands known as the Inner Hebrides (including Skye, Egg, Mull, etc.), they are associated with a vast succession of igneous rocks. These were undoubtedly erupted during the accumulation of part of these oolitic strata. They form huge mountain masses in the north-west part of Skye and in Mull; and it is largely to the resistance offered by them to the denuding agencies that the softer shales and sandstones below them are preserved to us. Here, then, as has been pointed out in regard to the carboniferous rocks, it becomes a question of much interest to inquire how far these igneous eruptions altered the physical geography of their neighbourhood, and what influence they exerted on the life of the surrounding waters. The area over which they were ejected was of considerable size, for it extended from the Sheant Isles, near the coast of Lewis, southward to Oban,—that is, for more than 100 miles. How far it ranged westward, cannot be definitely fixed, though it may have been bounded by the line of islands forming the Outer Hebrides, which at that period possibly rose above the sea as they do now. In so volcanic a region, we cannot doubt that both the fauna and the flora of the period must have been affected to a greater or less extent; and this is one of the points to which the palæontologist will do well to look. It is curious to reflect on the lithological difference that obtains between the development of the Lias and Oolite on the west side of Scotland and that on the east side. When, in the narrow gulf or sea that lay between the Hebrides and the coast of the mainland, there occurred such enormous protrusions of lava, the remains of which now form mountains 3000 feet high, the eastern side of the island remained undisturbed by any volcanic eruptions. The strata accumulated there in undisturbed succession, and seem to have approximated more closely to the English type both in lithological characters and fossil contents.

We have alluded to the fragmentary aspect of the Scottish development of the Lias and Oolite. The consideration of this

part of the subject opens up another almost untrodden path of research—the date and effects of the denudation. When we reflect that the scattered islands that fringe our north-western shores were connected during the deposition of the oolitic strata—that they have since been isolated—that masses of hard lava, many miles in extent and several thousand feet in thickness, have been swept away, and that the remains of these masses now exist only as detached islands and lonely sea-stacks,—we are lost in wonder at the enormous time which these changes must have demanded for their accomplishment, and at the magnitude of the effects which may be brought about by the silent but long-continued operation of the existing forces of nature.

The oolitic series of the west of Scotland is succeeded in the north of Ireland by strata belonging to the cretaceous group. Unfortunately, however, the denudation which has worked such wondrous changes in the geography and physical features of the west coast, has destroyed the points of connection between the two series. We have lias and oolite in the Inner Hebrides; and passing on to Antrim we have green-sand and chalk, but can find no trace of the missing strata that connected those of the Irish with those of the Scottish area. On the east of Scotland, too, the same suite of formations occurs, but in an equally fragmentary and unsatisfactory state. Along the shores of the Moray Firth, as has been already pointed out, the oolitic group is well developed. It occurs on the south side of the Firth in patches, skirting the zone of Old Red Sandstone and conglomerate which winds round the northern edges of the great crystalline region of the Highlands. Eastwards along the coasts of Banff and Aberdeen large quantities of rolled flints occur, containing abundantly the characteristic fossils of the chalk. Although these flints are a good deal water-worn, there seems no reason to doubt that they have been derived from some chalk-deposit in the neighbourhood; and, therefore, that in the north-east of Scotland the chalk reappears, forming, perhaps, the southern verge of that great cretaceous area which seems to underlie the North Sea, coming to the surface again in Scandinavia. It is interesting, moreover, as corroborative of this inference, and as bearing on the history of the physical changes of the British Isles, to know that a part of the cretaceous series has actually been found *in situ* on the east coast of Aberdeenshire, near Buchanness. Mr W. Ferguson, about ten years ago, announced that sands and clays, which their included fossils proved to belong to the upper green-sand, occurred there, and had been cut through in several places, thus placing the existence of cretaceous rocks in Scotland beyond a doubt.

The drift and post-tertiary deposits of Scotland present some

points of interest, which have been elucidated within the last few years, and which we intended to have dwelt upon at some length, had our space permitted. The vexed questions connected with the origin of the drift especially merit consideration in any summary of the geology of the country; but we refrain for the present from entering on this part of the subject, recommending such of our readers as are interested in old glacial phenomena to read the interesting paper by Mr Jameson, in a late number of the '*Journal of the Geological Society*,' along with Professor James Forbes' Observations on the Cuchullin Hills, and Professor A. C. Ramsay's essay on the Glaciation of North Wales. These papers refer more especially to the existence of ancient glaciers in different parts of the higher tracts of Britain. There is still wanting a good generalized paper on the nature and distribution of the clay, boulders, sand, and gravel over the Lowlands. These were scattered not by glaciers, but more probably by coast-ice. The drift of Scotland, when viewed in a broad way, is undoubtedly local in its origin; for we see that its colour and composition vary with the geological changes of the rocks over which it is spread. It is true that, in addition to such locally derived materials, there exist also, in many parts of the central and southern counties, blocks of various sizes, which must have been transported from the crystalline districts of the Highlands,—that is, 50, 60, or 100 miles from the places in which we now find them. But these, though sometimes sufficiently abundant, are exceptional,—the great mass of the boulders in the drift being, without doubt, referable to the rocks of the neighbourhood. It would be well, therefore, if some geologist could ascertain the various stages of upheaval and depression during which the drift of the Lowlands was deposited, as has been so far done with reference to the valleys of the Highlands and Wales. By thus bringing together and generalizing observations from all parts of the country, a more enlarged view of the subject would be obtained, and, possibly, some of the difficulties that beset all our explanations of the drift might even be removed.

Since the close of the drift period, when the land rose above the sea, and assumed the features which it still wears, there have taken place several slow uprisings, and probably some subsidences, varying in their amount in different localities, and by no means universally manifested. The evidence of the rise of land is beautifully shown along our coasts in what are known as the lines of raised beach. These skirt the present sea-margin as flat sandy plains of varying breadth, from twenty to thirty or forty feet above the existing beach, and some of them have become the sites of several of the chief seaport towns of Scotland. It has been usual to suppose that these upheavals of the land

preceded the commencement of the human period, inasmuch as no remains of man have ever been detected in the deposits of the raised beaches. It would now appear, however, that at least one of them has taken place since the time of the Romans. In a raised beach at Leith, fragments of Roman pottery, along with bones, apparently of deer, and littoral shells, have recently been discovered, at a height of about twenty-five feet above the sea. This is an important fact; for it shows that, since the time when the Roman legions marched along the shores of the Firth of Forth, and their galleys sailed into its harbours, the land has actually been upheaved, slowly and imperceptibly, to a height of twenty-five feet.¹ So great a change within so recent a period tempts us to pause before we give assent to the enormous intervals of time which some geologists demand for the accomplishment of other changes that have elapsed since the advent of man. It may be that man appeared on this earth at an earlier era than is commonly supposed; but such a discovery as that of the raised beach at Leith seems to teach us, that we cannot be too cautious in sifting the evidence on which his antiquity is sought to be established.

In the preceding pages we have been able merely to sketch the general character of the geological formations of Scotland, so far as they have been investigated up to the present time; and to indicate some of the more important fields of research that now seem to be opening out. There are some questions of a wider kind, however, not connected with one formation, but with many; and to these a brief reference may here be made.

In the first place, the igneous rocks of Scotland deserve a more careful study than they have yet received. Their mineralogy is tolerably well known; thanks to Jameson, Macculloch, Imrie, Macknight, and others. But their geological history and relations still remain in a most unsatisfactory state. They must ere long be worked out in detail, and their various ages determined, along with their lithological varieties, their occasional fossil contents, and the influence which they may have exerted both on the physical features of sea-bottom or land, and on the development and distribution of extinct races of plants and animals. In short, we want a history of volcanic action in Scotland. The materials for such a history are ample, though many years may elapse before they are collected to a sufficient amount to warrant broad generalizations. At present all that can be done is to trace the general variations in the area and character of the volcanic activity. It appears that during the period of the Lower Silurian rocks, when in Wales there were many centres

¹ See Mr Geikie's paper on this subject in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* for July 1861.

of eruption, from which enormous streams of felspathic lava and showers of ashes and scorix were ejected. Scotland, too, was not devoid of similar phenomena. In the old greywacké grits of Berwickshire (belonging to the Lower Silurian period) traces of ash have recently been detected, showing that there was at least one focus of volcanic action north of the Tweed. It seems far from improbable, also, that as the exploration of the south of Scotland is continued, evidences of other points of eruption may yet be detected. During the accumulation of the Old Red Sandstone the subterranean forces became especially active over the site of the central counties. Vast sheets of lava were poured out, along with dense showers of dust and ashes. These materials consolidated into great ridges and hills, and form now some of the most conspicuous hill-ranges of the country, as the Sidlaws, the Ochils, the Campsies, the Pentlands, and the hills of Kilpatrick and Renfrew, which stretch away into Ayrshire. As the emission of such a vast amount of rocky matter could not but produce certain marked changes on the general configuration of the country, so, it may yet be possible to trace some corresponding alteration in its fauna and flora. There can, at least, be no doubt, that to the existence of these great banks of igneous rock, much of the peculiar scenery of the earlier part of the Carboniferous period was due. They divided the sea into bays and channels, thus separating the areas of deposit, and giving rise to some of those lithological and palæontological differences which characterise the development of the Lower Carboniferous rocks in various districts of Scotland.

During the Carboniferous period which succeeded to that of the Old Red Sandstone, the subterranean forces continued in great activity, but under a somewhat different aspect and in other areas from those in which they had hitherto exerted themselves. Instead of wide-spread sheets of lava accumulating as long hill-ranges, that swept across the country, sometimes from sea to sea, the eruptions became smaller in extent and more local and sporadic in character. They seem to have resembled those of Auvergne, and some of them were even closely assimilated to those of the Eifel. They appear in many cases to have been little more than mere monticules of loose ash, with sometimes a narrow column of lava closing up the crater. And such miniature volcanoes dotted a large part of central Scotland during the early and middle ages of the Carboniferous period. Their erupted materials are still abundantly preserved; and the history of their action and influence can therefore be so far satisfactorily ascertained. It is curious to disinter from among these ancient showers of ash, the remains of the stone-lilies, corals, shells, or fish, that lived on the sea-bottom at the time, and were entombed

by the eruptions ; and to mark how, after the volcanic dust had ceased to fall, life began once more to struggle for a place on the floor of the sea. The organisms reappeared slowly, and in dwarfed forms at first ; but, ere long, they regained their former size and number, and flourished, as before, by thousands, until destroyed anew by some later eruption. These are features of Scottish geology that have never been dwelt upon ; and yet, when one looks into the great carboniferous series of the mid-land counties, they come constantly before him, leading him to reflect upon how much still remains to be known of the influence of the inorganic forces of Nature upon the long and varied history of life.

From the Carboniferous period to that of the Middle Oolite, a vast interval elapsed, during which, although the physical features of Scotland probably underwent great changes, there appear, nevertheless to have been no eruptions of volcanic material. In that long period of quiescence, the Permian and the Triassic formations were slowly elaborated ; but in Scotland, as we have seen, they have left little to mark their existence, and they certainly do not exhibit any evidence of the contemporaneous action of volcanic forces. Professor Nicol, indeed, would assign the strange trappean conglomerates of Oban to the age of the Trias ; and the conjecture is one which shows that he has estimated the difficulties that attend an elucidation of the igneous rocks of the Western Islands. We fully admit that the curious red and mottled sandstones of Loch Feochan and the vicinity of Oban can hardly be referred to the Old Red Sandstone. That they belong to the great Secondary series of the west of Scotland seems almost certain. To what part of that series they should be assigned, however, is a question not easily solved. We hesitate to adopt Professor Nicol's suggestion, which seems to us to place these rocks too far back. Possibly they may, after all, prove to be a part of the Oolitic series of the west Highlands ; for the conglomeratic portion of them contains vast quantities of trappean fragments ; and so far as at present known, all the trap-rocks of those tracts are later than the Lias.

Passing over these doubtful strata, however, we advance into the Oolitic group of the Inner Hebrides, and there encounter a vast succession of old lava-flows, now consolidated into mountain masses of greenstone and basalt. The area of eruption seems to have been confined to the district between the Long Island, with its northward prolongation, and the western shores of Ross, Inverness, and Argyle,—a district which is now occupied partly by the waters of the Atlantic, partly by the group of islands that extend from the Minch to the Linnhe Loch. Over the rest of Scotland, so far as we yet know, there were no volcanos at this

ancient period, unless in the case of the later part of Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh. The great volcanic banks and shoals of the Old Red Sandstone had long been at rest; the numerous sporadic clusters of small volcanoes of the carboniferous ages had all burnt out, and were entombed beneath many hundred feet of submerged silt and forest. And now in a new region,—one that during these earlier epochs seems to have remained as land, but which was now depressed beneath the sea, the subterranean forces found for themselves a new vent, and poured out once more great streams of molten rock. The interval which elapsed between the extinction of the old Carboniferous volcanoes and the birth of those later Oolitic ones, had witnessed some strange mutations of sea and land, and some wondrous changes in the character of the plants and animals that constituted the life of these epochs. The jungles of the coal-measure age, with their fluted trees and feathery foliage, crowded on vast level swamps that stretched away fair and green for many a league along the sea-margin, had long since passed away. They had been slowly carried down, forest after forest, by a sinking of the earth's crust, and covered by successive deposits of sedimentary material. And then the Carboniferous period merged into that which succeeded it; and the buried forests, with their sheets of entombing sand and silt, hardened lava and volcanic dust, were re-elevated, crumpled up and broken, and exposed afresh to the ceaseless warfare of the elements. When these changes in the solid framework of the country were going on, others not less complete were slowly passing over the plants and animals alike of land and sea. Instead of the *sigillaria* and *lepidodendron*, the earth was now green with *cycades* and tree-ferns; conifers, too, abounded, and many a hardy pine twisted its gnarled roots among the rocks which then, as now, overhung the glens of Sutherland and Ross. The floor of the sea, instead of supporting thick groves of the round-stemmed stone-lilies of carboniferous times, was now tenanted by the delicate five-sided *pentacrinite*; the *productus* and its kindred brachiopods were replaced in equal profusion by the *terebratula* and the *rhynchonella*; and the sauroid fishes, with their huge reptilian tusks, pointing, as these did, to the introduction of true reptiles, were now superseded by the higher creatures whose advent they heralded—huge saurians that swam the sea, or sped bat-like through the air. And, doubtless, if there remained to us more than a mere trace of the land surfaces of these two periods, we should find that the terrestrial animals of the one era differed from those of the other, not less widely than did the denizens of the ocean.

It was after these changes, alike in animate and inanimate

nature, that the internal fires, so long quiescent, found a new vent for themselves, and threw out those great hills of trappean materials which now form so conspicuous a feature in the scenery of the west of Scotland. Of the exact chronological relations of these igneous rocks little can be said to be certainly known. Those of Skye and Raasay are associated with the Oxford clay and Middle Oolite, while part of those in Mull must be regarded as of Tertiary age. Hence it would seem that from the time of the Middle Oolite, through the remaining stages of the great Secondary period, onwards into the Tertiary ages, volcanic phenomena continued to be exhibited over the area of the Inner Hebrides. But a wide field still lies open in this branch of Scottish geology,—one which demands much labour and personal discomfort, and many years of research. In Skye, from the Sound of Raasay westward to Dunvegan Head, there is a grand development of greenstones, associated with layers of shale, sandstone, and limestone, and some seams of coal. Fossils are sometimes abundant in these intercalated beds, and not unfrequently they show an estuarine character, marine forms occurring with others of a brackish-water origin, or succeeded by such as must have lived in water nearly, if not wholly, fresh. The coal-seams, too, give us indications of old terrestrial swamps, growing probably along the margin of rivers or estuaries, and liable now and then to be inundated by the sea. But even the fury of the sea was but a feeble enemy compared with the rivers of molten rock that were ever and anon belched out from the craters of the neighbourhood. They spread far and wide over the bed of the sea and of the estuaries, and they may have extended over large tracts of land now wholly destroyed. We have already pointed out how materially such eruptions must have modified the physical aspect of these districts, and how much they may especially have affected the fauna and flora of the period. Masses of lava could not have been piled over each other to a height of several thousand feet, without giving rise to many organic changes, which, even if of minor importance individually, could not fail to have acquired a cumulative value from their constant repetition during the long series of the Secondary formations in the west of Scotland.

We cannot quit these Oolitic igneous rocks of the Inner Hebrides, without pointing out how impressive is the contrast between their original aspect and growth, and their present scenery.

Among the many contrasts which geology delights to conjure up to the imagination, few are more striking than that which comes before us amid the wilds of Skye or the glens of Mull. To sit in the light of an autumn evening, as we have often done,

and mark the sinking beams as they strike along the sides of those truncated pyramidal hills, revealing terrace over terrace in alternate bars of dark crag and green slope—features that are but faintly seen in the glare of noonday ; to cast the eye to the right hand and the left over the wild heathy uplands that stretch around in utter solitude and stillness, and to watch how hill-top after hill-top loses its blush of sunset, and how the chill shadows struggle upward from dark and lonely glens, and then, as the sun dips under the Atlantic, and all the landscape around is suffused with a cold grey hue, and the night begins to descend, to bethink us how these hills arose, and in what a far distant era ; how they were heaved out as burning rocks from subterranean abysses, and rolled over river and sea ; how sheet after sheet was piled upon submerged estuaries, with their shell banks and fringing forests ; how again, on the cooled and hardened lava, as it sank beneath the waters, animal life flourished as abundantly as before, and new forests sprang up as luxuriant as those which had preceded them ; to reflect how different were the forms both of animal and vegetable life from those which characterize the district now, and then letting our imagination drift down the long cycle of ages and mutations that succeeded to those of the Oolite, to find ourselves once more among the heathy hills of the Inner Hebrides, as the dark night dews begin to fall,—this is a train of reverie which, in spite of what may be said by the strict and formal *savan*, is to some minds as natural as it is pleasant and useful, for it gives life to the dead past, by linking it in with the living present ; it expands our appreciation of the existing world, by showing us how the features of that world have arisen ; and by thus uniting us with past and present, with the immeasurably ancient and the comparatively new, it enlarges our views of nature, and makes us feel in a novel, but not the less impressive, manner, that there is a unity in creation—a sympathy which, in a way we know not, binds all things to each other, and to Him who is at once their Author and their End.

We have dwelt more at length upon these Oolitic igneous rocks, since, as it seems to us, they have not yet received the attention they merit. The volcanic activity which they evidence, however, was not the only form wherein the subterranean forces operated during that period over the area of Scotland. There is no small probability in the conjecture, that the massive dykes of basalt and greenstone, which traverse the country from north-west to south-east, arose during the same era ; for they begin among lower Oolitic rocks in the Inner Hebrides, and reach the German Ocean among lower Oolitic rocks in the north of England. They must, therefore, be later than the earlier parts of

the Oolitic system; and it seems in the highest degree likely, that they were produced contemporaneously with the existence of a group of active volcanoes in the north-west. They occupy long rents and fissures in the crust of the earth, through which melted lava welled upward from the heated interior. Where visible now on the surface, they run over hill and dale, as long irregular mounds, like the ruined ramparts of some primæval Hadrian or Antonine.

The island of Mull has yielded traces of a Tertiary flora imbedded among beds of tufa and basalt. Hence we learn, that in Tertiary times the Inner Hebrides still continued a scene of volcanic activity. It will be a work of no small interest to disentangle the igneous rocks of that island, and assign to them their true chronological place. Surely, between the shales and limestones of the Oolite and the leaf-beds of the Tertiary series, some links may yet be obtained to bridge across that great gap in Scottish geology. The chalk exists not far off on the Irish coast; and possibly it may occur among the basalt heaps of Mull, or be represented there by what would prove of still higher interest—a contemporaneous land surface. The eroded chalk of Antrim is covered by the famous basalt of the Giant's Causeway. This igneous mass we shall probably not err in attributing to some part of the same period which witnessed the eruption of those basalts that buried the leaf-beds of Mull, that is, to a part of the Tertiary period. If this deduction be true, it marks off a considerable area of the British Isles as having been subjected to volcanic action within a comparatively recent epoch.

So much for the general volcanic features of Scotland. There is another subject of much interest, to which we wish our space allowed us more than a brief reference—the general denudation of the country. The extent and antiquity of the denudation of Scotland are far from being generally known. If the rocks are carefully studied, they afford evidence of great waste over this part of the earth's surface at many successive geological periods. They show, moreover, that the abrasion of the drift which has usually been described in Scotland as of such enormous magnitude, was really one of the least of the long series; and that during the successive geological periods, the abrasive agencies were at work, producing those impressive results, some of which have been alluded to in previous pages. Thus we learn, that there was a great denudation of the Laurentian gneiss prior to and during the Cambrian period; one of the Cambrian sandstones before the deposition of the Lower Silurian quartz-rocks and limestones; one of great extent, affecting all the crystalline rocks of the Highlands previous to the Lower Old Red Sandstone; one of the greywacké and Lower Old Red Sandstone of

the southern counties before the deposition of the Upper Old Red Sandstone; one of the Carboniferous rocks before the accumulation of the Permian breccias; one of the Permian strata, another of the Lias and Oolite, with their vast masses of associated lava, and another of the Tertiary rocks of Mull, previous to the commencement of the Drift period; and the last, that of the Drift itself. Now, some of these denudations must be admitted to have been of much greater extent than others, even though we make ample allowance for the fact, that the abrasion of one period would tend to augment the apparent magnitude of a previous abrasion. In tracing their effects, the geologist will be led to investigate narrowly the successive changes in the physical features of the Scottish area, from a remote period, and will assuredly obtain results of the highest value in their bearings upon the geological as well as the palæontological history of the island.

In fine, we cannot review the progress of geological research in Scotland, nor look at its character at present, without perceiving that much of the work which has been done lies among some of the side paths, and not along the main highways of geology; but that now the spirit of inquiry has become wider and more thoroughly geological; that the palæontological domain is no longer neglected, and that the sporadic style of investigation which characterized much of the earlier research, has given place to a broader and more generalized method. We do not hear now of papers on the mineralogy of a single hill, or the geology of a sequestered valley. Scottish observers have discovered that the true theory of the geology of a limited area cannot, as a general rule, be evolved, without much careful scrutiny of the surrounding tracts, and sometimes even of distant parts of the country. Hence it is that our scientific journals now contain papers on features that pervade whole counties or large sections of the island, or even the entire island itself. Hence, too, the memoirs on distinct formations, not confined to one area, but embracing many distant districts, and offering broad generalizations from a wide basis of evidence. We rejoice to see these changes. They afford ground for much hopeful anticipation, that a more philosophical spirit and a more enlarged method of inquiry will characterize the future of Scottish geology. The rocks are no longer studied as the mere repositories of mineral species, or as definite mineral compounds. They are regarded as evidences of former physical conditions, and as the cemeteries of buried races of plants and animals. They are grouped according to their relative ages, and compared and contrasted as well with each other as with their equivalents in other lands. And thus by patient investigation,

carried on slowly and steadily in the years that are to come, must the geological history of the country be elaborated. A varied history it will prove to be—one full of great mutations of sea and land, and of wondrous changes in the progress of vegetable and animal life; but, nevertheless, one in which there will be found no disorder, no cataclysm, no chaos, but where the long succession of events will be seen to have proceeded according to definite laws—the same laws which, in their exquisite beauty and symmetry, are still the mode in which the Creator regulates the economy of the world.

ART. VII.—1. *The Edinburgh Review.* April 1861. Art. VI.

2. *On Terms of Communion. The Boundaries of the Church.*
By the Rev. C. K. P.

3. *The Message of the Church.* By J. N. LANGLEY, M.A.

HAVING entered on more than one occasion, and at considerable length, on the presumed sentiments of that notorious book, the 'Essays and Reviews,' it is not our purpose to recur to the subject here, but to discuss a most important question inevitably connected with it, namely, the limits of legitimate Religious Freedom. As we are very anxious, for the special purpose with which the present article is written, to keep the discussion as free as possible from all personal considerations, we shall say nothing as to the *real* sentiments of the authors of the Essays; how far those sentiments do or do not agree with the interpretation that is generally put upon their words; how far they have or have not done justice to their genuine convictions; or how far they have truly represented, or grossly misrepresented, themselves. The decision of these points we at present leave, because it in no degree affects the question to which we now restrict ourselves—a question, as we believe, of vital importance to public morality.

We wish to discuss the question whether, supposing the volume really to contain the views *generally* attributed to it, and its authors sincerely to advocate them, the people of England ought to applaud (as many of them have done) the unquestioned *courage* of such publication as magnanimous boldness and warrantable freedom, or to stigmatize it as intolerable effrontery; whether they ought to cry 'bravo' or 'shame' at the scruples which would still prevent the generality of men in a similar position from so acting; whether its authors, supposing them to be rightly interpreted, can retain their position with honour; whether it be persecution, or anything like it, to eject them, if possible, by legal means; and if not, at least to induce them, by every motive which public indignation can inspire, to eject themselves, and, like John Henry Newman in a similar case, save their own honour by abandoning a position which cannot be maintained with credit;—in a word, whether we are to inaugurate a new era of 'liberty,'—better named 'licentiousness,'—and to welcome a new theory of morals, which, though advocated by Strauss and practised by too many of his countrymen, is as yet, happily, but little tolerated in England. These questions we take to be not only of immense importance, but of immediate urgency, inasmuch as in more than one quarter we have seen it

affirmed, and in many more insinuated, that, *supposing* the interpretation generally put on the book to be correct, even its six clerical authors have availed themselves only of a perfectly legitimate liberty; and though they may have clearly contradicted adjuration and subscription, that they are guilty only of a venial offence, if of any at all;—a position which, we confess, sounds in our ears as strange as if it were said that a man, in tendering his allegiance, was at liberty both to swear *to* and swear *at* the king in the same breath.

The writers of the volume, of course, would affirm that they have said nothing inconsistent with their position; and it must in charity, therefore, be presumed that they *think* so. If that be the case, they must, we apprehend, feel horrified at the all but universal interpretation put upon their book, and will, no doubt, take an opportunity of telling the world that, whether it be *its* fault or *their own*, their sentiments have been egregiously misunderstood by others, or unwittingly misrepresented by themselves. It is hardly a case that admits of obstinate silence, since such silence could, in fact, be interpreted only in one way. If a man be publicly, but falsely taxed, though through inadvertence on his own part or mistake on that of others, with what is felt to be utterly abhorrent from his sentiments and character, it cannot be consistent with the claims of honour or conscience to sit still, or refrain from the most energetic efforts at exculpation.

Pending such attempts, we shall here only hypothetically assume that the interpretation generally put on this book is the correct one. What, then, is that interpretation? We apprehend it is pretty much as follows:—That the Bible, like most other books, consists, in indeterminate quantities, of truth and error, fact and fiction; that more than most books it abounds in the last; because in great part consisting of, and depending upon, multitudinous recitals of *miraculous* events, which modern *science* compels us to reject *in toto*; that there never were events of a miraculous character,—any deviations from ‘the invariable cosmical order,’ the ordinary sequences of nature, as presented to our experience and observation; that, for similar reasons, there never has been divinely inspired prophecy of future events; that the so-called ‘predictions’ are either happy conjectures, or delivered after the event, and are therefore history; that no other or higher kind of inspiration can be attached to the writings of the Bible than to those of Homer and Plato, Shakspeare and Bacon; and that, consequently, the Bible has no more claim to authority over our faith than any other book, and is to be interpreted and treated exactly upon the same principles. The whole of these propositions are not affirmed to be found in any one

Essay, but are plainly derivable, it is asserted, from all of them taken together. In one or two, there is nothing that at all approaches the more daring of the above assertions; they are chiefly suspicious, from their containing little or nothing that contradicts them, and still more from the company in which they are found. In three, however, out of the seven Essays (and many say in four), it is affirmed that the writers lay down principles which involve an absolute rejection of all miracles, and, consequently, amongst other miracles, of the Resurrection of Christ. These, it is supposed, have as completely extirpated from their minds all belief in the supernatural as from that of Strauss himself.

Such—be the meaning of the *authors* what it may—is plainly, in public opinion, the meaning of the *book*. If it be not the writers' meaning, they must be supposed, like Balaam, to have uttered the contrary of what they intended. That such is the general opinion, is sufficiently clear from the following facts:—*First*, the book has been received with a shout of undisguised satisfaction (though mingled with some contempt for the illogical and halting position of the writers), by the entire anti-Christian press of the country. Now, whatever other infirmities of logic we may charge upon infidelity, that of not seeing what makes against Christianity and in favour of scepticism is not, we fancy, among them. It has never been thought wanting in the perspicacity which detects logical flaws or damaging concessions on the part of an unwary advocate. *Secondly*, the great bulk of the bishops, and an immense number of the clergy, of the Church of England, have declared that they cannot see that the book, taken as a whole, has any other fair meaning than one which surrenders the essential proofs and characteristic doctrines of Christianity. *Thirdly*, the great majority of the representatives of the religious press of the country, to whom the spectacle of a surpliced infidelity is by no means a spectacle which they would *like* to exhibit if they could help it, echo the same verdict. *Lastly*, a very large part of the liberal press, to whom the contents of the book are by no means unpalatable, and who object not so much to the viands as to the cooks, declare that it is impossible to come to any other conclusion; but at the same time concede that, as coming from members of the Church of England, the volume is calculated to give great public scandal. One of these even declares that it knows not how those who thus evade articles and formularies can lecture their congregations about mercantile basenesses and fraudulent 'trade-marks.' Now, let us suppose, if the reader will—and it is a question into which, for charity's sake, we do not choose to enter—that the authors have somehow strangely misrepresented *themselves*; it is yet

infinitely improbable that the whole world of friends and foes should have misinterpreted the *book*. Were that the case, it would be almost as misleading as the Bible has hitherto been to the world, on the theory that the neological sense of it is correct! On the mere ordinary calculation of probabilities, the readers must be supposed to be in the right as to what the language of the book conveys. Nor, indeed, is it possible to judge otherwise. Books are written to express thought to others, and that thought which it ordinarily conveys to others is the meaning of the *book*, even if the authors never meant it. The same general persuasion as to the significance of the book must be inferred from the topics selected for confutation by the most astute minds of the Church of England. It would be almost ludicrous (if the matter were not so very serious) to see with what unanimity they select for discussion, when providing an antidote against the Essays of these *clergymen*, those very points which a few years ago it would have been thought impossible should come up except in controversy with Tom Paine, Hume, or Strauss. It is the reality of miracles, the truth of prophecy, the inspiration of the Scriptures, and so on, which form the staple of their replies. Such are the facts which plainly show the general opinion of the public as to what the *meaning* of the book really is.¹

¹ Such being the general impression of the meaning of the book, it is to be deeply regretted that, if that impression be erroneous, the authors should not, collectively if they could, or separately if they could not, have done something to disabuse the public. This, again, has unluckily confirmed the public in their impression, seeing that it would be so easy (and surely so important) to set people right. The excuses for not doing so certainly seem to us of the flimsiest texture; neither to have much force, nor to cohere very well together. It is said the Essayists wrote 'without concert'; but could they, if they knew each other's names, have been ignorant what views were likely to be put forth? Had not Baden Powell—whose Essay is perhaps the worst—published the same extreme views in his 'Order of Nature' long before? However, it is said that, if they wrote 'without concert,' no man ought to be responsible for more than his own. To this it may be answered, that if they wrote 'without concert,' how is any one bound to the rest? Though a man might not, if the matter were of little importance, think it worth while to declare himself more explicitly this, 'no concert' is full warrant for it, if necessary; and we know not what can better justify speech than the liability of gentlemen, as clergymen, to an imputation of infidelity and perjury. Sometimes it is said, 'Those who do not hold the more extreme views of two or three of their *collaborateurs*, think it would be uncourteous to say so.' Worse and worse. Charges of complicity in infidelity and perjury are too serious for such sentimental delicacy. Besides, how is it uncourteous, *if* there be no concert, for any one writer to give an *eclaircissement* of his own views? Sometimes it is said, 'Respect for the deceased coadjutor may restrain them.' This is perhaps the most fantastical reason of all. To neither the dead nor the living do we do any injury by saying, 'If A or B thought so and so, I do not think with him.' Without judging others, each may easily clear himself. A character for integrity and honesty is too precious to be complimented away for fear of an imaginary desertion of those with whom a man had 'no concert,' and who will be neither the better nor the worse for the declaration of his own views. In spite, therefore, of the 'advertisement' that they wrote without concert, all the Essayists will continue

For ourselves, we reluctantly confess that we do not wonder at its coming to such a conclusion; we have not the shadow of a doubt, after a careful perusal of the book, and frequent and dispassionate weighing of its somewhat conflicting statements in many parts, that it involves in three, if not *four* of the Essays, views in relation to miracles, and prophecy, and inspiration, as decided as those of our older Deists, or as the most advanced Neologists of Germany—say De Wette or Von Bohlen—have ever expressed. The book seems to us to imply, that the whole of historical Christianity, so far as it professes to be a supernatural and supernaturally authenticated revelation of God to man, is a pure fable. If the book had come out without a name, we have not the faintest hesitation in saying, that we should have inferred an infidel parentage; nor should we have decided differently, merely because the book sometimes expresses conclusions in an oblique manner, and sometimes in the shibboleths of ordinary Christian speech. These peculiarities, we say, would not have surprised us, because, in point of fact, they have almost always been the characteristics of the men who have been the most astute assailants of the Christian faith.

We all know what is meant by ‘our holy religion,’ ‘the sacred gospels,’ ‘the revelation of our Saviour,’ in the lips of Morgan, the *spiritual* truth of the ‘miracles’ and ‘prophecies’ in those of Woolston or Collins; we all know what Hume means, when he says that Christianity is founded on ‘faith’ and not in ‘reason;’ and what Gibbon means by the concession that the ‘chief cause’ of the triumphs of Christianity is, doubtless, to be sought in the sanction and concurrence of a Divine overruling Providence;—we all know what this, and such like phraseology, means in such mouths; and we freely acknowledge, that if this volume had been anonymous, so greatly does the tone of *seeming* unbelief preponderate over that of *seeming* orthodoxy, that we should not have been startled out of our impression of its infidel origin by any such tinct of Christian language.¹ We

to be suspected of sympathizing with the statements of their more hardy coadjutors, so long as they do not more plainly declare themselves. *If* they do not approve of the more obnoxious speculations, they must have been unfeignedly surprised and grieved to find them associated with their own; and the most natural thing in the world, on making the discovery, would have been to deny any participation in them. The supposed errors are of too much importance to allow any man who abjures them to rest content under false imputation of holding them; silence, in which case, will emphatically ‘give consent.’

¹ We are here, be it observed, merely comparing the occasional tone of the ‘Essays,’ with that of the above writers. We would by no means insinuate, supposing the popular interpretation of their language ever so just, that even the most advanced of the Essayists are animated by the spirit, or sympathize with the designs of the elder Deists; though we confess that the *residuum* of doctrine to which three of these Essays seem to reduce Christianity, appears to us just about what Tindal or Morgan would be quite willing to patronize. But whatever

should have thought—what we cannot now think—that the oblique and furtive manner, which seemingly marks some parts of the book,—the tone of reverence, when all that claims it is seemingly stripped off, which marks others,—was really in imitation, not unsuccessful, of the older sceptics. This stealthy manner was, perhaps, first suggested to the elder gainsayers, by the unwise and persecuting laws which so long gave a fallacious support to truth; but it has been often imitated since, where the same reasons for it no longer existed—as, for example, by Gibbon. Perhaps, in many cases, it has been dictated by a pusillanimous fear of public opinion; and perhaps in others, was but the natural and instinctive mode of progression proper to a serpentine nature. But to whatever cause it be attributed, the indirect mode of insinuating rather than openly expressing conclusions, has so often been adopted by infidelity, that, had this volume been anonymous, the traces of reverence and pious sentiment here and there would not have counterbalanced the impression derived from the general strain of the volume; and, certainly, as to three, perhaps four, of the Essays, not a doubt would have remained, that though, for politic reasons, the writers chose not to lay aside the mask, and instinctively preferred the sinuous movement to going on two legs, they were genuine unbelievers in the supernatural history and special inspiration of the New Testament, and partook in all the chief opinions of Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, and Strauss, on these subjects; that, consequently, though they might well believe—as all these did—that Christ was put to *death*, they also believed that He never rose from the dead: and that all portions of the Old and New Testaments which either assert or imply miraculous and prophetic claims—that is, full one-half—must be rejected as fabulous and false.

We are now simply stating what is our conviction of the meaning of the book, fairly and naturally interpreted,—what it would convey to the generality of readers. We cannot, therefore, wonder at the public verdict; and can only say, that if the writers are sincerely under the impression that they are uttering sentiments which can be harmonized with their position as ministers of the Church of England, they have a curious and unexampled faculty of *not* expressing their plain meaning; and would seem to have acted on the witty saying of the subtle diplomatist, that the ‘tongue was given us to *conceal* our thoughts.’

the difference in other respects between these classes of writers, the latter occasionally adopt a tone quite as reverential as the former; and hence, as already said, had the volume been anonymous, we should not, on that account, have doubted that it had the same origin with the speculations of Woolston or Morgan. Whoever will look into ‘*The Moral Philosopher*’ of the latter, especially vol. i., pp. 140–145, will have an illustration of our meaning.

As to the argumentative power of the book, we regard it as very little indeed. We can say, with the utmost truth, that all the arguments of seeming sceptical tendency have been urged with far greater force, clearness, and fulness, by those who could more consistently employ them; we find nothing but what has been better said a thousand times by our Deists of the last century, and our more advanced German Neologists of the present. And the arguments have been refuted as often. The great peculiarity of this volume, always supposing the popular impression of its meaning to be correct, is (as has been truly said by a southern contemporary), that it is the infidel argument presented by clergymen of the Church of England! It stimulates curiosity of much the same sort as would be felt, if we found a Romish priest inveighing against the doctrines of Trent, or Mr Holyoake giving zest to a lecture on atheism, by donning, for the occasion, gown and cassock, and promising to baptize any neophytes that might present themselves at its conclusion.

Dismissing, then, the book, the question in which *we* are mainly interested is, in what way ought it to be received—with what feelings contemplated by the public? Now, though we assuredly have no reason to complain that the people in general,—interpreting the book in the way we have mentioned,—fail to view it with distrust and aversion, or to perceive that its authors, if they mean what they seem to mean, are guilty of the most flagitious trifling with honour and conscience, oaths and subscriptions; yet we regret, and deeply regret, to see in some quarters unqualified apologies, and in others semi-apologies, for them, even on the hypothesis that they mean all, or nearly all, that is popularly attributed to the book. Even where the book has been condemned as a blunder and an imprudence, as not only a stumblingblock to the popular faith, but as contrary to it, the writers have been applauded for their *courage* in publishing it, and even for their ‘sacrifices,’—we could understand the term, if they had abandoned the Church *before* publishing—for so doing.

There are apologists even for those of the ‘Essayists’ who have seemingly gone furthest; who affirm that men may deny all miracle and all prophecy, and yet remain ministers of the Church of England, without covering themselves with shame; that it is open to them, just as it would be if they were *out* of the Church, to challenge a confutation of their speculations on the terms of ordinary controversy; that they are right in not abandoning their position, though they unquestionably deny and denounce many of the doctrines they are paid to teach and have *sworn* to teach; that since they will *not* abandon it,

any attempt to remove them, supposing such attempt possible, is to be deprecated as a species of persecution, and will justly invest them, in the event of its success, with the character of martyrs! These views betray, in our judgment, such confusion of thought as regards the claims of every communion on its members, so long as they voluntarily continue such,—of the claims of conscience on those members themselves, and of the true limits of religious liberty,—that we regard their prevalence as one of the most ominous signs of the times. The liberty pleaded for is no less than the liberty of affirming opposites at the same time, and of propagating what we profess to deem *truth*, with ‘a lie in our right hand.’

And now let us look for a moment at some of the pleas by which the conduct of men in the supposed predicament is defended, and all attempt to abridge such singular ‘freedom’ preposterously called ‘persecution.’ They are, in our judgment, every one of them, most egregious fallacies.

By some it is said full ‘Religious Liberty’ can only be consistently carried out by this new species of toleration. We always thought that religious liberty meant the liberty of forming and avowing religious opinions, whatever they may be, without let or hindrance; we certainly never thought that it meant the liberty of forming and avowing *two* opposite opinions. The former freedom every one in England possesses, and these writers as much as everybody else, but not the liberty of swearing that they believe what they at the same time deny. We are quite free, in our country, to proclaim every variety of sentiments, absurd as they may be, between the opposite poles of Atheism and Popery; all that is required before any man can expect the world to tolerate him, much more to pay any attention to his teaching, is that he should not profess to hold two diametrically opposite opinions at once. *That* can hardly be a part of religious liberty, unless knavery be a part of it.

Some, again, complain that to take any measures to eject men from a religious community for such a *peccadillo* as openly renouncing their subscriptions, is religious persecution; rather, we cannot but think, *they* are the persecutors who accept, or persist in holding, honours and emoluments in any communion while they are alienated from its system of doctrines, and avail themselves of their position to teach and propagate opinions subversive of those they have sworn that they believe, and which they were appointed to teach and defend. These, though they may be few in comparison with the entire community on which they obtrude themselves, are, if they avail themselves of a merely technical or legal advantage to maintain their post, the real persecutors, and the only real persecutors in the matter;

just as the cuckoo is the persecutor when he gets into the sparrow's nest. The cuckoo might as well represent it as persecution to eject him, as sceptical priests so to represent efforts to get rid of them. Yet we have even heard it said in some recent cases—to the utter confusion of all language—that it is persecution to compel a man to surrender a post, with the conditions of which he can no longer honestly comply, and the emoluments of which are derived from voluntary subscriptions given for the express purpose of teaching what *his* teaching is deemed subversive of; that is, it is persecution if you do not let a man employ your money in a way and for purposes you utterly disapprove, and the very contrary of those for which he has solemnly engaged to employ it! The persecution, we repeat, is, in all such cases, on the part of those who abuse their trust—who resort to technical shifts to hold a position from which their own honour and conscience ought to eject them without troubling law or authority at all, and as a necessary pre-condition of assuming the liberty of speech they aspire to.

Again, it is sometimes said that it is a *national* Church in which these supposed inconsistencies are exhibited, and that, though they would be intolerable elsewhere, they are to be tolerated here; because a *national* Church ought to reflect and embody the same wide variety of opinions and beliefs which is found in the *nation*.

We answer, *first*, that, supposing a national Church *possible* on such a *theory*, this variety of opinion might be a very good reason for endeavouring to *alter* the terms of subscription; or rather, in that case, for abolishing them altogether, since the most opposite parties would, on such theory, form integral parts of the national Church; but it can be no reason for 'playing fast and loose' with oaths and subscriptions while the constitution of the Church remains what it is. If men, instead of openly avowing sentiments inconsistent with their subscriptions and position, first came out of the Church, saying, 'These are our opinions, which, though inconsistent with the formularies of the Church, we must nevertheless hold and proclaim, and, therefore, we come out of the Church that we may do it, as plain-spoken, truth-loving men should,'—this would be honest and consistent. If they further said, 'We do not think that such opinions as ours *ought* to be inconsistent with the articles and formularies of a national Church, and shall, therefore, agitate to the utmost of our power, to get the terms of subscription relaxed or abolished altogether,'—this, too, would be no less consistent and honest. The argument merely affords a plea for altering the terms of subscription, not for tampering with them while they subsist, any more than it would justify a man in taking an oath which

he never meant to keep, on the ground that it never ought to have been exacted of him; or in bringing himself voluntarily under an obligation which he never intended to observe, because he thought that such an obligation ought never to have been required. He may say, if he will, that to take an oath would abridge his liberty or trouble his conscience, and that will be a very good reason for not taking it; but having taken it, it is no excuse for violating it. Subscription is subscription, whether it be to the articles of Churches in general, or to those of the National Church in particular; and while that Church continues what it is, the guilt of insincere subscription cannot be annulled by the plea that there ought to be greater latitude than it at present allows. Men have, and ought to have, unlimited liberty of forming and avowing their own conclusions, however various, however contradictory; but they cannot honestly do it, and yet swear to the articles of a Church which does not allow that same chaotic variety.

Secondly, We answer, that if it be true that a national Church ought to be so constituted as to admit of all varieties of religious opinion within its pale, it would not only imperatively require alteration or relaxation of the terms of subscription—nay, even *such* a relaxation that there must practically be none—but it would be a spiritual monstrosity. Such a Church is an impracticable thing *per se*—a mere chimera. A Church, however constituted, must be a ‘communion;’ but how can there possibly be a communion if all the varieties of religious belief between ultramontane Romanism on the one side, and extreme neology on the other, are to be included? The only ‘communion’—‘union’ there could never be—which it could possibly evince, would be concurrence in the negative belief that truth was of no importance; that whether the Pope was infallible or a detestable usurper of the prerogatives of Deity; whether transubstantiation was a true doctrine, or, as South said, ‘the biggest lie that was ever owned in the face of a rational world;’ whether even the fundamental fact of Christianity—the resurrection of Christ—was a truth or a fable, it really mattered very little; that all who respectively held the affirmative or negative of these, and a thousand other contradictory beliefs, might yet sit in the same unique communion, and profess themselves of one Church. It may be said, ‘And do not men hold all these opinions? Are they not at liberty to do so? Shall any restriction be put upon their freedom?’ ‘Assuredly not. Religious liberty demands that the free expression of these various and discordant views should not be forbidden to any man if his conscience approves them. All we say is, that those who hold them cannot form one religious organization, one “communion,”

one CHURCH; that, *ex vi terminorum*, such a Church is an impracticable absurdity: it would be made up of contradictions; a harmony all of discords; a thing, the elements of which had no affinity, no principle of mutual cohesion, nothing to bind them together but the mechanical pressure of a cord. They could be no more *one* than the contents of an old tub into which we sometimes see the last odds and ends of household stuff thrown on moving from one house to another, which, from their multifarious character and variety of shape, defy any other mode of bringing them together than the hoops and staves, with which they have nothing to do, and which have nothing to do with them, except that the compression prevents their coming all abroad, and which, when unpacked from amidst musty straw and scraps of paper, are seen to be the heterogeneous things they are. Such a Church would hardly challenge even the respect attached to that of his day by Bishop Warburton. 'The Church,' says he, 'like the ark of Noah, is worth saving; not for the sake of the unclean beasts and vermin that almost filled it, and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality, that was as much distressed by the stink within as by the tempest without.' Or rather, such a Church would be best of all adumbrated by a very witty image which an eloquent preacher of the present age employed to typify the actual Establishment, and which, with whatever questionable propriety applied to THAT, would unquestionably be applicable to *such* a Church, to *such* a communion, (or rather chaos,) as the latitude of the theory we are now considering would give us. 'The reader,' says he, 'may sometimes have observed in a lump of ice, feathers, bits of straw, pieces of earth, and fragments of crockery, all bound together, and kept together, in one united mass, by a power distinct from that of natural affinity or attraction between the substances themselves. This—let him imagine other intrinsically valuable substances to be there, and the image will be complete—this is no bad emblem of the kind of union which would subsist in the "supposed" CHURCH. Even when mechanically one, you can see something of the heterogeneous character of the substances which form the united mass; but if the sun dissolves the force that unites them, the impossibility of their natural cohesion is evinced.' We may add, that to the heterogeneous 'communion' which the theory in question demands, this image would be still further appropriate from the nature of the force by which alone its elements mechanically cohere. It is the force of *ice*; the ardent love of truth, the fire of zeal, even the flame of true charity, must be extinct before 'the feathers, and bits of straw, and fragments of broken crockery,' can be brought

together. If this be thought a ludicrous representation of the required national Church, we reply that ridicule is all that such a pure figment of the imagination deserves. It is an impossibility : but we hesitate not to say, that if it could become a reality, if the principles now often pleaded for could be carried out, such a 'communion' would be the most dreadful thing in the world ; for it would imply that all manly love of what men deem truth, all perception of its genuine importance, all notions of the sacred claims of conscience, must have died out of hearts which could consent to be thus bound together, and indifference, mis-called charity, must have usurped their place. When men are really willing to take each other by the button, and say, ' Though one of us, dear friends, believes in the resurrection of Christ as the great cardinal *fact* of the New Testament, and another does not believe that He rose at all ; though a third believes in the doctrine of transubstantiation, and a fourth renounces it as a monstrous deduction of a Bedlam logic or a Bedlam rhetoric ; though a fifth believes in the infallibility of the Pope, and a sixth believes in nothing but Dr Temple's colossal man ; and a seventh believes in the inspiration of Scripture and the truth of prophecy, and an eighth, that Scripture was no more inspired than "Paradise Lost," and that prophecy is either the product of sagacious conjecture or an astute exhibition of past events in a *paulo-post future* tense ;—but, never mind : these points of difference, and others like them, are of little moment ; we may still form one "communion" for Christian worship and participation in the same rites ;' when *this* shall be, it can only be, because men have agreed to substitute indifference to all truth for the 'perfect bond of charity.' This spurious charity no more deserves the name, than the maudlin tears of a drunkard to be called the effusion of true affection. When it is conceded that men may form one 'communion,' though their beliefs not only differ (as must in some degree be the case), but diverge without limit, and even become antagonistic and contradictory, there is no longer any scope for a charity worthy of the name. Charity may well co-exist with differences acknowledged to be too important to allow men to smother them for the purpose of coalescing untruthfully in the same nominal communion. Charity may even shine the brighter amidst such differences ; but it can hardly be exercised either where there are no differences at all, or, which comes to the same thing, where it is acknowledged that, be they what they may, and as contradictory as they may, they need be no bar to church communion.

This, be it borne in mind, is not a question as to whether men should possess unrestricted liberty ; that is conceded on all hands ; but whether they should keep a conscience, and reverence

what they deem truth. The fullest liberty of investigating truth for themselves, and equal liberty in expressing their convictions, however various, incongruous, contradictory, is perfectly intelligible ; but do not let us foolishly suppose, that those who arrive at all these contradictory conclusions can form one *communio*, except in name,—that name too dearly bought by the tacit confession, that they hold all religious conclusions light.

Thirdly, we answer, that if the above theory be the true draft of a national Church, if such Church is really to combine in itself the most opposite varieties of belief and opinion prevalent in a nation, then the theory will do more perhaps than all other arguments put together, to evince the inexpediency of any such institution,—as assuredly any attempt to establish it will demonstrate its futility. ‘A national Church,’ men will say,—‘a national Church, in any intelligible sense, can only be found where there is a tolerable approach to uniformity. It seems that it is inconsistent with the results of unrestricted freedom of thought, and must become impracticable when those results are fully developed.’ So rickety a fabric, if ever attempted, must tumble about the ears of the builders, long before its topmost pinnacles shall be set up ; or rather, like the tower of Babel, must remain unfinished, and for the same reason,—the confusion of tongues. Yet we fancy the attempt will be made, should the present tendencies to latitudinarianism further develop themselves ; should it be gravely maintained, that men who hold all the extremes between Popery and Deism, between the highflying Oxford Tractarianism of fifteen years ago and the highflying Oxford Neologianism of the present day, may in loving brotherhood form co-ordinate parts of the same national Church, and proclaim their contradictory dogmas from the same pulpits. One only evangelical trait will be found in such a Church : ‘The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid.’ Many, however, will think that the predicted desolation of Babylon will better prefigure such a communion : ‘Their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and there the great owl shall build her nest.’ If the attempt be made to construct such a Church, we predict that there will, and must be, a great disruption in the Church itself. The consciences of vast numbers will be impatient of so strange a yoke, and will at length separate themselves from the heterogeneous mass.

There is another argument by which it is sometimes attempted to be shown, that the extremest antagonisms of opinion ought to be tolerated, inasmuch as almost all parties are, in some degree or other, at variance with the formularies of the Church. The High Churchman, it is said, will find it hard to reconcile some

of his tenets with the articles, and the Broad Church and the Low Church, some of *theirs*, with the prayer-book and the rubrics. This is an argument which, even if it were fairly applicable to the extreme deviations from the formularies charged upon the Essayists, is, after all, only an *argumentum ad hominem*, which those (and they are all the nation, except about twenty thousand) who have *not* subscribed, are not affected by, and which they are at least in a condition to consider impartially. This argument merely tells us, that if Mr A. is bad, Mr B. is no better. In our judgment, however, the whole argument is inapplicable; and even a man who, for conscientious reasons, could not subscribe at all, could easily discern and state the difference between the supposed analogous cases. He would say, 'The whole question of lawful deviation from one absolute standard of interpretation has its limits; it is a question of degree; though I cannot conscientiously subscribe, I am fully persuaded that there are multitudes who can; who, to *their own* satisfaction, though not to *mine*, can honestly adopt solutions of minor difficulties which would not satisfy me. But if a man has really surrendered the miracles,—and amongst them the resurrection of Christ,—is it possible to believe he is sincere when he declares an *ex animo* assent, for instance, to the fourth Article, which so explicitly asserts that last fact, or that he can repeat in good faith, the article of the Creed which affirms the same fact?'¹

There is an apologetic article on behalf of the Essayists in the April number of the *Edinburgh Review*, which contains some arguments, the relevance and futility of which it is not easy to describe. The writer does not admit that the volume is infected by the serious 'heretical pravity' which the all but unanimous verdict of its readers finds in it, and justifies the freedom of statement and speculation indulged in it as a legitimate liberty. But even he is compelled, by a not very creditable adroitness of advocacy, quietly to ignore the exceptionable matter,—the very matter, in fact, which exposes the book to such charges. *Exceptis excipiendis*, he thinks there is but little that is to be complained of; but unhappily the exceptions are the *gravamen* of the charge against it. He has carefully picked out the 'flies' which cause this rare 'ointment of the apothecaries to stink,' before proceeding to descant on the divine odour it emits. It would

¹ The writer of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, on which we shall immediately offer some strictures, has made a great parade of instances of diversity of theological opinion among those who have signed the Articles; but, in reality, hardly any of them touch the present question. For the most part, they do not touch the question of orthodoxy as defined by the Articles, nor indeed orthodoxy as defined by any other standard. They are, and ever have been, and probably will long be, and may be for ever, open questions in the Church.

be easy, of course, by this species of preliminary expurgation to make almost any volume innocent. 'Of two of the Essayists,' he says, 'we think it needless to speak at length. Professor Powell's Essay is so similar in substance to an earlier treatise which was criticised in our pages long before the present agitation, that we may be excused for not resuming the subject. What may have been the exact purport of his paradoxical argument we confess ourselves unable to determine. . . . Mr Goodwin's contribution may also be considered as practically defunct. . . . We will venture to say that, with the possible exception of Professor Powell's Essay, and a few words of Dr Williams and Mr Wilson, there is no statement of doctrine or fact in this volume which has not been repeatedly set forth by divines whose deep and sincere faith in the Christian religion cannot be denied.' P. 475-9.

But, unluckily, these exceptions are found in three out of the seven Essays; and it is not necessary to use many words in the utterance of even the most momentous errors. It was but an *iota*, as has been wittily said, which divided the *homoousian* from the *homoiousian*; yet, as Gibbon truly says, it would be very absurd, on that account, to consider the difference trivial. It is but one letter which makes the difference between Theism and Atheism, and it is but a single syllable only which divides the Arctic from the Antarctic pole. The question is not as to the *space* occupied by the errors and the truths of the volume respectively, but whether the serious errors which the public charges upon it exist there. If a man asserts, though in a single sentence, that the historical facts of the New Testament are not credible, he nevertheless pleads for all that Infidelity has ever maintained, though he allege it in a folio volume full of otherwise unexceptionable matter.

'In spite,' says our critic, 'of all the declamations on the subject, no passage has yet been pointed out in any of the *five* clerical Essayists which contradicts any of the formularies of the Church in a degree at all comparable to the direct collision which exists between the High Church party and the Articles, between the Low Church party and the Prayer-book.' This is certainly a singular statement to make, considering that the five includes Mr Wilson; but it is still more singular that, in order to give it a semblance of plausibility, he adds in a note, 'We *except* from our consideration the lay and the deceased contributors; not that we wish to prejudice the question in either instance, but that we desire to *simplify* the case by reducing it to a practical result.' It may 'simplify the case' certainly, to 'except the deceased and the lay contributors,' and it would have simplified the case still more to leave out the Essays of Mr

Wilson and Mr Jowett; but why, in estimating the general merits and tendency of the work, he should leave out the 'deceased contributor,' who was certainly a 'clergyman,' or even the lay contributor, since his Essay forms so important a feature in the volume, it is hard to say. It is easy to 'simplify our judgment' of anything by leaving out facts of grave importance which render judgment difficult. But as to the above *dictum*,—if our critic thinks that the Essays of Messrs Wilson, Goodwin, and Jowett do not contain *statements*, (whatever the authors' meaning,) in far more serious, if not 'direct,' collision with the formularies of the Church than any which exists between 'the High Church party and the Articles, or the Low Church party and the Prayer-book,' we fancy he is the only reader who thinks so. To the generality of readers, they unquestionably convey, by direct assertion or clear implication, the denial of all special inspiration of the Scriptures and of the preternatural in the Scripture history.

There are many things in that apologetic article which have so ominous an aspect on the present development of latitudinarianism, that we cannot let them pass without notice. It is, in general, a wise policy which makes journalists reluctant to criticise one another: it tends, no doubt, to prevent controversy from assuming a personal character, and degenerating into an unseemly asperity. It is a practice which we sincerely approve and generally adopt. There are, however, occasions on which it is necessary to depart from it; and this we deem one of them. Our contemporary seems to have been of the same opinion; and as he has made rather free strictures, both on the *Quarterly* and *Westminster*, he can hardly complain if we imitate his example, and subject his own to some criticism.

As an apology, the whole article is a very clever piece of special pleading, to which the writer has been prompted, we imagine, by strong personal friendships, and perhaps as strong personal antipathies. But we cannot regard it as anything more than special pleading from one end to the other. We sincerely trust it is not to be taken as an indication of the permanent mood of the *Edinburgh Review*, or even of the writer's permanent mood, but simply as an example of 'Homer nodding.' Sure we are, that if the journal in question deliberately endorses the article, it has made a most notable advance upon—perhaps we ought rather to say, regression from—the position it assumed during the Tractarian controversy. Referring to Mr Wilson's 'unfortunate onslaught on the 90th Tract for the Times,' this critic remarks, that Mr Wilson has, 'no doubt, long ago repented of that ungenerous act.' But if the *Edinburgh* thinks it was an ungenerous act, that journal ought, certainly, to

wear sackcloth and sit in ashes, as well as Mr Wilson; for no 'onslaught on No. 90,' or on the Tracts in general, could be more uncompromising than its own. In its article on that notorious Tract, it says, amidst much more to the same purpose: 'For our own part, we are not going to discuss whose religion is the better, that of Protestants or Catholics. But one thing at least is most certain. The above opinions may be right; they may be the most consistent with revealed religion. *But assuredly they are not the opinions of the Church of England.* Every one must be astounded that men, professing them, should continue to hold appointments in a Church which has generally been understood to have been founded in a most positive denial of most of these doctrines, and in a consequent secession from the great society which continues to hold them.' So spoke the *Edinburgh Review* in 1841, in the article entitled 'Tracts for the Times,' No. 90.¹ But whether or not the *Edinburgh* would deliberately plead for the liberty of a clergyman of the Church of England to write such a Tract as No. 90, and still remain in the Church, it seems obvious, from the above language, that our reviewer would. It is equally clear from his conduct, that the Author of the Tract did not think *he* could; and he, therefore, as we think, honourably and conscientiously—though honour and conscience did not awake too soon—abandoned a position which he felt was no longer tenable. Our liberal critic, however, would seem to think this was a needless scrupulosity, for he calls it an 'ungenerous act' to condemn, as sophistry, that freedom of interpreting the Articles which is exhibited in No. 90. He also challenges an equal freedom for our Essayists, though exercised in an opposite direction. We may here remark, *en passant*, that if all the latitude of interpreting the formularies of the Church between No. 90 and the 'Essays and Reviews' (both inclusive) be indeed warrantable; if these extremes and all between them be allowed to clergymen of the *National Church*, then a National Church must soon become that curious jumble of contradictory dogmas and practices which we have described as an impracticable chimera. *But* the very attempt to construct it will only be possible when men in general have become utterly indifferent to the claims of truth. If, in the same pulpit, one man may set forth the doctrine of the resurrection of Christ, and another prove that it is all a fable; if one preacher may affirm to-day not only that the Scripture miracles are historic facts, but a great many of the mediæval miracles also; and another, the next Sunday, in the same place, explode them all as alike in-

¹ P. 273.

credible; if one sacred orator may expatiate in the morning on the inspiration of the Bible and the truth of prophecy, and another in the afternoon show that special inspiration is a delusion, and that there has been no prophecy at all; if one man may defend the doctrines of the atonement or the resurrection, and another assail them as fanatical or superstitious corruptions of Christianity,—we may call such a collection of incoherent elements a National ‘Church’ if we will, but it is no communion, except in name. Let it be proposed to make it a reality in fact, and the conscience and honour of millions will soon perceive that such a theory of a National Church is untenable, and no National Church at all better than so peculiar a ‘communion of saints,’ based on indifference to truth, and cemented on reciprocal hypocrisies.

One of the most amusing passages is that in which the critic pleads for greater clerical liberty, forgetting apparently, that, whether the clergy ought to possess it or not, their present condition is wholly voluntary and self-imposed. If they violate their spontaneously assumed obligations, it is a curious way of proving their ardour in the cause of truth. Our critic exclaims, in vivid indignation, ‘It is almost openly avowed (and we are sorry to see this tendency as much amongst freethinking laymen as amongst fanatical clergymen) that truth was made for the laity and falsehood for the clergy—that truth is tolerable everywhere except in the mouths of the ministers of the God of Truth—that falsehood, driven from every other quarter of the educated world, may find an honoured refuge behind the consecrated bulwarks of the sanctuary.’

We need not stop to point out the grossness of the misrepresentation into which passion has here betrayed the advocate. He would be troubled, we suppose, to point out either ‘freethinking laymen’ or ‘fanatical clergymen’ who would ‘almost openly,’ or in any other way, avow that ‘truth was made for the laity and falsehood for the clergy.’ But he would probably find many a layman, and Churchman too, who would not only ‘almost openly,’ but quite openly, avow that if ever falsehood be made for the clergy, it is and can be only when they make it for themselves; that the falsehood consists in swearing that they do believe what they do not believe, and in deliberately violating obligations perfectly voluntary and self-imposed. We quite agree with this writer that the ‘state of subscription to the formularies of the Church is fraught with evil,’ and requires revision; we should be as glad as he can be to see a greater liberty—though not so great as he pleads for—allowed to clergymen. But while the ‘state of subscription’ lasts, we affirm that it is not competent to a clergyman to falsify oaths and subscrip-

tions, and then declare with a sanctimonious air, eloquent with indignant love of Truth, that 'falsehood, driven from every other quarter of the educated world, may find an honoured refuge behind the consecrated bulwarks of the sanctuary,' since it is, and can be, only the voluntary act of the priest himself who harbours it there; or that 'Truth is tolerable everywhere, except in the mouths of the ministers of the God of Truth,' since, if it be not tolerable there, it is only when men see that those who speak it, speak in the very act 'with a double tongue.'

As to the lamentations over the bondage of clergymen as compared with the freedom of laymen, the answer is, that the clergyman may have just the same liberty as the layman, only he must, like the layman, put himself in an honest position to exercise it; let him renounce the Articles and Formularies if he feels that he no longer approves them, and he is instantly at liberty to express any religious opinions he pleases. But he is not to take oaths that he solemnly believes momentous Articles, which yet he avows in his writings that he *disbelieves*. The question, therefore, is not whether the clergyman is not to have as *much* liberty as the layman, but whether he is to have a great deal more,—even a double liberty of saying and unsaying in a breath; a liberty surely worse than Egyptian bondage! The clergy sometimes arrogate to themselves the power of 'binding and loosing;' but the power of 'binding' themselves to the formularies, and 'loosing' themselves from the obligations thereby incurred, is a 'power of the keys' which few will think *ought* to belong to a Christian pastor, or to any one else. The answer, therefore, to all this virtuous indignation is very simple: This is a plea for altering or abolishing your terms of subscription if they be too strict; but not for solemnly swearing to them and violating them at the same time. 'Say what you please against me, do what you please,' the Church of England may well say to such rebellious children, 'but get out of my precincts *first*.' Whether, indeed, the clergy can, without constructing that chimera of a Church of which we have already said so much, have *all* the liberty which laymen may please to assume, is another question.

The Edinburgh Reviewer says—'They (the Essayists) do not deny miracles; but they feel the increasing difficulty which scientific and historical criticism places in the way of the old unreasoning reception of mere wonders, as interferences with natural law, or as absolute proofs of a Divine revelation, irrespectively of its contents.'¹ We answer that this is a mere evasion: in the case of three, if not of four, it is not a *theory* of miracles, but the *fact* of miracles, they doubt or deny; this is

¹ P. 486.

plainly the meaning of their language. How far the other writers would coincide with them is a question; but there is little in their Essays (though it seems they all wrote 'without concert'), which is at variance with the conclusion. He further says—'They have endeavoured to show how miracles may be removed altogether out of the sphere of logic into that of faith.' The sole purpose surely of this oracular expression is to throw dust in the reader's eyes. The question is, whether they do not seek to show how miracles may be removed out of the sphere of *fact*. Another possible solution provided for them is, that they 'would fain maintain that we are to believe the miracles for the sake of the doctrine, rather than the doctrine for the sake of the miracles.'¹ Thus has the reviewer obligingly imagined for the

¹ On this point we must make one or two remarks. Our critic says, 'The Essayists would fain maintain, with Dean Trench and St Augustine, that we are to believe the miracles for the sake of the doctrine, rather than the doctrine for the sake of the miracles.' Like many other sentences in this article, if plausible at all, it is so from its vagueness. It is obvious, first, that the great objection to the views of the Essayists, as apparently conveyed by the language of at least three of them, is, that they do not believe the miracles as *facts* at all. Will the reviewer pretend that this can be said of Dean Trench or St Augustine? Secondly, the statement that 'the miracles are to be believed for the sake of the doctrine, and not the doctrine for the sake of the miracles,' is at best, if taken generally, but specious nonsense; it ceases to have any meaning when we proceed to *discriminate* the different doctrines, and consider them in their necessarily different relations to the alleged miraculous facts. There are *some* doctrines, no doubt, so clear, so self-luminous, that they do not need any miracle to authenticate them. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.' 'Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' 'God is a Spirit; and they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth;'—such texts as these so commend themselves to reason and conscience, that, when once understood, no external corroboration is needed for them. If, then, these, and such as these, be the sole doctrines of Christianity, it may be said, in one sense, that they would throw a stronger light on miracles than miracles would throw on them. But, if such be the *only* doctrines of Christianity, it may well be asked whether the miracles are not more difficult to believe than ever. In addition to the 'increasing scientific difficulty,' on which our reviewer insists, on such an hypothesis, answer no end, and would terminate in a *cul-de-sac*. On the part of the Deity, they would seem no better than capricious and superfluous; to man, they could be nothing else than gratuitous puzzles, and worse than puzzles, if wrought for no *other purpose* than that they might be believed because backed by truths more evident (even as being self-evident) than themselves! But if we consider that there are other doctrines, which, if the New Testament be true, are of unspeakable importance, but which human reason could never discover for itself; which are of the nature of *facts*, and can be certified only by testimony and other extrinsic evidence,—obviously the view of them taken in the New Testament and by our Lord Himself,—then the maxim that the 'miracles are to be believed for the sake of the doctrine,' becomes a simple absurdity. That Jesus Christ was divinely commissioned to reveal the truths He proclaimed, and has Divine authority to enforce them; still more, the facts of His incarnation, atonement, resurrection, and such like,—these are truths which can only be believed because there is sufficient extrinsic ground for believing them, and amply vindicate the working of miracles to sustain them. The proper answer, therefore, to the above fallacy—for it is nothing more—is to ask, 'Which doctrines do you mean, when you say that the miracles rather derive light from them, than shed light upon them?'

statements in the book several explanations, of which the writers may take their choice.

The Edinburgh Reviewer, in spite of his cautious reservation of some questionable portions of the volume with a view of 'simplifying the case,' assuredly goes far enough in his apology. In fact, if we are fairly to accept his reasoning, and carry it to its only legitimate issue, he would cover with his shield even the parts of the volume which have given most offence. He tells us that he himself 'feels the utmost reluctance to part with any of the historical features of the sacred record,' yet he is apparently prepared to concede that a man may deny the whole *miraculous* history of the New Testament—the resurrection of Christ included—and yet not deny anything which should necessarily call in question his Christian belief, or prevent his consistently officiating in the Church of England. At least that is the only way in which his language can be understood; and if not so understood, is wholly irrelevant in the present controversy. It is a mere flourish of sentimental rhetoric, applicable in no way to the case of his clerical clients, and calculated only to blind simple jurymen. But, as we should be unfeignedly sorry to misrepresent him, we shall quote his very words. 'He is aware,' he tells us, 'that he is here treading on difficult and shifting ground;' and his steps too plainly indicate that he thinks so. Speaking of the seeming necessity of admitting the actual occurrence of the resurrection of Christ, he says, 'But our own assurance of this, and of like occurrences far less important, ought not to blind us to the fact that the very events and wonders, which to us are helps, to others are stumblingblocks; and though we shrink from abandoning anything which to us seems either necessary or true, yet we are bound to treat those who prefer to lean on other, and, as they think, more secure foundations, with the tenderness with which we cannot doubt they would have been treated by Him who blessed with His sacred presence the sincere inquiry of the doubting Apostle, and to Whom the craving for signs and wonders was a mark, not of love and faith, but of perverseness and unbelief.'¹ 'More secure foundations' than that cardinal event, apart from which, the Apostle Paul says, the whole Gospel is without significance! But let that pass. We know not when we have read a sentence which, under an air of charity, veils more unworthy sophistry. The simple question is, not whether sincere doubts of the miracles entitle any who are troubled with them to tenderness of treatment,—of which there is no question,—but whether those who have these doubts are precisely the persons to officiate as *clergymen*; whether, for example, if the 'doubting Apostle' had continued to doubt, he would still have

¹ P. 487.

been thought a fit man for the apostleship; and whether that fitness would have been at all increased if, *while* declaring he still doubted or denied, he had nevertheless asserted that *though* he doubted or even denied, he was quite willing to swear to the truth of the fact, sign an article to that explicit effect, and solemnly asseverate the truth of the same every time he officiated at the altar! This, and this alone, is the question in the present case; not whether a sincere and honest doubter, *out* of the Church, has claims, as he assuredly has, on Christian tenderness and sympathy.¹

Equally sophistical is the language in the latter part of the above sentence. Christ did indeed 'rebuke the craving' for further 'signs' in those to whom the most stupendous signs had been vouchsafed in vain, and justly refused to grant them. But it is futile to pretend that He attached but little importance to them, or that they had slight claims on belief, so long as His own most solemn and explicit appeals to His 'mighty works,' as proofs of His Divine commission, remain. 'If ye believe not Me, yet believe My works.' 'The works that I do in My Father's name, they bear witness of Me.' 'If I had not come among them, and done the works which none other man did, they had not had sin.' These texts, and others like them, are a sufficient answer to the sophistry by which it is pretended that Christ laid little stress on His miracles, and that a man may be a very good Christian, and yet doubt or deny them altogether.

The same apparent intention of proving that a man may be a very good Churchman as well as Christian, no matter whether he believes or denies the miracles of the New Testament, is seen in another passage.² 'On the subject of External and Internal Evidence, the silence of the formularies is still more impressive. There is no Article which bears even remotely on these most interesting topics. There is no definition of a miracle.' 'No definition' of a miracle, perhaps; but the fourth Article most explicitly asserts the fact of Christ's resurrection,—a fact which this writer admits to be the greatest of all miracles; and the sixth, by affirming the truth of the Old and New Testament, as

¹ The fact of Christ's resurrection—so expressly asserted in the New Testament—so essential, by Paul's express confession, to the system he preached—so essential, that without it, he affirms 'his preaching is vain,'—the equally explicit statement of it in the 10th Article, which is exclusively devoted to it,—forms a crucial test by which the sincerity of any man who affirms the incredibility of miracles, and yet remains in the Church of England, may be summarily tried. If he rejects *all* miracles, on the general scientific ground, then he rejects this; and is palpably at war both with the New Testament and with the 10th Article. If he admits this one miracle, then he abandons his principle; for he would have admitted the greatest miracle of all, and *THAT*, against which, the critical difficulties of the narrative are harder to solve than those which attach to the narrative of almost any other. The logical position of such a man would certainly not be enviable.

² P. 492.

expressly affirms the historical truth of the miracles in general. It is impossible to speak too strongly of the disingenuousness of these evasions.

Many, and the Bishop of London among them, are vehement for a confutation of the imputed errors of the volume, and think that *this* is the true remedy for any evil it may cause. In the opinion of others—and we own ourselves of the number—there is a 'previous question' to be settled before the writers of such a volume (supposing it still to mean what it is generally interpreted to mean) can challenge or deserve a confutation. Any such confutation, if matters stopped there, would not at all affect the main issues involved in the present controversy; nay, the more clear and palpable to the apprehension of people in general that confutation might be, the more flagrant would it make the evil appear, since it would but expose without correcting it. Confutation alone, supposing the errors truly imputed, would afford no remedy. Men, it seems, might still openly proclaim opinions at war with their most solemn declarations and subscriptions, and yet retain their position and emoluments, though the entire community not only saw their *inconsistencies*, but their *errors*! In the estimate of many, therefore, there is a question of quite as much importance as the truth or falsity of the opinions propounded,—namely, whether the book be rightly interpreted, and the authors mean what they seem to mean. If they do, then to argue with *them* is absurd, and out of place.—We say the question is of *as much* importance; in some respects it is of more: for, though it is impossible for any one who believes in the New Testament to overrate the magnitude of the question, as to whether it is or is not a Divine revelation,—whether its supernatural history be fact or fable,—whether its doctrines be inspired truth or the dreams of men's fancies,—yet it is equally true, that men cannot be Christians at all unless they be honest men; that it is a fundamental condition of all human society, that people should be truthful in their avowals and upright in their conduct; and that they should not swear one thing with their lips, and at the very same time deny it all under their own hands. The 'previous question' is therefore to us of much more weight than it seems to many,—namely, whether the authors of 'Essays and Reviews' (supposing them to mean what they are alleged to mean) deserve any other answer than that, while they continue in their present position, they cannot be heard; that though the arguments they have stolen from more consistent men have deserved, have received, and will receive answers, such answers are not vouchsafed to *them*. Men might say with justice, 'If we must enter upon the controversies raised by these writers, we shall choose to do so with those whose

position admits of a fair fight, with whom one may descend to the arena without staining one's sword; with those who, like many consistent Deists of our day, have done justice to their convictions, by refusing to administer a system their hearts had abjured; with men with whom the state of the question between us is clear, and leads to clear issues; who are not obliged, from the consciousness of an equivocal position, to resort to sophistical mystifications. We had rather fight the battle of infidelity with those who openly abet it, than with those who attack us in Christian uniform. The 'previous question' is the only one we can condescend to argue with such men,—namely, whether this book really means what is charged upon it; whether, for example, its authors really mean to deny the truth and reality of all miracles, and among them the greatest, the Resurrection of Christ. If they do, then, by their very position, they deserve no other answer than that they answer themselves; that, whoever be in the right, they must certainly be in the wrong, because they speak with a double tongue, and solemnly swear they believe what themselves declare they believe not.

The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* complains, that 'the truth or falsehood of the views maintained is treated almost as a matter of indifference' in the present controversy. It is so, and most justly, if the volume really carries the meaning which the generality of readers attach to it; and as long as they think that to be its meaning, they are justified in so treating it. Momentous as may be the questions at issue, it may nevertheless be quite right not to enter upon them at all, except with those who can honourably maintain the cause they espouse. No man will willingly fight with those who are the sworn champions of the side against which they offer to do battle.

Let us test the matter a little further, by seeing how men would judge in similar cases; and, for this purpose, let us take one or two examples which, though, as far as we can see, strictly analogous to the supposed case, are sufficiently different in other respects to bring out the resemblances the more palpably.

Suppose, for example, a Mahometan priest avowing that, in his belief, the whole story of the inspired character of the Koran and of its author was a delusion; that, though perfectly willing to swear that he believed in the religion of the Prophet, and to subscribe to the truth of his revelations, he believed his divine 'visions' were the product of a fanatical fancy, and his 'night-journey' from Mecca to heaven, and other such adventures, idle myth or lying legend; yet also avowing that he did not intend to quit the mosque unless turned out of it, for that the found his situation very comfortable, and was altogether uncertain what might be his prospects if he left it; that he was,

therefore, quite ready to perform the functions of a mollah, and to comply with the outward worship required by the Koran : Suppose this, we say, and suppose this more wonderful thing still, that the man was *not* turned out of 'his living'—though we imagine it would be difficult *out* of England to find any such intolerable 'toleration' of a public scandal,—but suppose such a case, and that the Mahometan in question is permitted to remain unmolested, can we think that Mahometans would think it necessary to enter into a consideration of his *arguments*, or deem it a fair case for a logical refutation ? No ; they would say, 'As long as the man occupies his present position, he sufficiently confutes himself ; it may be desirable, perhaps, to argue the claims of our religion with the dogs of infidels, with any of those who can *consistently* impugn them, but with a man who swears that he believes what he does *not* believe, and gives the lie by his conduct to the very truth he professes to hold, we cannot be called to argue.' And, for our part, we think that their contemptuous silence would be quite intelligible, and their reluctance to enter into controversy with such a double apostate—an apostate to the religion he still persisted in practising, though he had ceased to believe it, and an apostate to the convictions which he in effect ignored, and would not act up to—most reasonable. Many such unbelievers may no doubt exist both in the mosque and in the Christian Church ; but they generally take care, if only for shame's sake, to keep their unbelief to themselves ; and so long as that is the case, they of course do not come into controversy.

Let us take another instance. Munificent patrons of sacred learning have endowed certain lectureships for the defence of certain great doctrines of Christianity,—as, for example, of the inspiration of the Scriptures. There is the Warburtonian Lectureship, for instance, founded by the celebrated bishop whose name it bears, the object of which is to provide a perpetual series of lectures in the defence of the truth and inspiration of ancient prophecy, and to which, of course, a certain emolument is attached. Let us suppose the lecturer appointed ; and then, to the astonishment of the audience, claiming the liberty to descant, not on the truth, but on the falsity and non-fulfilment of sacred prophecy, contending, as some of these Essayists *appear* to do, that there is no such thing as true prophecy at all, yet coolly pocketing, at the same time, the emolument ;—would not the whole world cry shame upon the cheat ? Would any one think it worth while to give him a formal refutation ? Would not everybody say, 'There may or may not be force in some of the arguments you employ, but we cannot listen to them from *you* ; from *you*, at least, we can learn nothing more than that, if prophecy be false, so are you ; we cannot condescend to discuss our doubts

with men who are willing to receive "the wages of iniquity," and, being hired to defend a certain thesis,—instead of honestly saying that, not believing it, they cannot,—openly declare their denial of it, and hold out their hands for the price of honest adherence to it at the same time ?'

Take yet a third instance. There are hundreds of thousands of Nonconformists amongst us who refuse to enter the Church, not because they do not see the many advantages of so doing, or because they do not feel the disadvantages of *not* so doing, but because conscience does not permit them. Of these there are many to whom the most munificent rewards of conformity would be open, while their life has been one of self-denial, from obedience to their scruples. Between them and the Church the differences are all but infinitesimal, compared with the portentous differences between these writers, if rightly interpreted, and that same Church. Yet we suppose that if any one of them should say—and we see not why the *whole of them*, on the principles on which these writers are often defended, might not say—'I see that the differences between me and the Church are nothing compared with those which these writers avow, and therefore I will not hesitate to proclaim my *ex animo* assent and consent to statements, taken in the "plain grammatical sense," which I do not believe,'—there is not one of his brethren in the ranks of Nonconformity, not one of the multitudes of honest subscribers to the Articles, who would not pronounce him a shameless palterer with truth and conscience. Yet if the principles on which these writers are by many defended be admitted, we see not why the Dissenters should not flock into the Church *en masse*, and proclaim their opposition to Establishments in general, and their opposition to the English Establishment in particular, as freely as they do now. They could not do it *more* openly than three, if not four, out of the seven *seemingly* proclaim their rejection of all miracles, of all prophecy, and of all special inspiration. Those 2000 confessors of 1662, who have been so lauded for sacrificing their interests to their consciences, and who rather abandoned their livings than subscribe to what they did not believe—whose heroic conduct has often been the theme of eulogy to Churchmen themselves—these men, we say, ought, if the new principles of subscription be defensible, rather to be considered as poor shallow fools, who should have subscribed to all that was asked of them, and then proclaimed their unbelief of it as before !

To all these classes of equivocators, we fancy people would in general say that it was too much, while they occupied such a position, to expect any other answer than contemptuous silence, and that they must at least cease to be traitors to truth before they could become her champions. If their claim to be heard

and to receive a logical confutation would be simply called impudent, we see not why a similar claim on behalf of the Essayists (if the public has rightly interpreted their book) should be designated by any softer epithet.

That the cases we have taken are strictly analogous to that of several of the writers of this volume, if their language really conveys their sentiments, there can be no reasonable doubt. Take, for example, the writers of whom it may be said, if words have any definite meaning, that they have completely renounced all belief in the miracles of the Old or New Testament, and surrendered themselves to the *would-be* scientific dogma that all such events are incredible. If this be the case, they cannot receive even so cardinal a doctrine of the New Testament as that of the resurrection of Christ—that fact on which the whole credit of the Gospel is staked—without which the whole superstructure of our religion falls to the ground—apart from which the founders of that religion are, by their own confession, proved either to have been the most credulous idiots or the most abandoned deceivers. Now, is it within the bounds of credibility that these Essayists do not believe that the literal assertion of the reality of this stupendous event is made with the utmost clearness, peremptoriness, and frequency in the New Testament? If it be said that this is indeed incredible, and that they doubtless *do* believe that all this is asserted in the New Testament, but that they believe, notwithstanding, that it is all untruly said, then with what face can they subscribe *ex animo*, and in the ‘plain grammatical sense,’ the fourth Article, wherein we are told, ‘Christ did truly rise again from death, and took again His body with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man’s nature, wherewith He ascended into heaven, and there sitteth until He return to judge all men at the last day.’ With what face can they, Sunday after Sunday, repeat the Creed, which so solemnly affirms Christ’s resurrection from the dead, and other miraculous facts of His history; or profess doctrines and partake in rites which have no significance except as part of a supernatural and miraculously attested revelation? What is this but to profess Christ and to renounce Him—to eat the bread of the Church and betray her at the same time?

We have said, that the tendency to excuse, if not vindicate the conduct charged on the Essayists—that is, with a clear admission of its inconsistencies—is one of the most sinister omens of our own times. Single instances of presumed equal deviation from the formularies have now and then occurred; but they have been passed by because rare or sporadic, and because they evoked no general controversy. But the ‘Seven Essays,’ whether

the result was designed or not, have suggested the idea of an enterprise, the object of which is the final triumph of latitudinarianism, and have unquestionably led not only to timid half apologies for it, but in some instances to the open maintenance of the principle, that men may still advocate all that is in this volume, as generally interpreted, and yet blamelessly officiate in the Church of England! The like spectacle has been unhappily common enough in Germany, whence has come also the theology, or rather the neology, which is to be supported by such practices. There, chairs have been held, pulpits retained, endowments appropriated, oaths and subscriptions taken, by many who have retained nothing of the Christian but the name; in whose estimate the last vestige of the supernatural facts of Christianity has evaporated in the crucible of criticism. Strauss, at the close of his 'Leben Jesu,' even discusses, at great length and with infinite *sangfroid*, the question, whether one who has entirely abandoned historic Christianity, in whose estimate the superhuman in the life of Christ is a mere collection of myths and legends, may not hold a church-living, and preach old-fashioned orthodoxy to those who still believe in it,—only taking care not to shock their prejudices by letting them see his incredulity! Such a man, of course, is not simpleton enough to have any prejudices to shock, historical or moral; but this caution as to the *flock*, is of itself sufficient to cover the reasoning of Strauss with infamy. Happily we have not yet come to anything so shameless in England; but there is no saying to what we *may* come, if the doctrines of some of our writers prevail.

It would be curious, if there were space, to speculate on the causes which seem to connect license of scriptural misinterpretation with laxity of conscience in the matter of subscription. Perhaps it may be said, that by the time a man has so plied his exegesis as to have thoroughly weeded out the supernatural element from the Bible, or has proved to his own satisfaction that it is a matter of very little consequence to Christianity whether it be believed or not, or that in the latter case he may be just as fit for the Christian ministry as in the first, he will have acquired both a twist of the understanding and a moral apathy which will enable him, as the proverb has it, to 'drive a coach-and-six' through any set of Articles whatever, however solemnly he may have sworn his 'unfeigned assent and consent' to them. In Germany, and now in England, the same conjunction of phenomena is witnessed. It is the more striking when we recollect that those who plead for this latitudinarianism of sentiment and practice are continually harping on their superiority to the *letter*, and that they give the *spiritual* and *moral* its due ascendancy over *external* evidence! It is but an indif-

ferent proof of it, if they practise evasions, to retain their position in a Church with whose formularies and their own subscriptions they are hopelessly at variance. The chief characteristics of the neological style of criticism, and the Jesuitry to which it inevitably led among the German Rationalists, are vividly depicted in the following admirable sketch of Menzel in his 'German Literature;' and we give it the rather for the sake of the sagacious estimate at its close, of the transitory influence of the 'life-long labours' of rationalistic criticism; of the futility of its efforts to disguise the plain meaning of the Bible, or to induce simple and truth-loving people to accept the book at all on such terms. As he truly says, 'the felling of the ancient sacred forest of the Bible, against which the Rationalist lifts his axe, is but a magical illusion of his own brains.' The majestic growth still towers to heaven and mocks all his efforts. Menzel's anticipation of the result in his own country has already been in great part fulfilled. As it has been in Germany, so we predict it will be in England. Those who adopt a style of interpretation which at all hazards is to get rid of the supernatural history of the Bible, may possibly be induced in time to renounce the Bible altogether; but few will long bear the yoke of such a criticism, or endure such a strain on their credulity, as is implied in challenging extraordinary veneration for the Bible, when it must—if the theory which rejects all that is supernatural in it be true—have been compiled by men who were necessarily either the most consummate knaves or the most consummate fools. But the Bible secures itself by its very structure from all such attempts to disintegrate its elements. It has so blended together its supernatural history and its peculiar doctrines, that it leaves men no other alternative than either to accept both or to reject both.

'Whilst a multitude of sceptics, atheists, deists, and materialists, after the time of Voltaire and Hume, or after the appearance of the Wolfenbüttel fragments, and Frederick the Great, were audaciously renouncing the Church, or openly manifesting their open hostility to it; or, at the best, acquiesced in it with indifference; there was forming *within* the Church a peculiar species of *miners*, who, under the mask of attachment to it and to the true faith, lived in just the same unbelief. These gentlemen laughingly teach their *dear* theological pupils, that unbelief is the true apostolical original *faith*—the system proved both by reason and Scripture. Christ—they do not deny Him—he is in their esteem a truly worthy man; they make Him talk, however, all their insipidities, and by a little exegetical jugglery turn Him, now into a Kantian, now into a Hegelian, and now into some other *an*, just as our Master Professor pleases. In our learned age, everything hinges simply on the art of *interpretation*; a man might in truth be a Bouze, and swear on the symbolical books of Fo, and yet, by means of a dexterous exegesis,

invest the stupid books with as reasonable a meaning as a man would wish to see. The words they leave as they are; yea, they swear by them; but they think the while of something quite different. Ought mental reservation to be considered an exclusive entail of the Catholic clergy? Ought it, even among the Catholics, to be given only to the sly Jesuits? Are not *we* also a cunning people? Yet I will not be unjust,—something base, undoubtedly, there is in the matter; but perhaps it lies not in the end, but simply in the means. The people *will* not play the hypocrite; and these persons believe that they must do it, only with a good design,—that of furthering by this pious means the true interests of humanity. They seek in this regular, legitimate, and church-like way, gradually and imperceptibly, and simply by the artifices of interpretation, to transform the old stupid faith into the modern wisdom of rationalism. In the life-long attempt to convert, by exegetical rooting, grubbing, and clipping the mighty forest of the Scriptures,—reposing in its deep-rooted strength, towering in majestic growth to heaven, and interlaced with innumerable creeping plants, tendrils, and luxuriant flowers,—into a little bald, barren, rationalistic system of some semi-Kantian or semi-Hegelian, intersected with a couple of mathematically-clipped yew hedges in the French style of gardening, and just kept alive by some nice little philosophical streamlet;—in such life-long attempts, I say, there may be, if we will, something exciting; but it will be said indeed, if, when the labour is over, some fifty years hence, and the stalwart workman expects to rejoice in his work, he should behold another generation springing up, who see the forest still standing,—that ‘ancient sacred wood,’ on which never axe was lifted up; who maintain that all that the woodman had done was mere illusion; that he had hewn down the wood only in his own imagination, and that the pretty little barren yew-clipped garden existed nowhere but in his own rationalist brains!

‘The absurdity of trying by any subtlety to extract their reason out of the Bible, would perhaps be unintelligible if these gentlemen did not attach to such a Bible derivation of their doctrine great practical value. The Bible and their reason are irreconcilable; why should they not let them remain asunder? Why try violently to harmonize things which are and ever will be discordant? Answer: Although they may be convinced of the infallibility of their reason, yet a certain instinct tells them that this reason wants a something to give it force; and so they do not disdain to make even the Bible, by duly disciplining and interpreting it, depose in their favour,—that Bible which they themselves despise, which is so mere a stumbling-block in their way, which, in truth, they often hate, but which, by the people, is still accounted *holy*. The Bible is already in undisputed possession of authority; they well know what that authority is worth, and hence they seek to establish themselves in that possession. If the Bible was not, by its spirit and its letter, of supreme authority in the Church, there is not a rationalist who would trouble himself about the cumbersome book.’

- ART. VIII.—1. *A Practical Treatise on the Law of Marriage, Divorce, and Legitimacy, as administered in the Divorce Court and in the House of Lords.* By JOHN FRASER MACQUEEN, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London, 1860.
2. *The Conflict of Laws in Cases of Divorce.* By PATRICK FRASER, Advocate. Edinburgh, 1861.
3. *Resolutions of the Faculty of Advocates on the Conjugal Rights (Scotland) Bill.* 1860.

It would perhaps be difficult to determine which class of human directory laws has been, on the whole, productive of the greatest amount of human misery. The rules necessary for our social well-being ever bring with them a woful list of exceptional cases, in which the public good has involved the private hurt. Our criminal code is many a time perverted to the oppression of the innocent—the unbending maxims of our civil courts are frequently the cause of the greatest injustice—the laws of property sometimes despoil the rightful owner to enrich the holder of a better legal claim—the regulations of our mercantile laws often give fraud a secure triumph—while our financial arrangements perpetually disturb trade, and carry starvation into a thousand homes. Yet, on whatsoever branch of jurisprudence may lie the charge of working the heaviest sum of suffering, perhaps we shall not err in saying that the sharpest and cruellest pangs are those which have been inflicted by our marriage laws. The contract which they affect, divine in its origin, mystic in its nature, holy in its obligation, becomes, by its subjection to human ordinances, infected with human imperfection. Applying to the dearest relations of life,—involving all that is most precious in our honour, our happiness, and our hopes,—touching most closely those whose sensibilities are tenderest, whose affections are most devoted, and whose weakness is least defended,—the errors and defects of the laws by which it is construed pierce to the very heart. This peculiar distinction has been amply, if unconsciously, illustrated by those whose office is, for our amusement, to tent and probe the wounds of humanity. Fiction has seldom aimed at exposing the shortcomings of other departments of the law; and when she has, she has most often failed to hit her mark. A general system may indeed be attacked with some artistic success, as the poor laws were by Miss Martineau, or the abuses of the Court of Chancery by Mr Dickens. The details of a trial for life or death may be, as in the 'Heart of Midlothian' or 'Adam Bede,' so presented as to engage all our sympathies. But a novel, of which the plot should be based upon the difficulties in the Statute of Frauds

or the intricacies of fee and liferent, would be felt by the majority of readers to be what English lawyers call 'void for remoteness.' Not such, however, is the interest which belongs to an elopement, a wedding by a false priest, or the destruction of a marriage certificate. These incidents, a thousand times repeated, down to the last novel of the day, the '*Adventures of Philip*,' never pall upon the reader's attention. They yield, indeed, in attraction only to the romance of fact. The whole kingdom is agitated with sympathy, with compassion, and with disgust, when, in the reports of a court of justice, there is unrolled before us some tale of villany that has made the marriage law its stepping-stone to success. Yet these are but rare and chance disclosures of sorrows such as at this day embitter many a bosom. Only the doctor, the clergyman, or the lawyer, unhappy depositaries of so many secrets of cureless wrong, can guess at the multitude of cases in which a momentary neglect of caution, an inadvertence to, or ignorance of, statutory requirement and judicial interpretation

'Takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths.'

And only those whom accident enables to follow the history of such cases beyond the moment of agony when the knowledge first comes that all most dear has been perilled, and has been irremediably lost, can tell how far descending is the heritage of misery that takes its rise in deception under legal forms, or in an honestly conceived misapprehension of what is required by law to make the nuptial contract binding.

It is therefore not strange that the adjustment of doctrines on which so much depends should have occupied the frequent attention of the greatest lawyers and statesmen of this country. And in considering now the result of their efforts, we enjoy the peculiar advantage of being able to contemplate, side by side, the operation of the two radically distinct principles to which in different parts of the kingdom they have had recourse. In Scotland and in England the consent of the parties is the essence of marriage. But in Scotland the existence of this consent has been left to be proved by any circumstances from which it could fairly be inferred, and has even been presumed by the law from the existence of certain independent facts. This consent may be given in secret, it may be concealed for years, and it needs no sanction of parental authority. Down to the year 1754 a somewhat similar rule prevailed in England; but in that year the great Lord Hardwicke procured the passing of regulations which,

with certain important modifications, have ever since formed the basis of the English marriage code. They established the principle that consent should neither be inferred, nor even allowed to be proved, save when it had been indicated by a certain fixed ceremony. Whatever the solemnity of an engagement undertaken in any other form, it was declared absolutely null and void. This indispensable ceremony was surrounded with provisions intended to secure its public notoriety. To the parents or guardians of minors was given the right of objecting, and such objection was made fatal even where the legal form of contract had supervened. No two systems, it is obvious, could be more diametrically opposed in legal principle than the English and the Scottish thus are. Each has its strenuous advocates. The English is supported by almost all the jurists of that country, and by many of those of the sister kingdom. The Scottish is defended only by some, though those indeed among the most eminent, of its native doctors; but it is upheld more powerfully by the resolute *nolumus leges Scotiæ mutari* of the people. But in the conflict they labour under heavy disadvantages. They are but one to six of their opponents. They have to maintain that the most important of human engagements should be left to be established by looser evidence than is required for the transfer of an estate, or the guarantee of a trivial debt. They have to maintain that a connection, which may involve the most important interests of third parties, should be allowed to be constituted and continued in absolute secrecy. They have to maintain that a bond, which the common sentiment of Christendom has dignified as being, if not a sacrament, yet a holy and indissoluble union, should be permitted to be formed without religious invocation. They have to maintain that, for the solemn service of the Church, the public benediction of her ministers, and the security of entries in the imperial records, may be substituted, with equal advantage, a couple of lines written on a scrap of paper, a mock ceremony in the taproom of a village ale-house, or the hearsay report of witnesses dead years before the question comes to be tried.

Yet, weighty as the objections to the Scottish system are, and forcibly as they have been urged by men who deservedly receive our highest respect, it would be unjust alike to it and to its rival to accept them as conclusive. Were our search only after the symmetrical beauty and theoretical perfection of law, we might indeed rest here content. The English rule, if not simple in its details, is at least in principle most simple. It embodies rules of conduct to which almost all educated and well-disposed minds will desire to conform their practice. The general custom, indeed, is, without legal intervention, the same in both countries. Mar-

riages in Scotland, we need scarcely inform our southern readers, are, in the overwhelming majority of instances, celebrated with almost precisely the same decent and reverent ceremonies as in England. They are solemnized by a clergyman, in the presence of the invited friends, they are preceded by publication of banns, and they are certified by entry in a public register. They are indeed not celebrated within a church, nor at any fixed hour of the day; but a like exemption is a privilege which any man of rank in England may purchase by payment of the fees for a special license. It is, therefore, not the general operation of the Law of Marriage in Scotland which we have to contrast with that of England, but its bearing upon certain exceptional and isolated cases. And our inquiry here must be, whether, by subjecting these rare instances to the operation of a stricter rule, we should not necessarily raise a new class of doubts for every one which we might set at rest, and whether we should not alter the general law for the worse, in the endeavour to make it better suited to individual circumstances. For, in regard to marriage, there are certain obvious principles which ought to form our guide, and which are different from those applicable to any other civil obligation. In every other contract legal accuracy is of paramount importance, for it is the embodiment of the general convenience. Nullity of the contract is the just and appropriate penalty of disregard of the legal form which has been established for the general guidance. Such nullity is the result of deliberate choice or inexcusable negligence, and it only leaves the parties where they were before they entered into their bargain. But the penalty becomes wholly different where it is exacted for errors in which the affections have overborne the intellect, where its enforcement may violate morality, and where *restitutio in integrum* becomes impossible. It is evident that, in the presence of such elements, questions of legal analogy, of formal propriety, of convenience to courts of justice, become immaterial; and that the true problem to which we must address ourselves is, to find that system which, irrespective of the theories of lawyers, shall practically, and in the main, best conform to the precepts of justice, virtue, and religion.

In this view, the history of the successive changes which have been made by statute in the marriage law of England, since it was first taken under statutory direction, is highly instructive. There is a higher wisdom than legislative wisdom, and the influence of the public opinion of a civilised country formed out of the experience of generations, is more powerful than the emphatic declarations of the most exalted legal authorities. Let us, then, ere we enter into the comparison between the present state of the English and Scottish law, briefly review the enact-

ments on which the former is founded, and examine the modifications which the mere necessity of circumstances has engrafted on a system which the most eminent jurists and statesmen had exhausted their skill in framing.

It has been already observed that the original marriage law of England was in many respects similar to that of Scotland. It was indeed far more uncertain; and even where it was ascertained, it was subject to some singular inconsistencies. A striking instance of the former peculiarity occurs in the fact that it is only seventeen years since it was decided that, by the common law, prior to the Marriage Act, solemnization by a clergyman was necessary to make matrimony complete. The poets and novelists had, indeed, perhaps faithfully reflecting the common opinion, settled the point long before. The invalidity of a marriage celebrated by a pretended priest is the foundation of many a plot of the romances of the first half of last century. Yet many great lawyers, among whom it is enough to cite the names of Coke, Blackstone, Holt, Kenyon, Ellenborough, Mansfield, Stowell, and Story, laid it down that the mere consent of the parties, without any ceremony, constituted in law true marriage. This was, in fact, the general law of Europe anterior to the Council of Trent, and the decrees of that Council were never accepted in England. At last, however, in 1844, in the *Queen v. Millis*, the point was brought to solemn argument in the House of Lords. It was an appeal from a conviction for bigamy in Ireland; and as the old English law was in force in that country, the validity of the first marriage depended on the question, whether by that law the intervention of a parson was requisite. The English judges were called in, and, acknowledging that the point was full of difficulty, inclined to the affirmative. With them agreed Lords Lyndhurst, Cottenham, and Abinger, while Lords Denman, Campbell, and Brougham supported the negative. The House being thus equally divided, the decision was, according to the rule in such cases, to affirm the judgment appealed against. And thus it is now settled that, prior to the Marriage Acts, solemnization by a priest was requisite. Yet it is curious to reflect that, had the decision in the Court below been different, the equal division in the Appeal Court would, by the same rule of practice, have settled the disputed point in a diametrically opposite way. But whether or not consensual contracts unsanctified by religious rites ever amounted to complete marriage, it is certain that they created obligations not much inferior in force. Neither party could withdraw from them, and either might at any time, even after a regular marriage with another had supervened, apply to the Ecclesiastical Courts to compel the celebration of the ceremony. So, too, the mere living together

as husband and wife, not under a present consent, but following on a promise to marry, was either marriage, or a contract to marry, which the law would enforce. So, too, there were cases in which no evidence of any ceremony could be given, but in which evidence that the parties had for years acknowledged each other as husband and wife was held sufficient to support the fact of legal marriage.

But there was one material point in which the law at that time was more defective than that of Scotland has been for two centuries past. The general practice in England then, as it is in Scotland now, undoubtedly was to celebrate marriage by the aid of a clergyman, and subject to the notices and the ritual prescribed by the Church. But while in Scotland, by the Act 1661, c. 34, not merely the parties to a marriage in which these formalities were disregarded had been subjected to penalties, but the celebrator had been made punishable, no such provision had found its way into the English statute book. The consequence was a state of things the like of which has never existed in Scotland. The sanctions of religious ceremonies, and of the blessing implored or bestowed by a clergyman, were profaned to the most indecent and fraudulent purposes. The class of 'Fleet parsons' sprang into active use and rich emolument. These were degraded and disgraced clergymen, who, nevertheless, according to the theory of the Church, having been once clergymen were always clergymen, and who, within the purlieus of the Fleet prison, or in whatever other place they might be wanted, and could venture to be seen, were ever ready to perform the nuptial rites without inquiry and without scruple. Thence arose a perpetual series of violent abductions of heiresses, completed by the intervention of a Fleet marriage; of fraud upon fraud, as in the case of Beau Fielding, who, intending to repair his fortunes by clandestine marriage with a rich widow, was imposed upon by the substitution of a woman of the town, while the marriage, notwithstanding the *error personæ*, subjected him to the penalties of bigamy on his entering into a second marriage with the Duchess of Cleveland; of seductions perpetrated under the guise of marriage by a clergyman, where the known facility with which a real clergyman could be had made it easy for a villain to deceive his victim by procuring some one to personate the clerical functionary. These scandalous abuses loudly called for a legislative remedy. A remedy might have been found, as it had been in Scotland, in the imposition of civil penalties on the guilty; but while this was done with ample severity, a further punishment was enacted, which, in many instances, fell with crushing weight on the innocent and the honest.

The Statute 26 Geo. II., c. 33, drawn and carried through Parliament by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, declared, that for the future, any marriage had without prior publication of banns in the churches of the parishes to which the parties might belong (unless in virtue of a license obtained from the proper party), or which should not be celebrated in one of such parish churches, should be void. The license here spoken of is not the special license, which only the Archbishop of Canterbury can grant, and which dispenses with the requirements of law in respect of place and time, but the ordinary license, in the name of the bishop of the diocese, obtainable, at a fee of about L.3, from any of the numerous 'surrogates' in the diocese, which dispenses only with the publication of banns. But before such a license could be had, Lord Hardwicke's Act required, that one of the parties should have resided in the parish for four weeks. To the validity of the license, and of the marriage following on it, the consent of the parents or guardians was made essential, if either of the parties was a minor. No provision was made for the case of any incapacity or refusal to consent on the part of the father, if he were in life; but if he was dead, and the mother or guardian was unable to give, or unreasonably refused, permission to marry, the impatient lovers were offered an appeal to the sympathizing bosom of the Chancellor himself. A marriage by banns—if that were the course resorted to—did not require the express consent of the parents of a minor; but the notice was to be read three times, on three successive Sundays, in the middle of the morning service, and if the parent or guardian then declared his objection, it avoided any marriage which might follow. The marriage—supposing these preliminaries were duly performed—was to be solemnized only between the hours of 8 and 12 noon; it was to be in the presence of at least two witnesses; an entry was to be immediately made and signed by the parties and the clergyman in the parish registers, and any falsification of such entry was declared punishable with death.

Such were the essential features of the measure. They amounted to this, that no marriage of a minor could be valid without the consent of his parents or guardians; and that no marriage of any one could be valid unless celebrated by a clergyman in a church, after due notice given in the parishes in which the parties had resided. But these principles, spite of the eating cancer of the Fleet scandals, and of the superlative authority by which the remedy was suggested, met with no very favourable reception in the country or in Parliament. Mr Macqueen, in the work the title of which is prefixed to this article, and in which the non-legal reader will find a great deal of learning, enlivened by a vivacity of style and variety of illus-

tration which it may be wished were more common in law-books, thus describes the feelings which the bill excited :—

‘It is the fashion to speak of Lord Hardwicke’s Act as an advance in civilisation, and Scotland is charged with barbarism for having resisted every attempt to introduce it in that kingdom. Yet was this measure when it passed most unpopular in England. Not only the people at large, but some of the greatest and wisest of our public men, were strenuously opposed to it, and afterwards lamented its passing as a national calamity. Its practical working is said to have made good all that its opponents had predicted. The discontent is represented as having been nearly universal.

‘About a quarter of a century after Lord Hardwicke’s enactment, Mr Fox, in June 1781, brought in a bill to repeal it. On that occasion, delivering one of his greatest orations, he described the New Marriage Law as “tyrannical, unjustifiable, oppressive, and ridiculous.” He was followed by Sir George Yonge, who, painting in strong colours the mischief of all restrictions upon matrimony, denounced the measure of Lord Hardwicke, after the experience had of it, as a “very disgraceful and pernicious law, not only impolitic, but wicked.”

‘Mr Fox’s bill was read a second time, by a majority of 90 to 27. It was read a third time, passed, and carried in triumph to the House of Lords, where, however, it was rejected on the second reading; since which time the people of England, more obedient than the Scotch, have come, under the tuition of the Legislature, to look upon clandestine and consensual marriages as things, not only illegal here, but of very questionable morality in those countries where they are still allowed. So that what Englishmen viewed with abhorrence seventy-five years ago—what Mr Fox and Sir George Yonge pronounced “tyrannical, unjustifiable, oppressive, ridiculous, disgraceful, pernicious, impolitic, and wicked,”—the Scotch are now held up as wilfully blind and obstinate for not adopting, at the recommendation of those very neighbours who so recently entertained and so furiously expressed such opposite opinions.’

So thoroughly well, however, as a legislative draftsman, had the great Chancellor done his work, that for seventy years no lawyer dared to think that he could amend what was there set down. But it must not be supposed that the rules, simple, brief, and accurately penned as they were, succeeded in excluding difficulty of interpretation in every case. There was more litigation on the subject of the validity of marriages than ever, for the litigation was now no longer confined to the question of fact, whether or not there had been real consent—it further dealt with questions of law. There had to be settled, in the innumerable instances in which accident, mistake, or design had led the parties to deviate ever so little from the statutory requirements, whether or not such deviation was a fatal error. Thus, while it

was held that publication of banns in the Christian name of William only—whereas there were two Christian names, William Peter—invalidated the marriage, it was in another case held, that the writing the surname as Ewen, in a license, instead of the true name Ewing, did not invalidate the marriage. It is obvious what a field for hair-splitting distinctions lay between these two examples. So, too, there were questions as to what was celebration in a church, and what was a church; questions as to whether consent of parents might be implied, and what amounted to implied consent; whether, when given, it might be recalled, and what amounted to recall; whether it was essential if the marriage took place out of England, the decision on which being, after some fluctuations, in the negative, gave rise to Gretna Green marriages. Then there were questions as to who might institute suits to declare the nullity of a marriage; whether the party through whose fault or fraud it had occurred; whether the relatives of one or other; whether those interested in the property of either; and so on *ad infinitum*.

But by the time that the Act had been cleared, or darkened, by abundant judicial interpretation, the forebodings of Fox became evidently truths; and it was felt by all, that the lawyers of the last century had, in this matter, laid a burden on men's shoulders too heavy to be borne. It was acknowledged, that it could not be the true principle on which a marriage law should rest, that an unwitting blunder in a technical point should have the effect of setting the parties loose from their bond, and of irremediably bastardizing their issue. So the 3 Geo. IV., c. 75, repealed the provision which made consent of parents requisite to a marriage by license, in every case in which the parties had cohabited, and no proceedings had before the Act been taken to set the marriage aside. But the wording of the Act presented an unhappy contrast to the elegant precision which distinguished Lord Hardwicke's; and ere a year was out, an ominous crop of litigation sprang from its fertile soil. Next year, however, Lord Hardwicke's Act was itself repealed in full; and a new statute, 4 Geo. IV., c. 76, undertook to regulate the whole law relating to marriage, with full appreciation of the experience which had at such cost been accumulated.

The main principle of this statute (which forms, with some amending Acts, the existing authority on the matter of marriages *in facie ecclesiæ*), is, while retaining almost unaltered the machinery and provisions for order and publicity suggested by Lord Hardwicke, to restrict the extreme penalty of nullity of the marriage to the cases where *wilfully*, and with the knowledge of *both* parties, the marriage was solemnized without license or banns, or not in a church or licensed chapel, or by a

person not in holy orders. The publication of banns is regulated as before, and may be made void by an objection stated by the parent or guardian of a minor; but a license is now obtainable on a fortnight's general residence, and on an oath that the parent or guardian of a minor consents; though a false oath does not affect the validity of the marriage. Nullity is therefore no longer the penalty of marriage of minors without express consent of parents, nor of a marriage procured irregularly in any way by fraud of one of the parties, without the knowledge of the other. These breaches of rule are still punished; but the punishment is made to consist in fine or imprisonment, or in forfeiture of property, which would otherwise have accrued through the union. But important and salutary as these alterations were, they still left serious defects, for which the Legislature was called on to find a remedy. The first was in principle. There are many persons who object from religious scruples to be married in a church; perhaps there are still more who are somewhat indifferent whether their union be in the eye of law a marriage or not, and who are even deterred, by the very respectability of a church and a clergyman, from proffering themselves to secure the benefit of such respectability. To meet these very different cases, the Act of 6 and 7 Will. IV., c. 85, was passed. It abandoned altogether, in favour of those who might choose to avail themselves of its provisions, the ecclesiastical and religious element of matrimony. It authorized marriages to be celebrated in the office of any district registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, by mere declaration of consent made by the parties in the presence of the registrar. It embodied provisions as to previous notice, intended to be equivalent to the provisions of law applicable to marriages *in facie ecclesiæ*. In place of banns in church, the notice of marriage was to be read at three successive meetings of the Board of Guardians for the poor of the parish. Instead of a license from the bishop's surrogate, a license might, on an oath to the like effect, be had from the superintendent registrar. The marriage in the registrar's office must take place between 8 and 12 o'clock, with open doors, in the presence of two witnesses; and, as a matter of course, it is instantly registered. These things so done, the marriage is to all effects and purposes valid; and only wilful and fraudulent deception by both parties, in reference to the essentials of the form, can avail as a ground for setting it aside. This statute has been amended by some subsequent Acts, but its leading principles remain unaltered.

But even the restriction of nullity to the single case, where both parties consent to misrepresentation on an essential point, has not been found under these Acts to render the proof of mar-

riage much easier than before. Still questions perplex the courts with reference to the interpretation of the words on which so much hangs. Still it is often needful to institute suits to learn what amount of wrong spelling, of omission of one of several Christian names—what use of the name of common repute, instead of that of baptism or descent, or *vice versa*,—will be sufficient to turn a marriage ceremony into so many idle words. Still it becomes frequently necessary to ascertain who is a clergyman, and what is a church or chapel. A remedy to these doubts is sought in fresh statutory definition. Since the commencement of the present reign there have been about twenty such statutes passed, some retrospective and special, some prospective and general. It may readily be conceived how perplexed the code is growing; and it may be imagined what a mass of incertitude must exist, when parliamentary action has been invoked to such an extent, to set at rest the comparatively small proportion of the doubtful cases in which the interests at stake, and the palpable and immediate difficulty, can have been great enough to suggest an appeal to the Legislature.

In this rapid and necessarily most imperfect outline of the history of statutory formalities applied to the marriage contract, may be read the condemnation of human interference in restraint of a divine institution. Every course has been tried—from the stern simplicity of Lord Hardwicke, to the diffuse multiplicity of modern days; and every system has been found productive of endless embarrassment, and of innumerable instances of cruel wrong done for the vindication of legal form, and of almost more cruel uncertainty arising out of the conflict between Acts of Parliament and the facts of daily life. And it must be observed, that the uncertainties which it has been attempted to remove by Acts of Parliament, each applying to an indefinite number of persons, but themselves exceeding in number the whole tale of the individual cases which within the same period have arisen for judicial decision in Scotland, are for the most part not, as in Scotland, cases where the parties themselves are to blame for resorting to surreptitious and barely legal forms, but cases in which the desire and intention of the parties was honestly to enter into the nuptial bond, and in which their belief was, that they had duly complied with every legal formality. If it be the fact, as it frequently is asserted to be, that in Scotland a man may not know whether he is married or not, unfortunately the doubt is of far more frequent occurrence in England; it arises in more painful circumstances, and is of far more difficult solution.

On the head of the comparative certainty attainable by the enactment of indispensable forms of proof, no more, therefore, need now be said. The statutes and the reports furnish unim-

peachable evidence, that the 'barbarous' rule of ascertaining the fact of consent by any available proof, leads in practice to an incomparably greater degree of certainty than can be arrived at by the enactment of rigid rules, by which the admissibility of evidence is restricted to the establishing of certain definite acts. And they are an authority equally incontrovertible in establishing the proposition, that to insist upon a religious rite being always interposed as part of the marriage ceremony, is a course which cannot, in the present state of thought and feeling in this country, be attempted or maintained. It now remains that, passing from the purely legal view, we consider the respective social and moral advantages suggested in favour of each system. And, in this regard, the charges which are brought by the advocates of statutory forms against the admission of mere proof of consent, seem reducible to the following heads: 1st, That it permits of marriages being entered into hastily, and without notice to the natural advisers of the parties, or to those interested in their proceedings; 2d, That it gives facilities to the designing for the perpetration of fraud.

No doubt can exist, that each of these classes of possibilities ought, as far as is in our power, to be provided against. But we may observe, that they are nevertheless of a materially different nature. Fraud ought in all cases to be punished; but it cannot be said that clandestinity ought in all cases to be reprehended. The law of France, far more imperatively than that of England, makes the marriages of minors, without consent of their parents, invalid; and it cannot be said that it thereby tends to promote the morality of the young of either sex. We may discourage as much as we please alliances formed at an early age without parental sanction; but it is too dangerous to declare that every such alliance must inevitably be concubinage. Somehow or other, the law must allow a safety-valve for the vehemence of youthful yet virtuous passion. Even Lord Hardwicke allowed such a safety-valve, in the form of an appeal to himself, whenever any authority less sacred than that of the father presumed to offer an impediment. A more effectual one was, however, adopted in the *Gretna Green* recourse. So necessary had been found this mode of evading the harshness of Lord Hardwicke's law, that, we are told by Mr Macqueen, it had been resorted to by an Archbishop, a Chancellor, and a Lord Privy Seal, all at one time in the councils of that pattern of connubial propriety, King George III. These runaway marriages are now, indeed, nearly abolished by Lord Brougham's Act, the 19 and 20 Vict., c. 85; but it may be doubted whether outward respectability did not gain more by the change than morality. Indeed, if morality has not actually suffered, it has been simply through

the preceding change in the law, by which the penalty of nullity affixed by the earlier statute to a minor's marriage without consent, had been modified into a pecuniary, or at the most, a personal punishment. The fervour of true and honourable affection is seldom subdued by such a risk ; and to permit the lawful union of such minors as choose to submit to it, is evidently a sounder course, than to bar them from any remedy save that of an elopement over the Scottish border. But the question of principle is not to be confined to the case of minority, although to such cases the penalties of English law are confined. Secret marriages, whatever the age of the parties, are always to be deprecated ; but it is beyond doubt, that the alternative often lies between a secret marriage, and an arrangement which is not marriage. It may indeed be said with tolerable accuracy, that wherever a secret marriage takes place, a union of a different nature would probably have been consummated, had marriage in secret been impossible. And the matter for us to weigh, therefore, seems to be, whether it is least detrimental to morality and the interests of society, to allow of alliances innocent in themselves, though objectionable, because through their privacy they may hereafter become a snare and occasion of falling to others ; or to brand them at once and for ever as illegal, in order that none but the parties concerned may suffer through them.

There is a semblance of justice in the latter course ; but it is of that species whose damnation is just. Most obviously, it is a doing of evil that good may come. It is a selling of the eternal interests of souls, to buy a temporal advantage. It is a deliberate placing of a stumbling-block in the way to virtue, on the pretence of preventing a future, a possible, and a less perilous lapse. For it is the presenting, in every case to which it may apply, of a temptation to two persons to live in sin, who, had there not been this 'forbidding to marry,' would have lived in purity. True, had they been privately married, it is within the limits of possibility that either might have taken advantage of the fact being unknown, to enter into like engagements with another. But of this, the sin would have still lain only at the door of the guilty party ; the innocently deceived would have been free from guilt. Miserable in an earthly sense is the fate of a woman so deceived ; but at least she has not sinned. It is, then, beyond dispute, that the worst evils from the permission of secret marriages would be temporal, secondary, and distant ; while from their prohibition comes, far more frequently, sin, deadly and immediate. Can we hesitate in our choice between the legal principles, whose operation leads to such opposite conclusions ?

But, treating the question as one not of principle, but of prac-

tice, we shall find enough to absolve us from the necessity of pondering such arguments. The fact is, that by no practicable system can secret marriages be prevented. For it matters nothing to the question of secrecy whether they be constituted in absolute solitude, as they may be in Scotland, or whether they be contracted in the presence of hundreds, if not one of the hundreds knows who the parties contracting are. And this may with the greatest ease be effected in England. Leaving aside altogether the operation of the license to dispense with banns, which may be obtained by any one who can swear, or who will swear, that he or she has been resident in the parish for fifteen days, and that both are of full age, or if minors, have the consent of their parents, let us look at the real operation of the publication of banns, in its strictest sense. In the middle of the divine service, when all the congregation is present, but when, it may be hoped, the minds of some are lifted to higher things than the matrimonial intentions of their neighbours, there is read out a list of those who, 'of this parish,' have a purpose of marriage with certain persons of the same or another parish. That name and designation must be odd and striking indeed, which, in the long list of a large city parish, catches the attention of any in the congregation as having a peculiarly familiar sound. But if such risk should exist, the means of obviating it are easy. It needs only that the parties should take a lodging in some town or rural district, where no chance of recognition exists. They have then a right to have their banns published in the parish church, and the ceremony performed by the parish clergyman. None is wiser for the event; and they may return, without fear of discovery, to the bosom of the families which they have united by so close yet unknown a tie. Nor need they both resort to the same parish to procure the matrimonial conveniences. While the lady visits her aunt at Brighton, the gentleman may reside in his shooting-box on the Yorkshire moors. While the dairymaid takes service in the next market town, the shepherd may engage himself to a farmer ten miles off. The rich can afford the means of escaping with greater art their more numerous acquaintance; the poor pass beyond recognition, by an easy and inexpensive change of abode. These, and a hundred other simple devices, are all perfectly consistent with the law; but it scarcely needs suggestion, how enormously they are capable of increase, by the adaptation of a little of that ingenuity which may be called fraud, but which cannot in practice be punished as fraud.

In a matter so obvious to common sense, we need the less regret the impossibility of adducing direct evidence of its occurrence. The earlier law-books of both England and Scotland

contain a record of many secret marriages effected irregularly, because, in the former country, secrecy, under certain circumstances, avoided the marriage; while, in the latter, the question had not yet been determined how far such secrecy was compatible with *bonâ fide* intention to marry. But, in both, such reported cases are now more rare, merely because the law assures the validity of the marriage in question when known, and consequently suggests no plea on which to bring them before any Court. The relative actual number of such marriages can therefore be only vaguely surmised, even by those who have some acquaintance with the habits of both countries. But, judging from the facts which occasionally come for an instant to the surface in the gossip of the day, the inference may be safely drawn, that the abolition of Gretna Green facilities has not diminished in England the practical facilities for eluding parental control, and that the necessity of the publication of banns, and of solemnization by a clergyman, or by a registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, seems in no very appreciable degree to impede the ease with which marriage may be contracted *incognito*. There is indeed one species of evidence which might be of some weight in determining the comparative number of secret marriages in the two countries. One of the principal objections to their being permitted at all, is the possibility of their forming no difficulty in the way of the commission of bigamy. Now, as bigamy, by the recent practice of the Scottish Courts (disregarding the principles laid down by some writers), is held to be committed though the first marriage was irregular, we might expect, if there was an unusual resort to secret marriages in that country, to find the crime more prevalent than in England. Such, however, is not the case. In 1859, there were tried for bigamy in England 107 persons; in Scotland, 17 persons. The average of the preceding five years was in England 90; in Scotland, 12. Of the five years before that, in England 80; in Scotland, 10 (Parl. Papers, sess. 1860). The crime in both countries keeps pace with the increase of the population; but taking the population of England as about six times that of Scotland, it is somewhat less frequent in the latter country than in the former. Evidently, therefore, the simplicity of the Scottish marriage system does not lend itself to enhance the dangers to the peace of families which arise from the contracting a second marriage, while the fact of a prior obligation remains concealed.

Finding, then, that clandestine nuptials are in no perceptible degree encouraged by the principles of the Scottish law, and that the law of England shares with it the praise of interposing discouragement only, and not insuperable difficulty, in the way

of those whose ardour leads them to dare the reproach attendant on a private union, it remains for us to consider to what extent the northern rules afford convenience to, the perpetration of virtual fraud, to the inveigling the unwary into a mésalliance, who, were time for reflection allowed, would shrink from the suggested union. And on this head it must first be remarked, that the laws of neither country afford any protection to those who endeavour to make use of them for the purposes of imposition in essential particulars, or who take undue advantage of the weakness of persons subjected to their influence. It is true, that in neither country is mere error or mistake as to the worldly position of the parties a good ground for setting aside the contract. There are several cases in the English books, in which a marriage, held to be binding, had been procured by misrepresentations on the score of rank or estate. The rule is laid down by Lord Stowell, that 'though a man should represent himself of superior condition or expectations, it will not of itself invalidate a marriage, as the law asserts that parties should use timely and effectual diligence in obtaining correct information on such points.' In cases of such error, the Courts of both countries hold, that the choice of the persons is that which the law regards, and not the external circumstances of either. But the case in both is different, where the facts indicate that true personal consent to the engagement was not given. Thus the marriage of the Earl of Portsmouth, solemnized in London in 1814, was in 1828 declared, *ab initio*, void, though the parties had lived together till 1822, had had children, and had been recognised as married by the Earl's relatives. The ground taken by the Court was, that the Earl had all his life been, if not of unsound, at least of weak mind; that he was timid and passive of character; that in such a case he might possibly contract a valid marriage; and (for he was, in fact, a widower) that his first marriage might be very capable of being supported, but that the second being with the daughter of one of his trustees, who had entire influence over him, and in whose house he was living at the time, could not be permitted to stand. So, in a very recent case, a proof was allowed of allegations that a marriage had been procured by the persuasions of the parents of the man, taking advantage of the tender years and inexperience of the woman, and of her being at the time in their house, away from the advice of her natural protectors. Many cases similar to these are to be found in the English books. And they seem to establish two points: Firstly, that the solemn rites of the English marriage service, the presence of a clergyman, and the sanctity of a church, do not hinder designing persons from using undue influence to effect a form of marriage; and secondly,

that whatever of uncertainty belongs to the inquiry,—whether the parties were capable of, and had exercised, a free and genuine purpose in the engagements they have undertaken,—the necessity of entering into the inquiry is not barred (as indeed it would be monstrous if it were) by the fact that the law prescribes, and the parties have adopted, a fixed form, in which consent shall be signified.

It is indeed conceivable—and the possibility of the occurrence seems especially distressing to certain of the Peers, who are beyond all others zealous for the honour and jealous of the contamination of their order—that a lad of rank may, in Scotland, rashly utter a declaration, or sign a document, which may make him in law the husband of a woman of low birth or degraded character. In Lord Brougham's Committee of the Lords, in 1844, the following question was put to the then Lord Advocate, now the Lord Justice General:—

‘Suppose a young nobleman of 14 is trepanned into a marriage by a woman of bad character of 30 or 35, and he says, in such a way that it can be proved, “I take you for my wife,” and she says, “I take you for my husband;” at this moment would that be a valid marriage, and carry a dukedom and large estates to the issue? *Ans.* It would do so if it were a deliberate interchange of present consent, for the purpose of constituting the relation of husband and wife.’

Nothing could better illustrate the true nature of the apprehension entertained than the question; while certainly no words could more aptly express the true principles of the law of Scotland than the answer. The dread is, that rank and wealth should be degraded by a poor or a dishonouring alliance,—the law declares that even rank and wealth must abide by the consequences of its own deliberate promises. By what consolation shall we reassure the law Peers against the terrible imagination of a dukedom and large estates involved in such a catastrophe? May we dare to remind them that the only young nobleman who, ‘at this moment,’ has fallen under the fascinations they contemplate with such terror, is an English Peer, whose nuptials were solemnized by an English clergyman? May we dare to recall to their minds that English marriages also are legal at 14 years of age; and that the only recorded cases of such infantile marriages in the Peerage have been English cases. King Cophetua himself was not a Scotsman; the nut-brown maid who was ready to link her fate to ‘a banyished man’ was an English baron's daughter; Lady Shaftesbury became the origin of a ‘leading case’ in Chancery, by instigating the secret marriage of her son, the Earl, whose age was 14, and whose guardian was the Lord Chief Justice of England; but the suggestion of the Peers' Committee still remains, as regards Scotland, a

hypothetical danger. Nor shall we waste time in giving other answer to their Lordships' appeal for more protection to be thrown round the descent of dukedoms and large estates.

For the truth of the matter is this, that whatever the inconveniences, and too often the wretchedness, consequent upon hasty and ill-assorted unions, we cannot dare to prevent them by the expedient of annulling every marriage in which a certain time has not elapsed between the declaration of the intention and the solemnization of the ceremony. The most prudent are not always masters of the circumstances that determine their lot. Many things may occur in a life that will not allow of a fortnight's pause. A regiment may have a sudden order to march, a ship to sail, an emigrant may have a sudden opportunity to make his voyage, a sudden commercial necessity may despatch a mercantile man for years to the antipodes. On such a call of duty, Lord Clyde was ready in three days to start for India; but what if he had been engaged to marry, was going on a service likely to absorb the best years of his life, and was too poor and friendless to have his bride sent out by a following ship? Shall we say that, in all such cases, men and women must be condemned to a life of celibacy, or that they must start on their journey together, unmarried, awaiting the hour when a legal form can sanctify their union, in order that we may preserve inviolate a rule contrived for the security of the reckless? Shall we say even that with those living at home no urgency may occur which demands, in the highest interests, that no delay shall be interposed in ratifying a legal union? We shall at least fail to find authority for such a course in the existing provisions of the law of England. While a fortnight's notice, and the publication of banns on three Sundays, is its rule, it meets exceptional cases by the grant of a license which may be obtained, as matter of right, by any one on the very morning of the proposed wedding. Reducing thus, by a most salutary and needful privilege, the time for deliberation to a few hours, it seems scarce necessary to inquire further into the distinctions between the principle here admitted and that enunciated by the Lord Justice General, that marriage in Scotland is constituted by the deliberate interchange of present consent, for the purpose of constituting the relation of husband and wife. For the imperative demands of the public moral sense have broken down the hedge of forms by which Lord Hardwicke strove to secure the inviolability of his restrictions. The registrar may fill the place of the priest; a false priest will do as well as a real one, if believed to be a real one by only one of the parties; the license is not void though obtained by perjury; the residence requisite to obviate perjury may be *incognito*; the consent of

parents need not be asked when the ceremony can be accomplished without their cognisance. What is there remaining that forms a difficulty to the designing, or a safeguard to the imprudent? Absolutely nothing. While yet the forms that do survive are of sufficient force, many a time, to convert those who have honestly misinterpreted them into paramours merely, and to leave them to the late mercy of statutes 'for declaring valid certain marriages heretofore solemnized in the church of — ;' but bearing the customary proviso, that no such marriage shall be validated, if proceedings at law have already been commenced to set it aside!

To the objection so often urged ignorantly in the South, that in Scotland a man may frequently not know whether he is married or not, we have a very brief answer to make. Nowhere can an honest man be so certain how that fact stands as in Scotland; for it is in no way dependent on the consecration of a Church, or the true apostolic succession of a clergyman, on the construction of statutes, or the spelling of names. It depends solely on the question, whether the parties truly meant to marry each other. This is what every man must know who chooses to deal honestly with his own conscience. For those who 'palter in a double sense,' who use words to conceal thoughts, who have a reserved meaning different from that which they express, who seek to shelter vice under the outward semblance of virtue, to deceive the public or deceive their victims, we have no sympathy. If they are caught in their own snare, it is well; if they have been astute enough to keep clear of furnishing legal evidence of what they seemed to intend, we can only regret that the law must proceed by fixed rules, and that the only retribution that will fall on them will be the scorn of all who count virtue in woman and truth in man of higher esteem than large estates or ducal descent. And if any, by using such arts, bring themselves into the position of being really uncertain how far they have bound themselves, we can only congratulate Scotland, that, in her courts at least, there is a chance of justice having its course; and that the cry of the betrayed and forsaken will not be met with the reply that, ere they trusted and were lost, they should have studied the 4 Geo. IV., c. 76, or, at the least, the 5 and 6 Will. IV., c. 85.

It may be observed, however, as forming a curious anomaly in the administration of law, that Englishmen are not wholly to blame for denouncing the Scottish law of marriage as depending on a loose species of evidence, seeing that in English courts it often happens that a Scottish marriage is proved by evidence which would be insufficient in a Scottish court. For in Scotland the rule of evidence is, that a single witness is not enough

to establish the case alleged by the suitor. But it is a principle of international jurisprudence, that courts of justice, though they judge of a contract by the law of the country in which it was entered into, yet apply to the suit their own forms of procedure and rules of evidence; and as a single witness is sufficient in England, it frequently occurs that, in the courts at Westminster, the consent to marriage, which, in deference to the Scottish law, they accept as marriage, is proved by testimony which, in the Court at Edinburgh, would be rejected as inadequate. A forgetfulness of this rule appeared, in the Yelverton trial in Ireland, to lead to an apparent discrepancy between the evidence of two Scottish advocates as to the law of Scotland. The one, called on behalf of Mrs Yelverton, correctly stated the law, and properly left the Court to apply it to the case as proved. The other, called for Major Yelverton, stated the Scottish principles of law as affected by the Scottish rules of proof, with which the Irish Court had no concern, and of which it could not take cognisance. But if Mrs Yelverton, or any other lady in the like case, succeeds in England or Ireland in proving herself to have been lawfully married in Scotland, while, at the same time, she fails in Scotland to make out her right, we must remember that the result follows, not from the laxity of the Scottish law of marriage, but from the greater strictness of the law of evidence by which in Scotland the question is judged.

Having thus dealt with every objection that has been urged against the great Scottish principle of consent being the one essential in matrimony, we may now touch very briefly upon the two cases in which the law does not require a present consent, in words, to be directly proved, but infers its existence from certain facts. These are, indeed, mere corollaries from the leading doctrine; but they are corollaries signally illustrative of the genuine justice, and true spirit of Christianity, by which, in the whole subject, the Scottish law is distinguished.

The first case is that in which a woman has been seduced under promise of marriage. Though a mere promise, referring only to the future, is not the present consent required to constitute marriage, yet, where seduction follows upon a written or admitted promise, the law holds it as fulfilled, and the marriage, consequently, as completed. That this principle should be especially repugnant to those who complain that they are in doubt whether they are married or not, is very easy of comprehension; but it will probably commend itself to the approval of those whose approval is of value. It is indeed a practical embodiment of the common sentiment, that if such persons are not married, they ought to be; and it is only an adaptation to Scottish legal forms of the rule which, prior to Lord Hardwicke's

Act, prevailed in England, under which a seducer could be compelled to marry the woman whom, by a promise of marriage, he had induced to trust him. A significant indication of its influence upon morals is afforded by a comparison of the trials for seduction in the two countries. Scotland may not, indeed, so far as statistics prove the case, boast of comparative purity of manners; but bad as she may be, it will be granted that the evil would be many times increased if, to other temptations to the frail, the law permitted a promise of marriage to be added. But though there is in that country no technicality which forbids a woman to bring an action for her own seduction, it is of the rarest possible occurrence to find one brought, in which a promise to marry had been used to procure her fall. In England, on the other hand, it is notorious that such a promise is proved in the majority of instances; and how numerous these are may be inferred from the fact, that though the law only permits such actions to be brought where the woman's services to her father or her master are capable of pecuniary estimation; and though 98 per cent. of all actions brought are settled before they come to trial, yet, in 1859, there were 16 actions for seduction actually tried. That system can surely not be reprobated which takes from the fisher for souls the sweetest enticement with which he can bait his hook, the temptation to which, if any yield, it is those who are most near to virtue, and who would be most strong against all less honourable lures.

The second exceptional case is that of marriage by reputation, or, in Scottish language, 'habit and repute.' This is, indeed, truly a marriage by declaration, for it is founded on the statements and the acts of the parties which have led their neighbours for years, and without exception, to believe them husband and wife. The peculiarity in this case, then, rests in the fact that, when such a result has followed, the parties are not allowed to give proof that their statements were from the beginning false, and their conduct meant only to deceive. The law holds that this is a just and necessary restriction of the rule of consent; and as they have, in fact, been joined together, it forbids, in the interest of public morality and decency, that they should put each other away, by so simple a bill of divorcement as the assertion that they never meant to be joined. Here, also, none can have a doubt respecting their position in the eye of the law, save those who have, by a long dissimulation, drawn the doubt upon themselves. And, on this principle, the English law, in every case in which the question of a marriage is not directly in issue, permits it, however momentous the consequences, to be proved by reputation only. Such is the evidence given in tracing descent to the largest properties. It is only in trials

for bigamy or divorce that stricter evidence is called for. The Scottish law, in like manner, does not, we believe, admit reputation as sufficient in a criminal case; but it is unquestionably wise in holding, in civil cases, that what the common sense of mankind accounts sufficient proof of marriage shall constitute a marriage in law, and that such a connection shall not, to the scandal of all who have so accepted it, be declared by the parties never to have been aught more than a convenient cloak to vice.

Having thus passed in review, so far as space permitted, the theoretical arguments and the experience of facts bearing on the policy of the marriage law which subsists in the two extremities of our island, we may now be permitted briefly to summarize the results of our investigation. We have seen that the principle of consent, independent of formal ceremony, was the original law of both countries, as it was that of all Europe, and as it seems to be, from the absence of any specific injunction of ceremony, that intended by the Divine Founder of the institution of marriage. We have seen, however, that the natural and commendable introduction of a religious ratification of so solemn an engagement, led, in both England and Scotland, to profane abuses; that these were eradicated in Scotland by rules, providing that, where religious sanction was at all invoked, it should be done in an orderly and decent manner; but that in England they were dealt with by enactments making the marriage itself void, save where a duly performed religious ceremony intervened. We have seen that in England advantage was taken of the opportunity to declare the marriages of minors void, when without parental consent; and the marriages of all others void when not preceded by due and formal publication of the intention. We have seen that these impediments, endured for three quarters of a century, were at last thrown off by the outraged moral sense of the nation; that now religious ceremony may be, and is as often dispensed with in England as in Scotland; that minors may evade parental control, and secret marriages may be contracted, with equal ease in the one country as the other; that on no defect of form does nullity follow, unless it be in an essential point, and the error had been known to both parties. But we have seen that, though the English system is thus reduced to little more than a rule affecting evidence, it is, as such, productive of the very evils it professes to remedy; that the question, how far a mistake in law, or deception known to both parties, is so essential as to avoid the marriage, is of constant recurrence; and that other questions of law, utterly beyond the foresight of the parties, are frequently arising to throw doubt upon the most solemn and deliberate unions. We have seen, on the other hand, that in Scotland no doubt can exist, save where essential

dishonesty has existed ; that the inquiry, where it does arise, is not into the correctness of forms, but into the reality of facts ; and that where the fact is that a marriage, whether regularly or irregularly contracted, has been really in the view of the parties there is no power left with either to evade the obligation, nor any possibility of subsequent doubt emerging as to whether it was legally constituted. Finally, we have seen that, while in the majority of instances the English rules admit of doubts which could have no existence in Scotland, they gain any certainty which, in isolated cases, they can boast over those of the sister realm, by the process of declaring unquestionably adulterous, an intercourse which in Scotland might very possibly have been declared, on a consideration of the real meaning of the parties, and with regard to the principle that no one shall be allowed to take advantage of his own wrong, to have been truly and legally marriage.

A code so unsatisfactory, so unsettled, so fluctuating, and by every alteration coming so palpably nearer to their own system, is one which Scotsmen may be pardoned for declining further to consider, and which certainly they cannot be expected to recognise as the model to which their own should be conformed. They may be allowed to trust the unforced operation of public opinion to preserve, in the mass of cases, the observance of the simple and solemn ceremonial by which the contract in question is customarily evidenced ; and to refuse to invoke, for the sake of exceptional cases, a statutory substitute for the law of nature and of Christianity, which brings such multifarious evils in its train.

We now pass to the second branch of the subject under discussion,—the consideration of the rules by which the laws of England and Scotland are guided in the unhappy cases in which a dissolution of the marriage contract is sought. But on this head there is less scope for debate,—for the simple reason that in the main principles these rules are now become identical, and all that remains is the adjustment of certain details, and the ascertainment of the respective limits of jurisdiction of the courts of the two countries in granting such relief. But though the legal conflict of half a century has thus been set almost at rest, and the ingenuity of argument and wealth of learning, which on both sides have been piled upon the question, will crumble into oblivion, we may, for the better understanding of the points still in dispute, cast a rapid glance over the history of the principles involved.

The modern law of divorce in Scotland appears to have sprung from the instinctive sense of the nation, when, after the Reformation, it turned to the Scriptures to look for the real foundation of doctrines which, till then, had rested on the au-

thority of the Catholic Church. The principle was then established, that divorce is permissible in two cases: the one the express exception to the indissolubility of marriage admitted by the Saviour,—the case of adultery; the other the rational and implied exception extended to one of the parties, who has been virtually put away by the desertion of the other. The needful period of desertion to found the legal remedy was fixed at four years; and it was required that it should be ascertained by contempt of an order of a civil and ecclesiastical court, ordering the party in fault to return. In both cases a perfect parity of right to the remedy was given to the two sexes. In England, on the other hand, the Reformation brought about no change in the legal theory of the marriage bond, although the rite itself ceased to be a sacrament of the Church. No circumstances were held to justify a civil or ecclesiastical court in dissolving wedlock. The only remedy was an Act of Parliament; and it was granted only for adultery, and, as a rule, only for the wife's delinquency. As if the object were to make the remedy rare by its expense, an indispensable preliminary to the introduction of the bill was, that the husband should not only have obtained a decree of separation, which the ecclesiastical court was entitled to grant, but should have sued the paramour civilly for damages. Thus the facts of the case were to be proved three times over; for none of these preceding judgments was sufficient to relieve the Peers from taking proof again. This state of things continued till 1857, when, after violent opposition, a bill was carried establishing a Court for Divorce, under the direction of the judges of the Common Law. The right to obtain divorce from this tribunal was given to every husband whose wife should commit adultery; but to wives only when to the like offence their husbands might add the aggravations of cruelty, of desertion for two years, of bigamy, or of some other crimes. Simple desertion, however, is not a ground for granting divorce to either spouse.

Now, though there seems to be a material falling short in these rules from the breadth of the Scottish principles, it will appear, on a moment's consideration, that it is greater in statement than in substance; and that the divergence in the abstract rights is consistent with a close approximation in the practical results. For it may be taken as tolerably certain, that the cases in which desertion alone takes place, without any antecedent or consequent adultery, are a very small percentage of the whole; and that, therefore, the granting of divorce to either party, on proof of desertion *with* adultery, falls little short of granting it *without* proof of the additional fact. So, though in Scotland a married woman may divorce her husband for a single act of infidelity, it is very certain that few women proceed to

such an extremity unless they have suffered under some of the aggravations which in England would give them an equal right to redress. The fact, then, being, that there is so little real difference in the practical operation of the law, the question suggests itself, why there should be a necessity for resorting to one court rather than the other, and why one part of the kingdom should refuse to recognise as effectual what has been done in accordance with its own principles in another part.

This question carries us back again to the traditions of the old law. In the days when marriage was indissoluble in England, English judges refused to recognise a divorce obtained in Scotland of an English marriage; and in the famous case of *Lolley*, they punished, as guilty of bigamy, an Englishman who, after being divorced by his wife in Scotland, had thought himself at liberty to marry again in his native country. Into the legal discussions to which this judgment gave rise, we have no intention of dragging our readers; they will, if they choose, find them commented on, with much sound reasoning and good law, by Mr Fraser. It is sufficient here to say, that the courts of both countries have gone on in their own way: those of Scotland divorcing not only Scotsmen but Englishmen, whenever they happened, after a residence of forty days within the northern jurisdiction, to give or find cause for divorce; and those of England declaring that, south of the Tweed, these sentences were mere waste paper. Gradually, however, the latter began to have doubts of their own doctrine. They had all along agreed that they would recognise a Scottish divorce of Scottish persons married in Scotland; they advanced so far as to admit such a divorce, even though the marriage had been solemnized on their side of the border; then they expressed themselves willing that, if an Englishman settled permanently in Scotland, his divorce there should stand good in England; and at last they came to hesitate whether a tolerably prolonged residence in Scotland might not be permitted to be equivalent to a permanent settlement. But in spite of this tendency to convergence, there still remains a large class of cases in which persons divorced in the north are to this day held married in the south,—in which second marriages, valid in the north, are held bigamy in the south,—in which children, legitimate in the north, are branded as bastards in the south.

Such a state of the law in countries so situated, and whose inhabitants are at one in the leading principles which they desire to see established, is an inexcusable disgrace to the lawyers by whom the conflict is perpetuated. As the courts would not yield, Parliament was last year applied to with a view to compromise the strife. A bill, with a prodigiously long ‘Short

Title,' of which 'Husband and Wife' were the distinguishing words, was introduced by the Lord Advocate in the House of Commons. It proposed that the Scottish Court should renounce its pretensions to grant divorce for adultery in all but two cases,—1st, When the husband was by domicile a Scotsman; and 2d, When, though of another country, the adultery had been committed in Scotland, and the party sued had been personally cited in Scotland. Within this restricted jurisdiction, the sentences of the Scottish Court were to be held good in England. But the bill never came to the stage of discussion in the House of Commons; and after long delay, it was, for technical reasons, withdrawn from the House of Commons, and introduced, under the altered title of the 'Conjugal Rights Bill,' in the House of Lords. Here it was under the charge of the late Lord Chancellor; and his Lordship made it an indispensable condition of his support, that the jurisdiction of the Scottish Courts should be cut down to only the first of the two cases above mentioned. To this alteration the Faculty of Advocates in Scotland vehemently objected; and the Commons supported them, by striking the disputed clauses out of the measure, so as to leave the law on the subject unchanged, and open for future discussion. But Lord Campbell was so bent on having the question settled in his own way, that, rather than pass the bill, deficient in his favourite clauses, though it contained many other wholly distinct and valuable amendments in the law of Scotland, he threw it out altogether. In the beginning of the present session, he obtained a Committee of the House of Peers to consider the question; but it had sat only twice before his death, and there is little probability of its furnishing a groundwork for legislation ere the close of another session.

But though the Chancellor has passed away, the opinions of so eminent a lawyer cannot be altogether unfruitful; and they deserve at least respectful consideration at our hands. It has been seen that, with the love of a law reformer for seeming simplicity, he desired to confine the jurisdiction of the Scottish (and, by inference, of the English) Courts to the case of parties whose domicile was subject to them. And here, therefore, it is necessary that we should try to explain to our readers what domicile is. If we do not quite succeed in making it clear, we must beg them to remember, that the difficulty of understanding what domicile is, has never yet been surmounted by the most eminent juriconsults.

According to the original and most celebrated definition of a man's domicile, it is the place 'ubi quis larem ac fortunarum suarum summam constituit, unde rursus non sit discessurus si nihil avocet, unde cum profectus est peregrinari videtur, quod

si rediit peregrinari jam destitit.' The simplest and best translation of which is contained in the single word 'home.' But home is not quite domicile; for men in India call this country home; and yet, if they were in the old Company's service, India was their legal domicile, though, if they were in the Queen's service, India was not their domicile. But if a servant of the Company returned to England, he acquired an English domicile from the moment of landing, though, if he died on the voyage, his domicile was not in mid-ocean, but in India, which he had left, with no intention of ever returning. For domicile rests on two things,—intention and act. The intention must be to reside a considerable time—the best part of one's life, for instance—in a given place, but not necessarily the whole of one's life; for the intention of some time or other going to a different place, would not prevent the first from becoming the present domicile. Moreover, there is a presumption in favour of the country of one's birth, which in doubtful cases may incline the scale, or may make cases doubtful which otherwise would not be so. But intention must be supported by actual residence; and what length of actual residence is required is quite as undetermined as what fixity of intention is. Altogether, it will be seen that 'domicile' is as pretty a nut to crack as any lawyer need wish for; and the most expensive and interminable suits in our courts, are those in which the contention turns upon domicile. Evidence may have to be sought in the remotest parts of the globe—the minutest circumstances of biography are collected—there are precedents to support every possible view; and it is a toss-up which way any judge will decide the case, for the whole question is matter of opinion merely.

Such questions have hitherto been almost confined to suits regarding the succession to personal estate, the law declaring that this is to be regulated according to the rules of the domicile of the deceased. So burdensome, however, has its determination become, that two bills have this year been introduced in Parliament—one by Lord Kingsdown, the other by the present Lord Chancellor—for obviating the necessity of entering into such inquiries. But such are the questions which, if Lord Campbell's ideas of law reform in divorce were to be carried into effect, would have to be opened up in the Divorce Courts, and in very many cases to be decided, ere the real matter of the suit came to be considered.

And this would take place under a double difficulty. For, in the first place, the rule of law is, that a married woman cannot, under any circumstances, have a different domicile from that of her husband. In the second place, the inquiry would be made during the lifetime of the party interested, who has it in his

power, by a judicious declaration of intention, coupled with some temporary corresponding act, to make his domicile where he will. There are thousands of Englishmen and Scotsmen, who at this moment do not know, and whom no lawyer can inform, where their domicile is. Lord Campbell himself, a few months before his death, confessed in the House of Lords that such was his own position. But nothing is easier than for a man, with a purpose in view, to create a domicile for himself. The most honest cases, therefore, would be the most inextricable; while in every case in which the husband, sued by his wife, chose to create a dishonest domicile, for the purpose of defeating her claim, she would find herself barred of redress. She might follow him from court to court, from country to country; in each she would be met by unanswerable evidence, that wherever his and her domicile might be, it was at least not there. Such a doctrine would be a most effectual repeal of the law which gives to an injured wife the right to sue for a dissolution of the marriage.

It is plain that we must refuse to admit a principle so absurd and unjust, whatever the weight of authority by which it is recommended. But, in truth, Lord Campbell's theory on this head has been overturned, even by the English court. At the institution of the Divorce Court, its jurisdiction was understood to be, by the principles of the common law of England, confined to cases in which the domicile of the husband lay within English territory. Its decisions were for some time in accordance with the supposed rule. It rejected prayers for relief, where the domicile seemed not English. But at length the injustice of the rule became so palpable, that the court contrived fictions by which to evade it. In order to support the case of an injured wife, deserted by her husband, who had settled in America, and therefore was domiciled there, it invented the theory, that its jurisdiction depended on allegiance due to the British Crown, which no Englishman can ever throw off. But it has now passed beyond the stage in which justice is done by fictions, and has in several late cases done justice simply because it was justice, heedless whether the parties were by domicile amenable to its decrees or not.

We may therefore assume with some confidence, that when the matter next comes before the Legislature, the views of the late Lord Chancellor (which, indeed, it is understood he had before his death seen occasion to modify) will not prevail. But while we reject these, it is no easy matter to decide what ought to be the true criterion of a title to be relieved by the courts of either country. Perhaps we may best succeed if, along with the theory of domicile, we throw away some of the other refinements

which lawyers have introduced into the system, and regard the whole question of jurisdiction as open to be remodelled in accordance with the suggestions of common sense and the requirements of modern civilisation. We shall devote the few remaining pages of this article to an endeavour to place some of the most obvious of these before our readers.

In the first place, it is clearly monstrous that, in this matter of divorce, persons dwelling within the seas of our island should stand in the relation of foreigners to each other. We do not so in the matter of marriage: that contract, with whatever maimed rites celebrated, is good over the whole empire, if good in one place. The case of divorce is stronger; for, conducted before courts of justice, it must be free from most of the suspicions of fraud or error to which a contract effected by unknown laws may be open. There should, therefore, be at least no denial of justice to the British suitor in the courts of either country, on the pretence that, being an inhabitant of the other end of the island, he is here a foreigner. There should, as to divorce, be but one domicile for all our fellow-citizens, born or naturalized British subjects; and none of the Queen's courts should be closed to an injured wife on the ground that her husband has abandoned her and fixed his residence abroad.

This principle is perfectly consistent with the rule, that if the matter to be inquired into has occurred nearer to the seat of another competent court, the case should be transferred to it by the court to which resort is first had. This is, in fact, an application to modern circumstances of the doctrine by which the Scottish courts may best support their claim to jurisdiction *ratione delicti*; and it is an adaptation of the principle, familiar to English lawyers, of laying the venue of a local action in the county to which it belongs. There is an evident advantage in a cause being tried in the neighbourhood of the event to which it relates; and the advantage is enhanced when, as in divorce, the good faith of the parties must be investigated, and any risk of collusion or suppression of facts guarded against.

In the case of actual foreigners, the principle of the jurisdiction *ratione delicti* seems the most convenient for our adoption. The question of their real domicile must be carefully avoided, for the reasons already stated. But it would not do to refuse redress to foreigners residing in this country, merely because they were not British subjects. Such a course would be unjust to those who reside with some degree of permanency among us, and it would breed scandals to which society ought not to be exposed. The simplest course is to grant them divorce, if they shall seek it for a sufficient cause arising in this country—guarding ourselves duly against collusion, and indifferent whether the

nations to which they may belong, shall recognise or not the judgments of our courts in the matter.

In the second place, though we may be unable at present to make the divorce law, in all parts of Her Majesty's dominions, perfectly uniform, there is no good reason why, where it is identical, it should not be treated as such. A man may divorce his wife in Scotland for adultery, so he can also in England; why, then, should not a Scottish decree, proceeding on such grounds, be accepted as good in the English court, and *vice versâ*? No objection arises to this course from the circumstance, that a wife can in Scotland divorce her husband for adultery simply, while she cannot do so in England. In such a case, the English court would not accept the decree, and matters would stand as they are now. But we may at least amend such matters as can be amended; and we should advance a long way in the road towards improvement, if we were not to suffer surviving discrepancies to prevent an acknowledgment of identity where it exists. Nothing would be easier than to draw a schedule of forms of decrees, setting forth the essential causes of the suit, the matters proved, and the decision given; and in cases in which all these particulars would have been to exactly the same effect in a different court, the judgment ought to be at once registered in that court as being valid, equally as if made by itself.

The benefit of this rule would be greatly extended if provision were to be made for permitting the proof in the courts of Scotland of matters not essential to the decision there, but which would be required to warrant the decision in England. Thus, an Englishwoman, suing her husband in Scotland for divorce, in respect of adultery, might be permitted to add to the record an allegation that he had also been guilty of cruelty, of desertion, or some other aggravation essential to her success in a like suit in England. On this being proved, and so entered in the decree, the English court might be required to register it as one of its own judgments. If such an allegation were not so proved and certified, of course the decree would be valid in Scotland only, as it is under the existing rule. The adoption of this suggestion is much facilitated by the fact, that the law of England and Scotland, in regard to these aggravations, is almost identical.

No doubt there are, in certain matters by which such decrees would be influenced, some still remaining discrepancies. There are variations in the rules of evidence, to one of which we have already adverted. In some respects the one law is a little stricter, in others a little laxer, than the other. The witnesses are excluded from the court, except when under actual examination, in Scotland; they may generally be present the whole

time in England. Hearsay evidence of deceased persons is admitted in Scotland; it is rigorously forbidden in England. So, too, the course in England is to refer all questions of fact to the decision of a jury, while in Scotland they are more commonly ascertained by the judge alone. Yet no one can doubt that these differences of procedure do not, on the whole, sensibly affect the administration of substantial justice in both countries alike. Each might with advantage borrow something from the other; but in each, even now, truth prevails, despite any slight obstacles of form. No Englishman is deterred from bringing a civil suit in Scotland by fear that a good case will be lost through the peculiarities of procedure of the Courts of Session. No Scotsman is driven from resorting to the Queen's Bench in his need, by apprehension of the result of the English rules of evidence being applied to his claim. It is, then, for the public to say, whether it will allow differences of form to be made of real importance, by being made a hindrance to the reciprocal recognition of judgments which, in essentials, rest on identical principles. It lies with the public whether lawyers shall still wrangle over precedence of technicalities, while maintaining the scandalous injustice of marriage in one district being adultery in another; or, taking the matter out of their hands, whether it shall be declared that, pending the adjustment of the rival pretensions in every point, those matters in which we are substantially at one shall be treated on the footing that we are one people, subject to one law.

Of these technicalities as applicable to the question of the jurisdiction of courts in divorce, Scotland has at present the largest number to surrender. But in this sacrifice she need feel no shame. Her nice distinctions were introduced for the purpose of justifying the administration of the laws in the face of a narrow and bitterly hostile criticism. That criticism has now been withdrawn, and the English Court of Divorce has taken a sudden leap in advance, in the assertion of the true principles on which jurisdiction should rest. Scotland may gladly embrace the occasion to work herself free of the trammels of her own ingenuity. Her general law has enjoyed the inestimable advantage of having been, for a hundred years, regulated in the last resort by a court which, unbiassed by her precedents, fictions, and theories, has had to fall back on the principles of common sense and palpable equity for a guide to its decisions. Schooled by such tuition, she may readily and gracefully recognise the advent of a similar spirit in an English court, and join Sir Cresswell Cresswell in his efforts to open the halls of justice to all the Queen's subjects, regardless of the puerile distinctions which would still keep our brethren as strangers and foreigners to us.

The principles which we have thus ventured to advocate as leading in the case of divorce to a judicious improvement in the law, and in the case of marriage to a maintenance of the Scottish freedom from statutory interference, are, in fact, those by which the most beneficial of our recent legislation has been inspired. The last century was the epoch which saw the triumph of the most pernicious of legislative theories,—the idea that a word should be made to meet every case. It was, indeed, a natural, and at the time almost an excusable notion. The simplicity of early statutes, of which such admirable examples are to be found in the books of both England and Scotland, seemed to throw a dangerous power into the hands of judges not yet fully subject to the power of public opinion. Sensible of the jealousy with which they were regarded, the judges interpreted the law with timidity, and failed to extend it to the new circumstances which national progress was every day bringing into operation. Hence arose in the Legislature a tendency to attempt to provide for every conceivable case; and by consequence, a rule, that what was not provided for by Act of Parliament could not be touched by a court of justice. But in more recent times a better system has been gaining ground. Parliament has discovered that its wisdom is not omniscient, and that it is better to lay down general principles than to enact precise rules. It has in more than one case directed judges to enlarge their minds to the recognition of truth and justice, rather than mere form. In this the judges, aided by the enlightenment of the public and the counsels of the press, have responded to the requirements of the time. There is room, indeed, for further advance. Justice is not yet freed from the shackles of superfluous technicality; but we have entered on the right path, and our steps are sure, though slow. And in nothing is the importance of such principles greater than in the subjects we have been discussing. In the matter of marriage, to arrive at the true meaning of the parties; in the matter of divorce, to grant the miserable remedy in accordance with substantial justice, are more important objects than they are in any other questions that can come before our courts. For they concern the soul yet more than the body; they involve family peace and domestic honour, rather than pecuniary results; they mould the character, and are inscribed in the history of the nation. Here, if anywhere, we are bound to throw aside prejudice, and to search humbly and candidly for the right course. And here, above all, we are bound to renounce the pride of human theories, and to submit ourselves to the law of God, whether we find it written in His Word, or taught by the consequences of our own human errors.

ART. IX.—*Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa; with Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other Animals.* By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU. With Maps and Illustrations. Pp. 490. London: Murray. 1861.

WHEN the earth was started in its cosmical path, and subjected to the tremendous forces which it imprisoned, it must have been the design of its Architect to perfect it as the residence of life, as a creation displaying, in all its regions, His power, and wisdom, and beneficence. When, as a terraqueous globe, it was placed under the dominion of man, with the tools of civilisation within his reach—the coal, the iron, and the gold—it became his duty and his privilege to occupy it in all its extent, to diffuse the lessons of conscience and revelation, and to people its continents and islands with a race cognisant of its origin, and alive to its obligations.

If we look at our planet with an intelligent eye, how grand and beautiful is the physical aspect of nature,—how appalling in its moral and political phase! On the outskirts of the Arctic and Antarctic zones are seen some stable governments, where law and justice hold their courts, and tranquillity and contentment reign. Everywhere else is tyranny and misrule, idolatry and superstition, wars of conquest and extermination; and even in the more prominent regions of civilisation, where human sympathies are felt and religious truth accepted, ambitious potentates are forging the weapons of destruction, and girding themselves for unholy wars.

Among these benighted regions Africa stands on the foreground in prominent relief,—a mighty continent, from whose lengthened seaboard the conqueror, the trader, and the missionary have made but slight advances, and from whose interior the traveller brings tidings only of cruelty and crime. Cannibals and slave-dealers occupy the oases of her deserts and the pastures of her valleys; and mushroom kings barter their living captives for gold, and feast on the human carcasses which they cannot sell.

Into various portions of this unhappy land the colonists of civilised nations—English, French, Flemish, Portuguese, and Spanish—have introduced the arts of peace; and races subjugated by the sword have made some advances from barbarism, and obtained some knowledge of religious truth. Travellers in our own day have added, and are at this moment adding, greatly to

our knowledge of Africa. Denham and Clapperton, in 1822, crossed the great desert of Sahara to its southern limit; while Daumas and Carette have recently explored it under more favourable circumstances, and throughout a wider range. The great discoveries of Livingstone, in his journey across the continent, from Loando to Quillemane, have made us acquainted with the interesting regions watered by the Zambesi and its numerous tributaries; while the travels and discoveries of Dr Barth, under the auspices of the British Government, have extended over a large portion of Northern and Central Africa. The explorations of the missionaries Krapf¹ and Rebmann, and of Captain Speke and Captain Burton from Zanzibar, on the eastern coast, have made known to us the interior ranges of lofty mountains, and lakes of enormous extent, which have been regarded as the feeders of the Nile; while Mr Petherick, the British consul for the Soudan, has penetrated along two distant meridians to the very equator itself.

Notwithstanding these extensive explorations, which cover a considerable portion of the most recent maps of Africa, it has been computed, that of this continent, equal to one-fifth of the whole land of the globe, nearly *one-third* is wholly unknown; and another *third* so imperfectly explored, that it is marked only by the narrow line of the traveller or the caravan. The largest unexplored parts of this wilderness of sand is the great Equatorial Belt, forming a parallelogram contained between the meridians of 10° and 30° of east long., and circles of latitude 10° on each side of the equator; and it was with no slight interest that the public learnt that a traveller had arrived in London, who, unsupported by Government patronage, and without the assistance of any geographical association, had advanced into unexplored regions along the equator, and brought home new species of birds and beasts, and startling intelligence of cannibal races and gigantic gorillas.

M. du Chaillu, the adventurous traveller to whom we refer, is a Frenchman by birth, who seems to have visited in 1852 that part of the African coast where the Gaboon river, taking its rise among the Sierra del Crystal Mountains, throws its sluggish waters into the Atlantic a few miles north of the equator. In 1842, the French formed a settlement and built a fort on the right bank of a bay formed by the mouth of the river; and it was under the protection of this fort that M. du Chaillu's father carried on for several years, through agents, a trade with the natives. Although, during the first four years of his residence, M. du Chaillu was principally occupied with commercial pur-

¹ An account of Krapf's discoveries in Eastern Africa will be found in this Journal, vol. xxxiii., p. 268.

suits, conjointly with his father, yet he made some excursions into the interior; and one of these in the company of the Rev. James Mackey, an American missionary, during which he laid the foundation of his collections of natural history, which have been dispersed through various museums in America and Europe. During this long residence in a most insalubrious locality, he was acclimating himself for more extensive explorations, and obtaining such a knowledge of the language and habits of the sea-shore tribes as might qualify him for holding converse with the tribes of the interior, 'if not by word of mouth, at least by a native interpreter, with whose language he was familiar.'

Having left America in October 1853, he reached Africa in December; and we find him in January 1856 residing with an American missionary at Baraka,¹ eight miles from the mouth of the river, in order to acclimate himself more thoroughly for his future explorations. From this station he makes short trips about the Gaboon, the scene of his former excursions, re-studying the language, habits, and customs of the Mpongwe tribe, who inhabit chiefly the right bank of the Gaboon. For about 30 miles up the river, the Mpongwe are a branch of one of the great families of the negro race. Their villages generally consist of a main street, 60 feet wide and 600 long. Their bamboo quadrangular houses are 'from 20 to 100 feet in length or breadth,' and they are often 'adorned with looking-glasses, chairs, tables, sofas, and very frequently a Yankee clock.' The people are very good-looking, and have a passion for trade, which is carried on in slaves, ebony, ivory, and barwood which yields a dark red dye. They practise polygamy and believe in witchcraft; and after they have chosen a king they collect round him in a mob, heap upon him the coarsest abuse, spit in his face, beat him with their fists, kick him, throw at him disgusting objects, and load with curses, his father, mother, and all his relatives and ancestors. They then crown him with a silk hat, dress him in a red gown, and show him every mark of respect.

After remaining two months at the Gaboon, M. Du Chaillu started for Cape Lopez, where he was anxious to see the barracoen of the slave-drivers, and hunt the buffalo in the interior. Here there are two slave factories. The Portuguese barracoen, or slave-pens, is an immense enclosure, with pointed palisades 12 feet high. The male slaves were fastened six together by a little stout chain, which passed through a collar round the neck of each. They repose under sheds built about the yard, with buckets of water near them. In another yard are the women

¹ The head station of the American Board of Foreign Missions in the Gaboon established in 1842.

and children, who are allowed to go about without manacles. Many of the slaves were quite merry and content; but others, of a less cheerful disposition, looked with horror to the future, believing that the whites buy them for food. This appears to them to be the only use to which they can be put; and in the interior, wherever the slave-trade is known, it is believed 'that the white men beyond the sea are great cannibals, who have to import blacks for the market.' When M. Du Chaillu paid his first visit to a chief in the interior, he ordered a slave to be killed for his dinner; and it was difficult to convince him that in the traveller's own country they did not live on human flesh. At the other slave factory a boy of 14 was brought in for sale, and was purchased for a 20 gallon cask of rum, a few fathoms of cloth, and a quantity of beads. Two young women were each sold for a gun, a neptune (a flat disc of copper), 2 cutlasses, 2 looking glasses, 30 fathoms of cloth, 2 iron bars, 2 files, 2 plates, 2 bolts, a keg of powder, some beads, and a small lot of tobacco. A slave schooner now appeared in the offing, and 600 slaves, chained in gangs of 14, issued from the factories, and were hurried on board in canoes through a rough sea, anticipating with horror the cannibalism of the white man, with which their imaginations had been alarmed.

If any account of the treatment of the living slave is sufficient to convey an idea of the horrors of the nefarious traffic, the description of the treatment of the slave when dead, and no longer useful to his master, is still more appalling. While at the village of Sangatanga, our traveller saw a procession of two gangs of six slaves each, chained about the neck, carrying between them the corpse of another slave, which they threw down on the barracoon burying-ground, a prey to the vultures, who were seen darkening the air above, and were soon after heard fighting over the human remains. As M. du Chaillu walked towards the corpse he stepped into a skeleton, which had been picked clean by the vultures and ants, and bleached by the rains. A thousand such skeletons were lying within his sight in this otherwise beautiful grove of dark foliaged trees. Advancing a little further, he found that the dead slaves had been thrown above one another, 'till even the mouldering bones remained in high piles as monuments of the nefarious traffic.'

After visiting the barracoons, our author set out for the interior on the 23d May 1856, with the view of meeting the Nazareth River, about 100 miles to the east. King Bango gave him twenty-five men, some of them skilful hunters, to carry his baggage and assist him in the chace. At the village of Ngola, 50 miles east of Sangatanga, their approach was heralded by screaming women and terrified children, who believed that the

sight of a white man would kill them.¹ The king of the Shekiana tribe, Njambai, however, a vassal of king Bango, received him courteously, gave him a neat house to live in, fed him with boiled chickens and roast monkey, and placed all the women of the village at his command,—a privilege which he of course respectfully declined. During this journey of a month's duration, our traveller penetrated, on different occasions, as far as 20 miles to the east of Ngola. He obtained a new and beautiful species of the Guinea fowl, the *Numida plumifera*, a curious black monkey, the *Colobus Satanus*, and a black wild-fowl, the *Phasidus Niger*; and he was present at the hunt of a solitary bull elephant, with whose vast bulk, as the 'giant of the forests,' he was so much struck, that he 'felt a sense of pity at destroying so great a life.' He was spared, however, the agony which he anticipated; for the huge beast became the prize of one of his companions. On the 16th and 17th, our huntsmen met with a herd of 25 buffalos (*Bos Brachicheros*), of which they shot two fine specimens, a bull and a cow. This animal, which he considers to be a new and undescribed species, is a fierce and strong beast, which, 'if only wounded, attacks the hunter with head-long fury.' Its proportions are fine and graceful, and gives the idea of a 'mixture between the antelope and the common cow.' The ears of the animal are long and pointed, and fringed with silky hair several inches long; and the horns, which are 10 or 12 inches in length, are thrown backward in a graceful curve.

Returning to Sangatanga on the 22d, he reached king Bango's palace on the following day; and having arranged matters with his negro companions, and pacified the king, who had charged him with having bewitched him, he went with a party of 40 men to visit Fetich Point, the Fetich River, and the end of Cape Lopez, where their principal amusement was to catch quantities of fish, turn turtles, and shoot a leopard, the skin of which, beautifully shaded and spotted, was carefully preserved.

Near Fetich Point, to the east of Cape Lopez Bay, our author visited the Oroungou burying-ground, occupying on the sea-shore a grove of noble trees, many of which were magnificent in size and shape. The Oroungou dead are not laid below the

¹ M. Du Chaillu here adds, that 'the men did not seem to be afraid, as my cannibal friends were.' At this time he had seen no cannibals,—an inconsistency arising from his introducing the account of his visit to Cape Lopez after his visit to the Fan cannibals, whereas it was performed before. The want of dates in these journeys is very perplexing to the reader who desires to follow him chronologically. On the 7th of June 1856, when describing an elephant hunt, he says he had seen the elephant in the wild hunt among his friends the Fans, although at this time (the 6th June 1856) he had never been among the Fans. An explanation of these anachronisms will be found at the close of our article.

surface. They lie about beneath the trees in huge wooden coffins, some of which were falling to pieces, and disclosing a grinning skeleton within. Others contained skeletons already without covers, which were lying in dust beside them. Everywhere were bleached bones and mouldering remains; and it was 'curious to observe the brass anklets and bracelets,' in which some Oroungou maiden had been buried, still surrounding her whitened bones, and to see the remains of goods which had been laid in the same coffin with some wealthy fellow, now mouldering to dust at his side.' Farther on he came to the grave of old king Passal, whose coffin lay on the ground, surrounded with great chests filled with his property, on the top of which were piled huge earthenware jugs, glasses, plates, iron pots and bars, brass and copper rings, and other precious articles, which he had determined to carry to the grave with him. Around these royal chaplets lay the skeletons of the hundred poor slaves who were killed when the king died, in order that his majesty might be suitably attended on his entrance into the other world.

The only other object of interest met with here, was the turning of turtles, as practised by the negroes. Early in the morning, these animals come upon the beach to lay their eggs in the sand, to be hatched by the sun. The negroes, in parties, lie in wait for them, and often turn twenty in a morning. Two or three men rush upon an unwieldy turtle, and roll it over on its back with a single jerk, and it lies there vainly struggling to recover its legs, until the turning is finished, when all hands begin to kill and clean them.

Having finished this trip to Cape Lopez, our traveller returned to the Gaboon, 'to rest and regain health and strength,' and 'to lay in such supplies of goods as he needed,' for an exploration of the River Muni, or Danger, which falls into the sea in 1° of north latitude. Leaving the Gaboon, he set sail for Corisco, an island situated in a bay of the same name, where he was to get canoes to ascend the Muni. This island, about 12 miles from the mainland of Cape John, is 12 miles in circumference. It has hills, and valleys, and forests, and prairies, with shores sometimes rocky and steep, and flat sandy 'beaches backed by lovely palms, among which the little native villages are clustered, with their plantations of plantain, manioc, pea-nuts, and corn showing through the palm groves.' Great quantities of fish are caught by the natives, and at certain seasons turtles are 'turned' in considerable numbers. 'Corisco,' says Du Chaillu, 'is a little world, and a very lovely little world.' It contains about 1000 souls, scattered all over the island. They are a peaceable, hospitable people, and are fond of white men, particularly of the missionaries who have settled among them.

About ten years ago, the American Presbyterian Board of Missions sent out some missionaries; and it is delightful to learn that they have almost entirely changed the character of the natives, 'who are no longer so quarrelsome, and have lost that reputation for ferocity on which they formerly prided themselves.' The missionary stations on the island are three in number, with a school at each station. There are 100 weekly scholars, 125 Sunday scholars, and 75 church members, some of the scholars being from tribes on the mainland. 'Many of the children are growing up in Christian habits of life; and it is not too much to hope, that the next generation will live a different life from the poor heathen and ignorant existence of their fathers.'

After witnessing 'a singular funeral ceremony, akin to the "waking" of the body,' in which the corpse is seated in full dress in a chair, and the loss bewailed by the relatives, our traveller embarked in a canoe, accompanied by its owner Mbango, a Corisco chief, with twelve black fellows, each carrying a gun, to explore the Muni to its head waters, to cross the Sierra del Crystal, visit its cannibal tribes, and look after the River Congo. They had passed in rapid succession the islets in Corisco Bay,—the Leval, Banian, and Big and Little Alobi,—and were in high spirits, when a commercial incident occurred, which our author denominates a new way of paying old debts. Mbango was a trader, and had debts due to him. A large boat, belonging to one of his debtors, is approaching the canoe. The parties recognise each other. The debtor puts about, and paddles off in haste. Mbango hotly pursues his debtor, and, upon overtaking him, a desperate hand to hand fight takes place, in which the debtor escapes. Mbango again comes up to him, and, in the *mêlée* which ensues, the debtor with his crew plunge into the water, and all escape, except two men and a woman, who are taken prisoners.

After a voyage of 17 miles from the mouth of the Muni, the explorers reached a beautiful little island, formed by the junction of the Ntongo with the Muni, the former of which has a course of about 40 miles, rising in one of the spurs of the Sierra del Crystal. Some miles above the mouth of the Ntongo, the Ndina, a swampy creek, empties itself into the Muni; and it was up this creek that our party went in search of the residence of Dayoko, an influential chief of the Mbousha tribe. Upwards of 12 miles from its junction, they reached, in the evening, the village of huts which acknowledged Dayoko. The news of their approach awakened the village. The men came down with their muskets, fearing a visit of their enemies. 'These people are constantly quarrelling, and scarce ever sleep without fearing a hostile incursion. The treacherous enemy comes down upon a sleeping village, and shoots the unsuspecting inhabitants through

the chinks in their bamboo houses, then escapes under cover of the darkness. This is the style of warfare over all this part of Central Africa, except among some of the coast tribes, who have gained, in manliness at least, by contact with the whites.'

Having propitiated Dayoko with an old dress coat, it was arranged that he and two of his sons, with several men to carry Du Chaillu's chests and guns, should conduct him to Mbene, the Mbondemo chief, who was to take him into the heart of the Sierra del Crystal. Returning to the Muni, they ascended the Ntambounay, which was E.S.E. for 20 miles, and its width everywhere 200 yards. Escaping, by the help of some presents, from the cupidity of a Shekiani village, they turned into the small River Noonday, abounding in fish, and obstructed to such a degree by the aloe jungle and fallen trees, that they were obliged to carry their canoe. After encountering many difficulties, they reached Mbene's encampment, and were received with the most vociferous welcome by the chief and his people, who had seen Du Chaillu some years before, when he explored this region in company with the Rev. Mr Mackey.

Our traveller had now reached within 10 or 15 miles of the hills, and saw two ranges of the Sierra,—the lower 500 or 600 feet high, and the more remote and higher one from 2000 to 3000 feet; and beyond these were the cannibal Fans and the country of the dreaded gorilla, to which Mbene and his brother Ncomo had arranged to accompany him. The Mbondemo tribe, whose hospitality was now extended to our author, seems to be in the lowest state of barbarism. Women are regarded merely as a piece of merchandise. They are here the providers of food and the beasts of burden. The African on the coast barter the virtue of his nearest female relatives, and yet adultery with a black man is punished by fine among all the tribes,—a law which has singular results.

'Husband and wife combine to rob some fellow, with whom the woman pretends to carry on an intrigue, making sure of being discovered by the husband, who thereupon obtains a recompense sufficient to heal his wounded honour, and upon which he and his wife and accomplice are able to live for some time.'

One of the modes of gaining power and securing friends is founded upon their system of intermarriages; but they have another more singular method of securing allies. — When two tribes are anxious to go to war,

'The weakest sends one of its men secretly to kill a man or woman of some village living near, but having no share in the quarrel. The consequence is *not*, as would seem most reasonable, that this last village takes its revenge on the murderer; but, strangely enough, that

the murderous people give them to understand that this is done because another tribe has insulted them; whereupon, according to African custom, the two villages join, and together march upon the enemy.'

On the 24th of August, Du Chaillu set out for the Sierra, accompanied by Mbene, his two sons, a young man, and half a dozen stout women, to carry the heavy chests and other luggage. They ascended the first range of granite hills, 600 feet high, with a table-land three miles long, strewed with huge quartz and granite boulders. Beyond this table-land they came to a steeper and higher range of the Sierra, and passing through a densely wooded country, without the sound of bird or beast, they reached the head waters of the Ntambounay, an immense mountain torrent dashing down a steep declivity for nearly a mile before them, 'like a vast seething billowy sea.' A little farther on, from an elevation of about 5000 feet, they commanded a most interesting view, including the blue tops of the farthest range of the Sierra, 'the goal of M. du Chaillu's desires.' Here they found fresh tracks of a party of gorillas, 'an animal scarcely known to the civilised world, and which no white man before had hunted. The male gorilla is literally the king of the African forest, he and the crested lion of Mount Atlas being the two fiercest and strongest beasts of this continent.' Following their tracks, our huntsmen approached their prey. The watchful animals no sooner descried them, than Du Chaillu 'was startled by a strange, discordant, half human, devilish cry. I beheld four young gorillas escaping after a few shots into the forests.'

'I protest,' says he, 'I felt almost like a murderer when I saw the gorillas this first time. As they rear on their hind legs, they looked fearfully like hairy men; their heads down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives. Take with this their awful cry, which, fierce and animal as it is, has yet something human in its discordance, and you will cease to wonder that the natives have the wildest superstitions about these wild men of the woods.'

A belief prevails among the natives, that women have been carried off and ill-treated by the gorillas; and they believe that there is a species of gigantic gorilla which is inhabited by the spirits of certain departed negroes, and that these gorillas can neither be caught nor killed.

At the distance of about 150 miles from the coast, our party found themselves surrounded on three sides by Fan villages, and soon became acquainted with this singular tribe. Though at first terrified at the sight of the white man, crowds of Fans soon came to see him. The men were almost naked. Over

their middle was the soft inside bark of a tree, 'suspending the skin of a wild cat or tiger.' Their teeth were filed, and sometimes blackened, their hair drawn out into long thin plaits, with beads or rings at the end of each. A large country knife was hung over their shoulders, and they carried spears, and a huge shield of the tough hide of an old elephant. The women, who were even less dressed than the men, were extremely ugly, with their teeth filed, and their bodies painted with the dye of the barwood. They carried their infants on their backs, in a sling of tree bark fastened to the neck of the mother.

A gorilla hunt was the next adventure of our party. After many disappointments, the noise of breaking down branches of trees broke upon their ear. It was the gorilla forcing his way through the forest. In a moment of profound silence the woods were at once filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla. The underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before them stood an immense male gorilla.

'He had gone through the jungle on his all fours; but when he saw our party, he erected himself, and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring large deep grey eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us the king of the African forest. He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists, till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance, meantime giving vent to roar after roar, which is the most singular and awful noise in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *bark* like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roll*, which resembles that of distant thunder. So deep is it, that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

'His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we stood motionless on the defensive; and the crest of short hair on his forehead began to twitch rapidly, while through his powerful lungs he sent forth a thunderous roar. . . . He advanced a few steps, re-uttered his hideous roar, advanced again, and stopped six yards from us; and just when he began another roar, beating his breast with rage, we fired and killed him. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet that of a brute, he fell forward on his face.'

The men feasted on the gorilla, but carefully saved the brain, of which they made two charms, one of which gave the wearer 'a strong hand for the hunt,' and the other success with women.

After this exploit, the party set off for the Fan village, and Du Chaillu had soon occasion to see the cannibal practices of the tribe. On entering the town, he perceived some bloody

remains which appeared human ; but he soon met a woman carrying a piece of the thigh of a human body. He saw also human bones lying on the street ; and when he arrived at the palaver house, he learned that they had been dividing the body of a dead man, the *head* of whom was saved as a *royalty* for the king. His majesty was a ferocious-looking fellow, covered with charms, and fully accoutred, with his face, chest, stomach, and back rudely tattooed. 'His teeth were filed sharp and coloured black, so that the mouth of this old cannibal, when he opened it, put one uncommonly in mind of a tomb.' The queen, who was old and ugly, was nearly naked, her only article of dress being a strip of Fan cloth, dyed red, and about four inches wide. She was tattooed all over, and her skin was 'rough and knotty.' She wore two enormous iron anklets, and copper earrings so heavy as to weigh down the lobes of her ears.

After our author had been provided with a house in the village, which consisted of a single street 800 yards long, he was taken through the place, and 'saw more dreadful signs of cannibalism in piles of human bones mixed up with other offal thrown at the sides of several houses.' On quitting his house next morning, he saw, piled up at the back of it, a heap of human skulls, ribs, and leg and arm bones ; and wherever he went, 'symptoms of cannibalism stared him in the face.' After a little further acquaintance, the men ceased to be afraid of the white man ; but the women, especially the king's four wives, 'showed uncommon dislike to his presence,' although we find one of the queens bringing him a basketful of bananas, in return for beads and gun flints given to her husband.

According to our traveller, the Fans are an unusually warlike tribe, having a great diversity of arms, cross-bows with poisoned arrows, spears six or seven feet long, tomahawks of a singular shape, war axes, and curiously formed knives. In using the bow they sit on their haunches, apply both feet to the middle of the bow, and pull with all their strength at the string in bending it back. The arrows, used for hunting wild beasts, are two feet long, 'but the more deadly weapon is the little insignificant stick of bamboo, twelve inches long, and merely sharpened. This is the famed poison arrow, a missile which bears death wherever it touches. The poison is the sap of a plant, which makes the point red.'

Several hundred Fans from the surrounding villages came to see the white 'spirit ;' and, after a grand dance had been given in his honour, a great elephant hunt was arranged for his amusement. Above 500 men having assembled on the morning of the 4th September for this battue, they set out next morning, and constructed a huge fence or obstruction by means of rough strong

climbing plants torn down from the trees. The object of this is to entangle the elephant, or check him in his flight till he is surrounded by his enemies. A hunting horn announced the commencement of the chase, and parties stationed themselves at different points of the extensive barrier or tangle. When the elephant is found, the huntsmen crawl like snakes along the ground, in order to scare him towards the tangle. When there, and checked by the tangled plants, he tears everything with his trunk and feet, and sometimes rushes against his assailants. On the present occasion, one of the Fans lost his presence of mind; and when the elephant made a furious charge upon those around him, he was caught and instantly trampled to death. The sight of their dead companion made the huntsmen furious in return. They charged the elephant in its attempt to escape, beset it with spears, so numerous planted in its body that it looked like a dead porcupine. After hacking it to pieces in revenge, the whole party danced round the carcase, cut off a part of the hind legs as an offering to the idol, and then addressed him in songs imploring another good hunt. Four elephants were killed on this occasion; and the body of the unfortunate huntsman was sent to another village *to be sold and eaten*.

Another very remarkable way of killing elephants was practised on this occasion. Having discovered a walk through which one or more elephants are likely to pass, they 'trice up' into a high tree a piece of hard wood, which the Bakalai tribe call *hanou*. Its lower end is a sharp iron point, and it is suspended by a rope, so that the moment the elephant touches it, which he must do, the *hanou* is loosened, falls with tremendous force on his back, and generally breaks his spine.

As the existence of cannibalism among the Fans had been very generally discredited, and even by himself, M. du Chaillu was anxious to obtain satisfactory evidence of it. When he was one day walking with the king, a dead body was brought in from a neighbouring village; and though the man had died of disease, the people proceeded to divide it, and quarreled over the spoil. The Fans confessed that 'they constantly buy the dead of the Osheba tribe, who, in return, buy theirs. They also buy the dead of other families of their own tribe,' and also purchase the bodies of slaves from the Mbichos and Mbon-demos, at the rate of an ivory tusk per head.

In support of his own evidence, our author adduces that of the Rev. Mr Walker, of the Gaboon mission, who testifies that a party of Fans once came to the sea-shore, stole a freshly buried body from the cemetery, and cooked and ate it; and that at another time a party carried a body into the woods, cut it up, and carried off the flesh after it had been smoked. On a

visit to the Osheba tribe, he learned that a large part of their intercourse with the Fan villages consisted in the interchange of dead bodies, and he saw as many human bones piled up in the one village as he had seen in the other. The bodies of their kings, chiefs, and great men, are not sold for food, but receive regular burial.

Iron ore, gathered from the surface, is here converted into *cast* iron under a huge pile of burning wood; and it is made malleable by a tedious series of beatings and hammerings, by which 'they turn out a very superior article of iron and steel, much better than that which is brought to them from Europe!' Their bellows consists of wooden cylinders surrounded by skins accurately fitted on, and having a proper valve and a wooden handle, which is moved up and down. In the principal village of each family of the Fans, is placed a huge idol, which is occasionally worshipped by rude dances and songs. The idol-houses are surrounded with the skulls of wild animals, among which was one of the gorilla. To steal or to disturb these skulls is sacrilege, punished with death.

Having learned that, two or three days' journey beyond the Osheba village, there lived other tribes of cannibals, whom the companions of our author refused to visit, he resolved to retrace his steps. Setting out, at a date not mentioned, with twenty men, thirteen women, and two boys, we find our traveller, on the 19th September 1856, living in the rain shelters, under the thunder, lightning, and heavy showers of the rainy season; but he gives us no account of his proceedings till the 29th, when they must have been at the foot of the first range of the Sierra. On the 30th he crossed the Noonday River, and got quarters in Mbene's house, where he could not sleep for 'the crying of the king's babies,' and where there was hardly sufficient food for the royal household. He therefore set out, under the patronage of Mbene, towards the Noya, a noble stream flowing from the S.S.E. into the Muni, and, by means of two fishing canoes hired for some tobacco leaves, he descended the river. At the village of Wango (not in the map), a chief who was one of Mbene's friends, he was received with acclamation, and, on the royal invitation, he spent several days in the neighbouring villages, admired by the natives, and answering curious questions about the manners and customs of the whites. With guides provided by Wango, he descended the Noya a few miles, and, taking an easterly course, he reached Ezongo (not in the map), where a rascally chief extorted from him a coat and an old shirt, the last articles which he possessed. Having paid his Wango guides, he set off for Yoongoolapay (not in the map), the village of his old friend king Alapay, where he spent some

days in ashiga hunting, a sport common among the Bakalai tribes.

A net, about seventy feet long and five high, made of the fibres of the pine-apple tree, is carried to the hunting scene, where the forest is cleared by each individual of several villages. The nets are tied up by vines to the lower branches of trees, and, when joined, make a semicircle about half a mile long. The bush is then beaten by a wide-spread party. The animals, thus surrounded, are driven towards the nets, and slain either by guns or heavy cutlasses. A small gazelle, two antelopes, and some little quadrupeds, were the produce of this hunt. On removing to another part of the forest, they caught a number of deer and antelopes, one of which, set aside for the white man, was a new species, which unfortunately was eaten up by an army of 'literally millions and billions of the *bashikouay* ants, who during night attacked every house in the village.

A curious superstition respecting the moon, of which our author could not get an explanation, exists in this village. When the new moon is first seen, silence prevails; people speak in an undertone. The king, with his face and body painted black, red, and white, and covered with spots the size of a peach, dances in the dim moonlight along the street. Among other tribes the moon is variously welcomed, but in all of them the men mark their bodies with charmed chalk or ochre. After a week's stay, Du Chaillu left Alapay's village, shaking hands with the people, some of whom were in tears. On the highest plateau he had seen between the Moondah and the Muni, he encountered granite blocks 100 feet long and 30 or 40 high, near the foot of one of which was a fine large cavern inhabited by 'millions on millions of huge vampire bats,' who 'launched out on the party,' and drove them panic-struck from the cavern.

After an hour's passage across a mangrove swamp of mud, in which an enormous black snake alarmed the party, they reached the village (not in the map) of king Apouron, an old friend of the white man, who was welcomed with shouts and dances, and was delighted to see again the ocean and Corisco Bay. He sends his specimens to Corisco, hires a canoe, and having fitted it up and engaged men—a work of ten days—he set off on the 30th October to ascend the Moondah, and then to cross the country which lies between it and the Gaboon. About forty miles up the Moondah he was kindly received by the missionaries, who have laboured for some years among the Bakalai around the Ikoi creek (not in the map). Here he hunted the wild bull, the buffalo, and the wild boar, blackening his face with charcoal to hide his white face from the wild beasts, and obtained some new and beautiful birds. _ He saw the mode of gathering

the barwood, a red dye from what the natives call the *ego-tree*, a large, tall, and graceful tree abounding in the forest; and also the process of collecting the caoutchouc, from the vine called *dambo*, a plant of immense length, and sometimes five inches in diameter at the base.

The most interesting incident of this trip was the attack of a leopard upon a wild bull. When asleep, our traveller was startled 'by an unearthly roar—a yell as of some animal in extreme terror and agony.' Making towards the sounds, and emerging from the woods, 'he saw, scudding across the plain at a little distance, a wild bull, on whose neck was crouched a leopard.' Vainly the poor beast reared, tossed, ran, stopped, roared, and yelled. In its blind terror it at last even rushed against a tree, and nearly tumbled over with the recoil. But once more anguish lent it strength, and it set out on another race.' Du Chaillu fired at the leopard in vain. The roars of the bull ceased, and 'the leopard had probably sucked away his life, and was now feasting on the carcase.'¹

From the Ikoi creek M. du Chaillu returned in November 1856, 'without incident or adventure, to the Gaboon,' where he says he stayed 'only long enough to prepare himself for a trip to Cape Lopez.' In composing this chapter, he had forgotten that he had already visited Cape Lopez between April and August 1856, as we have seen, having deemed it necessary to give it its true chronological place, and therefore given an account of it as contained in the 11th and 12th chapters of his book. This apparent mistake having been the subject of severe comment by his reviewers, our author, in the preface to his second edition, informs us that the deviation from chronological order was made intentionally. 'In order,' he says, 'not to take his readers backwards and forwards, he completed his description of the northern region, including his expedition to the Fans, before beginning (the description) his southern journey to Cape Lopez, which in reality was the first exploration he made in 1856. I preserved the dates of the months as they appeared in my journal.' We regret that this explanation has been given, instead of a simple confession that he had made a mistake. If the account of his trip to Cape Lopez was purposely misplaced, why does he say, at the end of Chap. XI. and the beginning of Chap. XII., that he went from the Ikoi creek to the Gaboon, and then immediately to Cape Lopez, which he did not do? And why does he say, at the end of Chap. XII., that he returned from Fetich Point to Cape Lopez, and on his return sailed back to the Gaboon, where he

¹ The engraving representing this event reminds us of the celebrated zinc statue, by Professor Kiss of Berlin, of a tiger attacking an Amazon on horse-back, which received one of the Council Medals at the Great Exhibition.

remained several months, at the end of 1856 and the beginning of 1857, preparing for his 'longest and most adventurous journey.'

On the 5th of February 1857, our traveller set off for the Camma country, a region unknown to white men, extending from the south of Cape Lopez, in S. lat. $0^{\circ} 40'$, to the River Camma, in S. lat. $1^{\circ} 50'$, and reaching as far as 50 miles to the east. He set sail in the 'Caroline,' a schooner of 45 tons, with a Portuguese negro, Cornillo, for his captain, and a crew of seven, with the wives of two of them as interpreters. A violent storm carried the schooner to Cape St Catherine, about 45 miles south of the mouth of the River Fernand Vaz, where they wished to land, and which they reached on the 14th February. At Elinde, two miles farther up the river, he remained squabbling with rival chiefs till the 13th of April, when he took possession of his new place, Biagano, which, being quite a village, he called Washington. In a short trip up the river to Anicambia, and back again to Washington, nothing very interesting occurred, till the 19th of April, when a wounded and infuriated wild bull rushed upon one of the hunters, and 'tossed him high into the air, once, twice, thrice,' till the white man 'drew its fury to himself,' and instantly shot it.

On the 4th May, while at Washington, when a live male *gorilla*, three years old, was brought in by his hunter, he felt that all his African hardships were rewarded. After its mother was shot, it ran to the top of a small tree, from which it roared savagely at its assailants. The tree was cut down; and when the gorilla fell, it was secured by throwing a cloth over its head, which, however, did not prevent him from biting severely the hand of one man, and taking a piece out of the leg of another. This creature, called Joe, is described as the most savage and untameable brute that our author ever saw. He darted at every person that came near him, bit the bamboos of his house, 'and showed a temper thoroughly wicked and malicious.' Poor Joe, after escaping from his prison, and being surrounded and taken by 150 men, died suddenly in chains.

In order to enjoy the hunting of the hippopotamus, our traveller went five miles up the river, and shot three of these animals. In a night hunt he was equally successful. Painting his face with a mixture of oil and soot, he and his hunter, Igala, went to a place in moonlight, where they heard the hippopotamus snorting and plashing in the distance. A sudden groan showed them the place of a huge animal feeding upon grass, which soon became their prey. These animals consort in flocks from three to thirty. Though timid, they sometimes turn savagely upon their assailants. The male, which is much larger than the female, sometimes attains the bulk of the elephant; and 'in

the larger specimens the belly almost sweeps the ground as they walk.' The following account is given by our author of a fight between two hippopotami:—

'It occurred in broad daylight. I was concealed on the bank of the stream, and had been for some time watching the sports of a herd, when suddenly two huge beasts rose to the surface of the water, and rushed together. Their vast and hideous mouths were opened to their widest possible extent; their eyes were flaming with rage, and every power was put forth by each to annihilate the other. They seized each other with their jaws; they stabbed and punched with their strong tusks; they advanced and retreated; were now at the top of the water, and again sank down to the bottom. Their blood discoloured the river, and their groans of rage were hideous to listen to. They showed little powers of strategy, but rather a piggish obstinacy in maintaining their ground, and a frightful savageness of manner. The combat lasted an hour.'

On the 27th May 1857, Du Chaillu set out in a canoe with twelve stout paddlers, to ascend the Npoulounay, a branch of the Ogobay, to a country which no white man had ever seen. He now reached 'the long-looked-for Lake of Anengue, at least ten miles wide, and with many towns in sight on the summits of hills.' At the village of king Damagondai he remained from the 1st to the 10th June, shooting porcupines; but having broken the barrels of both his guns, he was obliged to return to Washington, and abandon his projected exploration. This accident was a fortunate one, as 'a high and mighty visitor,' king Quengueza, came to him 'from far up (90 miles) the River Rembo. He invited him to 'plenty of gorilla and nshiego hunting at the fall of the rainy season;' and till that period arrived, Du Chaillu spent the whole of July in exploring the sea-coast, shooting 'ugly marabouts, from whose tails our ladies get the splendid feathers for their bonnets,' pelicans, which wade in swarms, cranes, ducks, and sea and land birds in abundance. Two new species of the *Meropicus bicolor* were among his more valuable acquisitions. Tired of this sport, he sets off again on the 1st of August for Lake Anengue. On the 5th, after his arrival, king Damagondai took him across the lake to the village of king Shimbouvenegani, a gentleman about sixty-five, with a swallow-tailed coat, and a silk or beaver hat half his own age. Here he enjoyed 'one of those hunts which are marked with the brightest red ink in his calendar.' Observing upon a high tree 'a singular-looking shelter built in its branches,' he thought it was the sleeping place of a hunter, but found to his surprise that this very ingenious nest was built by the *nshiego mbouvé*, a new ape, which, from its baldness, he called *Troglodytes Calvus*.

These nests or bowers, of which he saw many, are generally built in a solitary tree, 15 or 20, but sometimes 50 feet from the ground. The male and female gather the leafy branches to make the umbrella roof, and vines to tie the branches to the trees. The male and female occupy nests on separate trees, and they quit them every 10 or 15 days, when they have consumed the wild berries in their vicinity. The ape climbs up by 'a hand-over movement,' creeps under the shelter, and seats itself on a projecting branch, putting one arm around the trunk of the tree. The largest *nshiego* he shot was 4 feet 4 inches high, and its spread of arms upwards of 7 feet.

A great crocodile hunt on the 9th was our author's next sport. The negroes hunt this animal both with guns and a harpoon. The crocodiles were seen swimming about in all directions, and sunning themselves on mud banks. If killed in water they sink, and are lost. Our sportsmen, therefore, attacked an 'immense fellow,' stretched among reeds, and shot him; and soon after another, the one measuring 20 and the other 18 feet. The crocodiles swim like a dog, in great silence, scarcely rippling the water, upon which they can stand quite still. They sleep in the reeds, and lay their eggs in the sand. On the 11th he killed a *nkago*, a beautiful little monkey, crowned with a fillet of bright red hair, and an *ogata*, a species of alligator, 7 feet long, with great strength of jaw and formidable teeth. When standing up to shoot a beautiful gazelle looking into the water, a crocodile anticipated him by leaping out of the stream, seizing the gazelle, and drawing back with the struggling animal in his jaws. Sometimes the crocodile catches even the leopard.

An American vessel being on the coast, our author returned to Washington to send home some of his specimens. On his return he visited Guaibui, at the junction of the Anengue and Ogobay Rivers, the residence of Oshoria, who, even with 150 armed fellows, was prevented from exacting tribute from the white man, by the bravado of going up to them with a revolver in one hand, and a double-barrelled gun in the other.

From the 18th to the 21st of August, our traveller was laid up with dysentery and malignant fever; but having taken, in three days, 150 grs. of quinine, he was able to witness the ceremony of *bola iwoga*, or 'the breaking of the mourning time.' When an important person dies, mourning for him lasts from a year to two years. The tribe or town doff their best clothes, and go unusually dirty. The elder brother, who inherits the property of the deceased, gives a grand feast. His wives cease to be widows, and in their best attire 'join in the jollification as brides.' After the firing of 100 guns, the orgies begin. Drinking, singing, dancing, firing of guns, shouting and making noises

of every kind, is the order of the day. The women, 'furiously tipsy,' and at all times indecent, strive for pre-eminence in indecency. The 'mourning goes out,' by tearing down and burning the deceased's house, breaking it to pieces with axes and cutlasses.

The illness of the man who kept Du Chaillu's house at Washington brought to light several singular customs. The devil in the sick man being the cause of disease, a fetich doctor drives him out with the 'infernal din' of drum, and kettles, and guns. The man died under the cure, and was buried without a coffin in so shallow a grave, that Du Chaillu saw 'that the wild beasts had eaten the corpse.' The sudden death was ascribed to witchcraft, and a great doctor was brought to discover the witch. One of Damogondai's sons, 'a great rascal,' was the doctor. Du Chaillu naively tells us that 'he looked literally like the devil,' and was the most ghostly object he ever saw. A photograph alone could depict him. The engraving must be imperfect. All his incantations were fruitless. The 'witch man' could not be found; and the sorcerer announced that it would be death to remain in the village where an evil spirit had his residence.

Washington was therefore deserted, and it was with great difficulty that our author induced some of his acquaintance to build houses. When completed, on the 8th October, he was offered the sovereignty; but, recollecting the process of king-making, he declined the honour, and became 'chief next to Rampano' the king.

Visiting Irende, a town 40 miles up the Fernand Vaz, he learned that the gorilla lives only near the left bank of that river, and the chimpanzee only near the right bank, until one reaches the Rembo. At the town of his old friend Makaji, a great gorilla country, he met with 'a female gorilla, with a tiny baby gorilla hanging to her breast and sucking. The mother was stroking the little one, and looking fondly down at it; and the scene was so pretty and touching, that I held my fire, and considered, like a soft-hearted fellow, whether I had not better leave them in peace. Before I could make up my mind, however, my hunter fired and killed the mother,' the baby clinging to her with pitiful cries. The baby was caught, but, either from grief or want of milk, or both, it died on the third day.

At this time, the 5th of December, the white man was poisoned by his cook, who put two table-spoonfuls of arsenic into his soup, 'an overdose which, he says, saved his life.' The cook was sentenced to death, from which Du Chaillu saved him. The two brothers, to whom, at their request, he was given up, compensated our author with four slaves.

To explore the interior and pick up gorillas, Du Chaillu set out on the 26th February 1858, with 15 men in his own boat,

followed by another canoe equally manned; and on the 29th reached Goumbi, the residence of Quengueza, 95 miles from the mouth of the river, and the last town of the Camma. There our traveller was received in the most triumphant manner by the whole population, and remained three weeks, witnessing the process of exorcising a witch who had bewitched a street in the village,—killing a female gorilla 4 feet 7 inches high, and observing the poison ordeal, in which an old doctor drank the intoxicating poison, *mboundou*, from the leaf of a plant of the *nux vomica* species, in order to acquire the power of divination. The poisoned cup having been prepared by others, the doctor emptied it at a draught. He staggered; his eyes became blood-shot; his limbs twitched convulsively; his speech grew thick. He was asked who bewitched the king, but being 'hopelessly tipsy,' he could not tell. A hundred people around him beat the ground with sticks, singing in a monotone—

'If he is a witch, let the *mboundou* kill him.
If he is not, let the *mboundou* go out.'

Gorilla stories of the most absurd kind were told and believed by the negroes over their evening meals. It is a common superstition, that if a woman with child, or her husband, sees a living or a dead gorilla, she is said to give birth to a gorilla. It is believed that men are turned into gorillas, and that the gorilla is appeased when his assailant drops his spear.

On the 22d March, Du Chaillu set out from Goombi for the interior. He was accompanied by Quengueza in a large canoe with 20 paddlers, by Ashira and Balakai chiefs in other canoes, and by several canoes from Goombi. After passing a holy place on the river, where, 'for luck,' they sang a song of praise to the god of the place, they reached Akaka, the first of the Bakalai towns, near which was an extraordinary tree, the *oloumi*, raising its umbrella top over a straight and majestic branchless trunk. At the distance of 140 miles from the mouth of the river they reached the village of Obindji, where they were received with the usual honours by the Bakalai chief. During a hunt up the river they shot a new ape, the *koolo-kamba*, so called from its cry of *koola-kooloo, koola-kooloo*. It was a full-grown male, 4 feet 3 inches high. It was less powerfully built than the male gorilla, but as powerful as the chimpanzee or the *nshiego mbouvé*. Of all the apes now known, it most nearly approaches to man in the structure of its head. Among the superstitions here is the ordeal of the ring heated in boiling oil, which, if lifted out by the fingers, a suspected person establishes his innocence. Before the division of the flesh obtained in hunting, a thankoffering or grace is said to two spirits, *Mondo* and *Olombo*, who are supposed to influence the hunt.

After killing another gorilla 5 feet 6 inches high, and a new and curious bird, the *Alethe castanea*, supposed to have a devil in it, our traveller, with his royal attendant, went to *N'calai-Boumba*, the residence of a chief named Anguilai, and the hottest place he had found in Africa. At a little village, *Npopo*, where all the people had gone to the bush, every article was exposed to thieves, but placed under the protection of a god, *Mbuiri*, with copper eyes which frowned upon thieves from the centre of the village. This timber policeman was made of ebony, about 2 feet high, covered with grass, and with a man's face and nose.

Driven to the ebony ground by an attack of fever, which it took 150 grains of quinine and 2 heavy doses of calomel to cure, our traveller was tended with the most affectionate care by the women who came to nurse him. The ebony tree, one of the finest and most graceful in Africa, is often 50 or 60 feet high, with a diameter of 5 feet at the base. The young trees are white to the centre, and even when 2 feet in diameter the black part is streaked with white. The mature tree and its branches are always hollow. Du Chaillu saw a magnificent specimen above 4 feet in diameter, which furnished 11 splendid billets weighing 1500 lbs.

The superstitions here are exceedingly barbarous. A boy who had confessed that he had 'made a witch,' was cut to pieces by the frantic villagers with spears and knives. On the following day one of the king's wives, in order to cure sterility, 'stood up in the open street, and had herself cut on the back of her hands with knives.'

In the ebony woods our sportsman and his people were nearly starved to death for want of food. He at last shot two new birds, the *Camaroptera caniceps*, and the *Geocichla compsonota*, and a remarkable animal of the squirrel kind, called by the natives the *mboco*, which eats ivory. Our naturalist calls it *Sciurus eboniferus*, from its seeking the carcasses of elephants, and gnawing and destroying the finest tusks with very sharp and large cutters. He was fortunate, also, in shooting a female *nshiego mbouwé*, with a soot-black face, and capturing her baby with a face as white as a child. In three days he was perfectly tame, and, under the name of Tommy, afforded much amusement by his intelligence and exploits during his short life. When hunting on the 18th, he heard a male gorilla roaring to his female. 'The forest fairly shook with the tremendous sound, and the echoes swelled and died away from hill to hill until the whole forest was full of the din. I am sure that I must have heard this gorilla's voice three miles off, and the drum-like noise of his beating his breast at least a mile.' Our author had noticed the singular abrasion of the canine teeth of this animal, which he

now learns arose from their gnawing into the heart of hard trees 4 or 6 inches in diameter and eating out the pith.

Obinji's town being nearly without food, Du Chaillu started with 100 men up the Ofonbou, a tributary of the Rembo, for *Njali-coudié*. King Mbango, the chief of six 'towns within 30 miles round,' received him hospitably, and with the usual noise; but he was scarcely settled in his house before his idle curiosity exposed him to imminent danger. On the 2d June the females from all the villages worship, without any men, the good spirit Njambai. It is done in a house carefully closed, and without a door, its entrance being through another house. Du Chaillu was warned not to go near the place, nor pry into the mystery; but his curiosity led him to peep through a crevice, and 'to see three perfectly naked old hags sitting on the clay floor with an immense bundle of gree-grees before them, which they seemed to be silently worshipping.' The moment they saw the intruding eye they howled with rage, pursued him to his house, and it was only by brandishing his revolver that he saved himself from the threats and curses of above 300 infuriated women. The men, when appealed to, insisted on compensation for the wrong; but such was their respect for the white man, or their fear of his revolver, that the compensation, in the form of cloth, knives, beads, mats, and mugs, was collected from the king and his lieges, and paid over to the worshippers of Njambai.

While hunting on the 7th, the forest 'resounded with the most terrific roars' from the darkest part of it. Du Chaillu and his companion 'hurried on with a dreadful and sickening alarm,' and had not gone far before they saw a hunter 'lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood, with his bowels protruding through the lacerated abdomen.' Beside him lay his gun, with its stock broken and its barrel bent and flattened, bearing the marks of the gorilla's teeth. He had met a huge male gorilla face to face; but having only wounded it in the side when about eight yards off, it beat its breasts and furiously advanced upon him.

'He stood his ground, and quickly reloaded his gun, but just as he raised it to fire, the gorilla dashed it out of his hands, the gun going off in the fall; and then in an instant, and with a terrible roar, the animal gave him a tremendous blow with his immense open paw, frightfully lacerating the abdomen, and with this single blow laying bare part of the intestines. As he sank bleeding to the ground the monster seized the gun, and the poor hunter thought that he would have had his brains dashed out with it. But the gorilla seemed to have looked upon the gun also as an enemy, and in his rage almost flattened the barrel between his strong jaws.'

The wounds of the poor huntsman were dressed, and himself brought to the village, but he survived only two days.

In the dry season, which had now set in, migratory birds have returned; and 'the forests are ringing with their chatter and song.' The *Peliperdrix Lathamii* and the splendid *Numida Plumifera* abound. Gray parrots fly in flocks of hundreds, and make the woods alive with their screams. Insects abound, and annoy the traveller. The *Igoogouai*, small blood-suckers, irritate even the thick skins of the negroes. The *Ibolai*, twice the size of the house-fly, pierces the thickest clothes, and excites sudden pain; while the *Nchouna* sucks the blood without pain, but leaves an itchiness for hours, with the sudden stab of the scorpion. The *Iboco* bites more severely than the rest, making the blood run down as if from the bite of a leech. The most dreadful of all insects, however, is the *Eloway*, a nest-building fly, like a bee, but less in size. Its clay hives, as hard as stone, are supported from the branches of trees, and have separate apartments with little roofs. The natives fly from these ferocious monsters; and when a canoe strikes a tree with a nest, the insects fall ferociously upon the men, who instantly dive into the water to escape their venom, but those that had settled upon their skin cling to it even in the water, and require to be picked off.

After describing the snakes of the district, of which the 'most feared' is the *Echidna Nasicornis*, and giving an account of the way in which a black snake, 4 feet long, charmed a squirrel into its embrace, he relates the capture of the largest male gorilla he had met with, which roared and drummed as already described. It was 5 feet 9 inches long,¹ the spread of its arms 9 feet, the round of its chest 62 inches, and the great toe 6 inches in circumference.

Among the interesting objects of natural history in this district are the Bongo antelope, *Trogelaphus albo-virgatus*, a rare and exceedingly graceful animal over 5 feet long, and a new bird called *Nchalitogway* by the natives. It is one of the most graceful and lovely birds. It has been called the *Muscipeta du Chaillui*, and has a very singular appearance, from the white feathers of the back seeming to form a fine mantle.

Among the strange superstitions noticed by our author, is one called *Roondah*. King Quengueza gave as a reason for refusing to eat part of a wild bull, that a woman of his family had given birth to a calf. For the same reason some will starve rather than eat crocodile, others hippopotamus, some monkey, some boa, and some wild pig.

On the 13th August, our traveller made a triumphant return to Washington, where he remained two months, preparing for his great journey into the interior. Here his narrative stops for

¹ A gorilla fully 6 feet 6 inches long was exhibited at the meeting of naturalists at Vienna in 1856.

a while, and in *six* successive and interesting chapters he gives an account of the ants of Equatorial Africa ;—of its seasons and fevers,—its politics, superstitions, and slave system,—its four great apes, the Gorilla, the Kooloo-Kamba, the Chimpanzee, and the Nshiego-Mbouvé ; and the laws, manners, and customs of the Bakalai tribe.

The account of the ants will be read with much interest. The Bashikouay ant, already mentioned, is half an inch long, and is the most remarkable of the ten different species in these regions. They march through forests in a regular line, about 2 inches broad and often several inches long. Officers placed along the line keep this singular army in order. When they come to a place without trees to shelter them from the sun, they build tunnels 4 or 5 feet under ground, through which the army passes to the next forest. In order to cross a narrow stream, they throw themselves over it, and form a living tunnel, or 'a high safe tubular bridge, through which the army marches.' To do this, each ant clings with its fore claws to its next neighbour's body or hind claws. The insect world, and all from the smallest to the greatest, fly before them ; and it is stated by the negroes, that criminals were in former times put to death by exposing them in the path of these executioners.

The *Nchellelay*, or white ants, attack only vegetable matter, cotton cloth, paper, and old wood. In one night they will spoil a box of clothing or of books. They live in clay nests, and have a great aversion to daylight.

On the West Coast of Africa there are but two seasons, the dry and the rainy, the former lasting from May to September, and the latter from the middle or end of September to the middle of May. The hottest season is during the rains. 'Whenever the sun is in the zenith of any place, that place has its rainy season. Fever is the prevailing disease, arising generally from the exhalation of decaying vegetable matter. Quinine to the amount of 60 grains a day, and sometimes 150, is the best remedy.

The form of government here is patriarchal. The chieftainship is hereditary, passing to the brother of the chief. There is no property in land ; and as there are no cattle, wealth is measured by the number of slaves and wives. The villages have seldom a population of a thousand, generally only a few hundreds.

The system of slavery is singular. One class of slaves consists of domestic servants, who are not sold. The slaves of another class are purchased from tribes in the interior, in order to supply the foreign market. A slave is a unit of value. An offender is fined, or a wife is purchased for, so many slaves.

Polygamy is universal, and wives are worse treated than slaves. Chastity is unknown. A number of children give importance to

the mother, and with such a claim 'her many sins are easily forgiven her.'

The Africans here believe neither in a God nor in a future state. They believe in two great evil spirits, which have houses built for their occupation, and are provided with food. A belief in sorcery and witchcraft is universal, and superstitions of the rankest kind everywhere prevailed.

Our author's two chapters on the Great Anthropoid, or Man-like Apes of Africa, on their structures, habits, and mode of life, contain much new and valuable information, and, if they do not satisfy the severe demands of the naturalist, will be perused with interest by the general reader. In our abstract of the author's adventures, we have already given a brief notice of the more prominent habits of these animals. The *Troglodytes Gorilla*, and the *Troglodytes Niger*, or Chimpanzee, or Orang-Outang, have been long known, the first as the Wild Man of the Wood, and the second as the Pongo of Buffon. The *Troglodytes Koolo-kamba*, and the *Troglodytes calvus, nshiego mbouvé*, are given as new species by our author. The young of the gorilla is coal black, that of the chimpanzee yellow, that of the *nshiego mbouvé* a very pale white.

Notwithstanding the points of resemblance between man and the anthropoid apes pointed out by Du Chaillu, he informs us that he 'searched in vain if an intermediate race, or rather several intermediate races or links between the natives and the gorilla, could be found; and I may say here, that I made these inquiries conscientiously, with the sole view of bringing before science the facts which I might collect. But I have searched in vain: I found not a single being, young or old, who could show an intermediate link between man and the gorilla, which would certainly be found, if man had come from the ape. I suppose, from these facts, we must come to the conclusion, that man belongs to a distinct family from that of the ape, the first belonging to the order Bimana, and the latter to the other quadrumanous series.'

From Biagano, or Washington, where our traveller had been recruiting his strength since the 13th August 1858, he again set out for the interior on the 10th October, with 16 men from Rampano, the chief of a village on the coast, to carry him to Gounbi, from which 'Quengueza's brother was to forward him. He had no sooner reached this village, than the death of his friend Mpomo gave rise to a scene of barbarous bloodshed, almost unexampled in the history of the most savage people. Some person must have witched Mpomo, and a great doctor was brought 'from up the river' to discover the witch. The whole village became furious, and thirsted for the blood of the criminal.

The doctor having waved with his hand the infuriated mob into silence, proclaimed that a black woman in a particular house had bewitched Mpomo. The crowd rushed to the spot, seized a poor girl, Okandago, and bore her away to the river side. Silence again, and an old woman was similarly denounced and carried off. Silence a third time, when a much respected woman with six children, one of Quengueza's slave-women, was hurried to the river. The doctor and the crowd encircled the victims, and proceeded to prove their guilt. Mpomo had refused some salt to Okandago, who was his relative, and she had used unpleasant words to him. Quengueza's niece, who was barren, had envied Mpomo, who had children, and Mpomo had refused a looking-glass to Quengueza's slave. For such crimes death was the punishment. The mob ratified the decision. Even the relatives of the criminals were obliged to join in cursing the sorcerers.

The victims having been put into a large canoe with the doctor, the executioners, and a number of armed men, the poison cup, or *mboundou*, was then presented to each; and as they drank the mob cried, 'If they are witches, let the *mboundou* kill them; if they are innocent, let the *mboundou* go out.'

'It was the most exciting scene,' says Du Chaillu, 'in my life. Though horror almost froze my blood, my eyes were riveted upon the spectacle. A dead silence now occurred. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom, ere her head was hacked off by a dozen rude swords.

'Next came Quengueza's niece. In an instant her head was off, and the blood was dyeing the waters of the river.

'Meantime poor Okandago staggered and struggled, and cried, vainly resisting the working of the poison in her system. Last of all she fell too, and in an instant her head was hewed off.

'Then all became confused. An almost random hacking ensued, and in an incredibly short space of time the bodies were cut in small pieces, which were cast into the river.'

After witnessing another strange rite, in which a woman appeals to Ilogo, the spirit of the moon, in order to discover who had bewitched Quengueza, our author set off on the 22d October, in several canoes, to Obinjii's town and the far interior, with 35 Goumbi men, and his headman Adouma, the brother of the murdered Okandago. After reaching Acaca, they went into the Niembai, a sort of grassy branch of the Rembo, to hunt the Mango, a new species of Manatee which lives among reeds. The doctor spread a powder upon the water, and he had no sooner returned to the reeds, than a great beast came to the surface, sucked in the powder, and was harpooned. It made for the bottom, but in a few minutes rose again and died. It was 10 feet long, and weighed 1500 lbs. The meat was finer grained and

of a sweeter flavour than pork, and was carefully smoked for future use. Starting on the 24th, he reached Obinjii's town on the 26th, where he was hospitably received, and got two Ashira men and two Bakalai, which increased his troops to 32 men, with whom he set off on the 27th; and passing through Akoonga (not in the map), 240 miles from Cape Lopez, he reached, on the 2d November, the town of Olenda, the king of the Ashiras, where he was welcomed as a spirit, and admired by the thousands from 150 villages that thronged to see him. 'The ticking of his clock made them think it a guardian angel. His musical box was thought 'a very powerful devil in his employ,' and his Colt revolver was quite incomprehensible.

The Ashira plain is the finest country Du Chaillu had ever seen. The rolling prairie, as it is called in the map, is a table-land surrounded on all sides by mountains covered with dense masses of forest reaching to the foot of the hill. There are between 150 and 200 villages in Ashira. They are the neatest, free from weeds and offal, and the people are the finest he has seen in Africa. 'By a singular fashion, which he never saw elsewhere, the young women, till they are married, are not allowed to wear any clothing about the middle but the narrow grass cloth girdle; and they wander about as freely as a total absence of the sentiment of modesty can let them.'

After visiting the Ofoudou, Andele, and Orere mountains, one of the highest peaks of which is Mount Nchondo, he made a hunting excursion to Obinji's village, where he shot a new species of the wild hog, which he calls the *Potamocheærus albifrons*, a singular-looking large animal, with a red-coloured body, a white face, and several large warty protuberances on each side, half-way between the nose and eyes. He was fortunate in also killing a remarkable new animal, which he calls *Cynogale velox*, resembling a small otter, and darting with extreme rapidity through the water after its prey. In this trip he studied the nests of the *nshiego mbouvé*, which we have already described, shot a male gorilla, and failed in attempting to ascend the high peak of Nkoomoonabonali, marked on the map as 12,000 feet in height.

On the 6th December our adventurers set out from Olendo for the Apingi country, crossing the rapid River Ovigni, 30 yards wide, by means of a rope tied round trees on each bank, the trees performing the part of piers. There were three spans, 8, 14, and 8 yards wide. The small spans were crossed by ropes; but the centre one, 14 yards wide, was crossed 'by a long slender bending limb of a tree, which sagged down in the middle, until, when it bore a man's weight, its centre was three feet below the surface of the rushing tide. To help the passenger, a couple of strong vines were strung across for balustrade; but they gave

very little assistance, as Du Chaillu experienced, when he felt the current beating against his legs, and threatening to tear him from the wooden cable.

Plunging again into the primeval forests, and climbing the almost perpendicular sides of Mount Ocoucou, they encountered and killed a huge male gorilla, 5 feet 8 inches high, and a young female measuring 3 feet 8 inches. On the evening of the 9th December, the party were roused from sleep by 'tremendous roaring,' and were delighted with the sight of a wild buffalo, 'rushing with roar after roar into and across the plain, vainly plunging and striving to loose the claws of a leopard which sat upon his hump, and was sucking the blood from his neck.' On the following day they unexpectedly met Remandji, the king of the Apingi tribe, who was on a fishing excursion with his wives. The sight of the white spirit appalled his majesty, who began in a sudden to dance about in a most unroyal and crazy manner, shouting again and again, 'The Spirit has come to see me, the Spirit has come to see my country.' Rescued from a tumble into an elephant hole 20 feet deep, and crossing in canoes and rafts the Rembo Apingi, about 300 yards wide, and from 3 to 4 fathoms deep, Du Chaillu reached the Apingi village, where he was received with shouts and cheers, comfortably lodged, and furnished with provisions, among which was 'a fat and tender slave' ready bound, which he was 'to kill for his evening meal.' Having expressed his abhorrence of eating human flesh, the king replied, 'We always heard that you white men eat men. Why do you buy our people? Why do you come from, nobody knows where, and carry off our men, and women, and children? Do you not fatten them in your far country, and eat them? Therefore I gave you this slave, that you might kill him, and make glad your heart.'

While examining Du Chaillu's straight hair and white skin, the natives asked for a sight of his toes, to ascertain if he was 'like a people far away in the interior, whom they call the *Sapadi*, and who have cloven feet like a bush-deer.' This strange belief exists at Cape Lopez, among the Camma and all other tribes, and the Sapadi are always located in Central Equatorial Africa.

Our traveller's musical box and clock, and no doubt his Colt's revolver, obtained for him such high distinction, that thirty Apingi chiefs insisted on making him their king, and requested him 'to perform the miracle of making a pile of beads equal to the highest tree of the village, for the use of their women and children.' Even an Ashango chief, having heard of his fame, came from 100 miles eastward, to get a share of his miraculously created goods. On the 18th he was formally invested with the *kendo*, the insignia of chieftain, an article of iron made by the

Shembo, a tribe still farther east. Thus elevated, the Apingi women fancied the white man; and the old ugly cook, who had only served him a few days, actually claimed him as a husband, and came with her relatives to ask for the customary presents. 'For once' the white man 'lost his temper, and with a stick drove them out of the village.' This tribe manufacture, in a loom of a complicated construction, very fine grass cloth from the fibrous parts of the leaf of a palm, and, what is peculiar to them, 'they cultivate and acknowledge private property in trees.'

A remarkable ceremony, called *bongo*, exists here, and more or less among all the African tribes, and is a curious as well as a merciful phase of slavery. An ill-used slave is entitled to go to any other village and choose a new master, who is bound to receive and protect him. He is thus able to choose a good master, and to prevent himself from being separated from his family.

In sailing up the Rembo, Du Chaillu was well received at the village of Agobi, and was fortunate in shooting a new species of the anomalurus, which he names the *Anomalurus Beldeni*. It is a beautiful little animal, with a flying membrane, which permits it to fly downward. After sailing about 40 miles up the river, and witnessing the funeral of a *putrid corpse* carried naked to the grave upon the shoulders of one man, our traveller was obliged, for want of a proper canoe, to return to Remandji's town. Thus baffled in his ascent of the Rembo, he procured a suitable canoe for the purpose of descending the river and visiting the great fall and rapids of Samba Nagoshi, 'the great wonder of this region.' He failed, however, in the attempt. He heard 'the mighty roar of the fall,' but the natives refused to go to it, though the distance was only four or five miles. Notwithstanding this, he has placed it in his map with the name of the Empress *Eugenie*.

Upon returning to Remandji's village, our author advanced to the east, where the Isogo tribe inhabit the higher plains and have many villages, and he hoped to reach the Ashango country, distant three days' journey; but after displaying the American flag on the top of the highest tree, and shouting round it with the natives, he retraced his steps on the 2d January 1859. A severe illness, however, of three days increased his desire for home; and when he reached Remandji's village he packed up his 'goods and journals,' and 'finally set out on the 16th of January. Visiting on his way his friends Olenda and Obinji, he reached his home on the coast on the 20th of February 1859.' After waiting four months, he spied a ship on the 1st of June; and, having put on board his cargo of beasts and birds and other things, 'he welcomed the cool breeze which bore him back to civilisation, to friends, and to renewed health.'

In our analysis of this popular and interesting work, we have had

occasion to notice the more important results of this adventurous journey, in their geographical and natural history aspects. In the preface to his work, written in London in April 1861, he gives it as his opinion 'that an important mountain range divides the continent of Africa nearly along the line of the equator, starting on the west from the range which runs along the coast north and south, and ending in the east, probably in the country south of the mountains of Abyssinia, or perhaps terminating abruptly to the north of the Lake Tanganyika of Capts. Burton and Speke.'

The labours of our author in natural history, the principal object of his journey, are more remarkable. Unaccompanied by white men, he travelled 8000 miles on foot, 'shot, stuffed, and brought home over 2000 birds, of which more than 60 are new species; and he killed upwards of 1000 quadrupeds, of which 200 were stuffed and brought home, with more than 80 skeletons, not less than 20 of these quadrupeds being species hitherto unknown to science.'

Having been originally sent out to Africa by the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, M. du Chaillu returned to the United States with his valuable cargo, in the hope, no doubt, that his labours would be appreciated, and his discoveries receive their due reward. From causes, however, with which we are not acquainted, he seems to have had a difference with his patrons in Philadelphia, and to have carried his collection of quadrupeds and birds to New York, where, we presume, he did not receive the encouragement which he had reason to anticipate. He had spent, as he tells us, while in America, 'twenty months in writing out his journals' for publication; but finding it difficult to bring his work advantageously before the public, he came to England in the beginning of the present year, and submitted an account of his explorations and discoveries to the Royal Geographical Society, one of the most distinguished of our metropolitan institutions. The Society listened with delight to his adventures with the gorilla, and his account of the African cannibals; and appreciating, as they ought, his geographical discoveries, they assigned to him a room in their apartments for the exhibition of his natural history collection. The Royal Institution and the Ethnological Society were equally gratified with the communications which he made to them; and the adventurous explorer of unvisited regions, who had singly braved the dangers of savage and cannibal life, became a favourite with the public. The fashionable and scientific world flocked to his museum. Du Chaillu became the lion of the day; and his work, ushered into the world by one of the most distinguished of our publishers, was read with avidity and circulated in thousands.

The critical world had now the means of estimating the merits of our author as a traveller and a naturalist; and, accordingly, the map of his route, the details of his adventures, and his discoveries in natural history, were subjected, as might have been anticipated, to the severest ordeal. The hero who has escaped from the forlorn hope, and the author of brilliant discoveries in art or science, have all been exposed to the same jealous inquisition. The less fortunate soldier, or the discoverer of truths too profound for public appreciation, may justly inquire into the merits of those whose showy achievements have had a temporary triumph; but there are others who look with envy upon all reputations, who seek to reduce them to the level of their own, and who will grudge even to Newton his fame, and to Bacon his glory.

The triumphant reception of Du Chaillu in London, not exceeding, however, his apotheosis among the tribes of Africa, has given rise to grave discussions respecting the accuracy of his statements and the value of his discoveries. In this painful controversy, two great questions have been discussed,—the one affecting the authenticity of his narrative, and the other the novelty of his natural history discoveries. In reference to the first of these questions, it is supposed that he had not advanced far into the interior, and that he had purchased from traders the quadrupeds and birds which form the staple of his collection.

Having stated in his preface that his work was written from faithfully kept journals, and that he spent twenty months in the long and tedious labour of preparing it, his critics looked for some evidence of this in the work itself. They allege that he has given no diaries of his route, and that the chronology of his different expeditions is inexplicable. The chronological defect thus referred to is no doubt a very awkward one. Instead of placing his journey to Cape Lopez between April and July 1856, when it was really performed, he introduces it between two other journeys, both of which it preceded, and has connected it with them without any explanation; thus giving rise to the contradictions which we have already had occasion to notice. (See p. 233.)

The following explanation of the anachronism is given in the preface to the second edition of his work:—

‘Since the publication of the first edition of this work, some apparent discrepancies, and one misprint which had escaped my notice in the *dates*, have been pointed out to me. I ought to have mentioned in my original preface, that, in order not to take my readers backwards and forwards, I completed my description of the northern region, including my expedition to the Fans, before beginning my southern journey to Cape Lopez, which in reality was the first explo-

ration I made in 1856. I preserved the dates of the months, however, as they appear in my journal.'

This explanation is not satisfactory, for it is inconsistent with the narrative; and the author should have admitted that, when he wrote that part of his work, he had misplaced his materials, or that the person who is said to have written the book from the original diaries had made the mistake in question. But, whether this is the case or not, we would urge the author not to issue another edition of his work without giving its proper place to his journey to Cape Lopez.

In addition to this grave anachronism, with which we were greatly perplexed before it had excited public criticism, there are several points in the narrative which have startled readers not disposed to be hypercritical.

The extravagantly royal reception of our author among the numerous tribes which he visited, and his sustained influence over them as the white man, and as a spirit endowed with miraculous power, have scarcely a parallel in the adventures of other African travellers; while the account of the disgusting cannibalism of the Fans has been regarded as approaching to the fabulous. But, notwithstanding these and other peculiarities in our author's narrative, we cannot concur in the opinion that it is not a real and genuine account of his adventures and explorations.

The question of the value of his natural history discoveries is one of a different order. M. du Chaillu is not a scientific naturalist, but even in the humble character of a collector he is entitled to our gratitude for whatever additions he may make to the fauna of unvisited regions; and that gratitude need not be abated should he claim to be the discoverer of well-known species, or give startling descriptions of the animals which he has shot or collected.

But while we cheerfully grant this indulgence to our enterprising traveller, and sympathize with him in the sufferings and hardships to which he was exposed, we must be equally indulgent to the man of science, who is bound by his professional position to give righteous judgment in every question which it is his duty to decide.

When M. du Chaillu claimed the honour of having discovered 20 new species of quadrupeds, and 60 new species of birds, and actually brought several of them to London as an evidence of his success, Dr Gray, the most distinguished of our zoologists, and holding the high position of Zoologist to the British Museum, was called upon to give his opinion of a collection that had excited so much public interest. In the discharge of this duty he has made the following statement:—

1. That the large figure of the gorilla, in the frontispiece of

the work, is taken, with slight alterations, from Geoffroy's figure¹ of the specimen in the Paris Museum, and there called *Gorilla Gina*.

2. That the figure of the young gorilla, in p. 200, is also from a specimen in the same museum, and figured by Geoffroy.²

3. That the skeleton of man and the gorilla, at p. 370, is incorrectly taken from a copy of Fenton's photographs of the skeleton in the British Museum.

In reply to these criticisms, our author admits 'that four out of the 74 plates in his work have been copied, with some slight alteration, from other works, and he expresses his regret that the original sources were not stated on the plates themselves;' but he asserts, what we believe is correct, that his figure of the skeleton is not a copy from the photograph, but is taken from a drawing of his own large specimen.

Dr Gray has also questioned the correctness of his description of the ferocity and untameable character of the adult gorilla; and he founds this opinion on accounts of more than one specimen that had been kept alive for several months in the Gaboon, and with the fact that a gorilla had lived so long in confinement as to have been shipped for the Zoological Society,—all these specimens having been described 'as anything but specially malignant and ferocious.'

Dr Gray has criticised in the same manner the drawings and the descriptions of several of the other mammals. He states that the figure of the young *Troglodytes Calvus*, in p. 359, is a copy of Geoffroy's figure, from the photograph of the common chimpanzee, *Troglodytes Niger*; and that the other figure of the same animal is a *fac simile* of the figure given by Geoffroy as a representation from life of the young chimpanzee in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris.

After a careful examination of the quadrupeds, supposed to be new, Dr Gray has shown that many of them had been previously described by himself and other naturalists, and that there is only one new animal out of the sixteen.³

Dr Gray has not made any observations on the 60 new species of birds in Du Chaillu's list, and he assigns as a reason 'that only a very few authentically named species have come under his hand, the typical species being in the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia, and that M. du Chaillu appears to have brought only a very small proportion of the birds mentioned in his list to England.'

¹ *Archives de Museum*, vol. x., p. 1. Paris, 1858.

² *Id. id.*, Plate vii., fig. 2.

³ See two valuable and interesting papers by Dr Gray in *The Annals and Magazine of Natural History* for June and July 1861.

We regret that Dr Gray has not had an opportunity of reporting upon the collection of birds, for we have no doubt that he would have found among them several new and interesting species; and a favourable opinion from such high authority might have reconciled Du Chaillu to the decision pronounced upon his mammals. So long ago as 1856, Mr Cassin, Curator of the Museum of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia,¹ had described the birds collected by our author at Cape Lopez, and had found among them several fine new species; and it is not likely that any difference would exist between the opinions of the British and the American zoologist.

Admitting, therefore, as we must do, the correctness of Dr Gray's zoological results, and of other adverse criticisms on the anachronisms and apparent exaggerations in Du Chaillu's narrative, we must still claim for him the merit of an enterprising and intelligent traveller, who has sacrificed his health and risked his life in the cause of science, and who has extended our knowledge of the geography of Equatorial Africa, and made important contributions to its natural history.

We anxiously hope, therefore, that in the next edition of his work he will correct the mistakes which he may have committed, and to which every traveller is more or less liable,—that his missionary friends to whom he has appealed may remove any of those doubts, however slightly founded, which have been expressed regarding the fidelity of his narrative,—and that future travellers may confirm such of his descriptions as may have appeared improbable or extravagant.

¹ *Proceedings of the Academy*, December 1856.

ART. X.—*History of Civilisation in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. II. London, 1861.

A MAN of letters could hardly address himself to a nobler task than that of writing the history of civilisation in England. Our verdict is not likely to be questioned, when we say that the social state of Britain presents the highest type of that civilisation which belongs pre-eminently to modern times and European nations. In some special departments of thought and action, she is no doubt excelled by others. German learning is more profound and exhaustive. In the lighter graces of art, France leads the way. In the wider diffusion of intelligence among the people, America has shot ahead of the mother country. But take them for all in all, no nation can take rank before the great English people. There, solving the great problem of government, the authority of law secures, in place of subverting, the liberty of the subject. Religion fulfils her high mission, the guide, not the tyrant, of conscience. A noble literature, unmatched for its union of splendour and solidity, pays, with few exceptions, the willing tribute of genius to morality and truth. The industrial and mechanical arts, under the guidance of enlightened science, minister daily to our wealth and comfort. More than in any other land, truth-speaking and truth-seeking—the very pulse and measure of Christian civilisation—are esteemed and practised. Greece, no doubt, will retain her pre-eminence in speculative intellect and purity of taste; and Rome will be honoured for having laid the foundations of modern law and vigorous government; but we shall search history in vain for such a combination of high intelligence and practical ability, of personal freedom and public order, such a variety of active forces, all moving freely, yet conspiring surely to the general good, as may now happily be witnessed in England.

Here, then, is a great theme for the philosophic historian. To show how a people, whom the Romans found woad-painted savages, have grown to such eminence; to estimate the influences of situation and climate, of race, of war, foreign and domestic, of letters and religion, of social life in its various forms,—feudal, monastic, and municipal,—and of all the other forces by which great nations are moulded; to trace the blunders of rulers, warring with the interests and feelings of their people; to show how, while tacking and veering with every changeful wind of influence, the nation was unconsciously advancing, till her place was finally adjusted among the currents that are now bearing her on to a glorious destiny,—is surely a task worthy of the noblest powers. Besides the more obvious qualifications, such as knowledge of languages,

familiarity with all kinds of historical records, acquaintance with science and philosophy, and with that whole mass of literature in which a nation's life and condition are reflected, the task, to be thoroughly done, would demand piercing sagacity and unfaltering patience; a faculty of construction, to impart unity and organic form to vast masses of shapeless material; a power of logic to trace the bearings of events, and a breadth of sympathy to give insight into their heart and meaning, where mere logic would utterly fail; the eye of genius to seize the facts that are vital and important, amid clouds of attractive but irrelevant incident; and, to crown all, a gift of narration, to set forth in a clear, simple, attractive style, the main results of all this Herculean process. It is a task, in all its breadth, which none of our great historians, except Mr Buckle, has even attempted; and, if he had done no more than given the plan and proportions of this great scheme, he would have laid us under a debt of obligation. The intelligent prospectus of such a work is no slight boon. It is something to know what the historian should do. We do not share in the needless and groundless contempt for history, as hitherto written, which Mr Buckle expresses. And, as will by-and-by appear, we utterly dissent from the leading idea and philosophy of his book. We believe, too, that in matters of detail he has often committed great blunders; but we willingly bear our testimony to the noble idea he has formed of his vocation, and the extraordinary labour he has devoted to the attempt to realize it. In a passage of great pathos and beauty, in the present volume, he informs us that he has dedicated the best of his days to this work, and has been made to feel, as Hume tells us he felt, the loneliness and weariness, and want of human sympathy, which usually fall to the lot of those who form great schemes, and travel out of the beaten paths of inquiry. What he has attempted indeed is a task far beyond the powers of any single individual, as he now begins to find. Moreover his work, even if completed, will never be accepted as *the* solution of the great problem of English civilisation. At best, it will be but a temple to an 'Unknown God.' But it will be a marvellous trophy of labour and genius, and it will go far to prepare the way for the more perfect accomplishment, by other hands, of the great undertaking.

Like all the English followers of M. Comte and the positive philosophy, Mr Buckle combines very marked abilities with strange mental defects. He unites great power with great presumption, and, while scornful of all that has been done by others, accomplishes himself nothing so superior as to justify his scorn. Like the rest of his school, he is sadly one-sided, ignoring one half of human nature, and exaggerating the other. He is a bookish man, who lives in a library, not in the world. He is a

vigorous reasoner, but he does not know men. He has certain rough dogmas of general conduct and abstract principle, partially true, which he applies with a merciless indiscrimination, that revolts the thoughtful observer of human character. Hence the tone of exaggeration which characterizes his work, and which will go far to deprive it of authoritative value. He is not so prone to present false views, as to exaggerate what is true. Even his most extreme opinions have in them an element of truth. But in a work that professes to enumerate and estimate the forces of civilisation, we look for not merely the elements, but the proportions of truth. In this respect, Mr Buckle's work can never carry weight. Candid readers, as they examine his judgments on men and opinions, will acknowledge the 'element of truth,' but in so distorted a form as to make them doubt whether, practically, its presence does not do as much harm as good.

The present volume is devoted mainly to an examination of the history of Spain and of Scotland, 'with the object of elucidating principles on which the history of England supplies inadequate information.' The first volume is devoted to the establishment of the principles which the author regards as the basis of the history of civilisation. The remainder of the 'Introduction' will contain an examination of the history of Germany and of the United States of America. When he has thus completed the porch, he will proceed to construct the temple,—the History of Civilisation in England. Mr Buckle holds that, by a process of induction, he has, in his first volume, established certain principles or laws of progress. It will be necessary for us therefore to glance briefly at some of these, because they colour the present essay, or rather, this essay is a pleading from history in support of them. Mr Buckle, in this way, as it seems to us, places himself in a false position. He appears as counsel for a theory, for which it is his business to find support. With every intention, doubtless, to be impartial, he is drawn inevitably, by his very position, into gross partiality. The unconscious bias of a preconceived theory is probably the cause why a writer of such research and learning, such grasp and power of generalization, should arrive at conclusions so utterly unsatisfactory.

We do not stop to examine his assumption that the primitive state of man was that of the rude barbarian. We will only say, in reference to the offensively dogmatic and contemptuous way in which he rejects 'the fiction of a golden age,' and the idea of a lapse from a higher to a lower state, and in which he treats theological opinions generally, that his book would lose nothing by a little courtesy, not to say charity. For it does not become a man of learning to denounce doctrines, that have been the support of the purest moral life of the world, as 'the draff and offal of a by-

gone age.' His great doctrine then is, that civilisation depends on the success with which physical laws are investigated, and on the extent to which a knowledge of these laws is diffused. The ancient civilisations—those of Egypt, India, Mexico—were abortive and temporary, simply because the people were ignorant of the laws of nature. That there was any civilisation in these countries at all, was owing solely to the neighbourhood of rivers, bays, and fertile fields. It was purely the result of their physical circumstances: but as they had not intelligence enough to control and triumph over the laws of nature, their civilisation was abortive, — truncated. Where, however, intellect has achieved this triumph, the result has been a continuous and successful progress. It is this that not only differentiates the civilisation of Europe from that of the East, but that forms its very root and essence. This is the leading idea of the book. For the first time, as far as we remember, mere Intellect is enthroned as the sovereign arbiter of human affairs. Let us sift this position a little more closely.

As we follow the closing chapters of Greek and Roman story, certainly it is not the want of intellect that suggests itself as the cause of decline. The highest minds, indeed, had already done their work and departed; but the results remained in a body of healthy literature, and in a philosophy of splendid achievement and almost boundless speculation. Nor had these fallen into oblivion. They were not only embodied in books and institutions; the knowledge of them was more widely diffused than it had been in better days. Socrates and Plato found no such general 'philosophic curiosity' as greeted St Paul when he appeared on Mars Hill. Yet Athens and Rome were then hovering on the verge of the returning tide of barbarism, half-conscious of their fate, but unable to avert it. They had abundance of science, inductive and deductive. They had an amount of culture and of luxurious appliance, which formed, according to one school of philosophy, their chief danger. But there was no domestic life; and the State, which had been put in place of the family, had now become weak. There was no morality, and no faith to revive it. Scepticism laughed at the gods, but could not supply the want which longed for a shrine and an altar. Meanwhile, side by side with these phenomena, there sprang up on all hands a new and fresh civilisation. It was not at first by any means intellectual. It did not worship philosophy. It had few books. It did not pretend to 'understand the laws that regulate phenomena.' Yet somehow it made progress, and the culture of Greece and Rome was feeble beside it. Let any of our readers trace from its beginnings the well-known history of German, Norse, or English civilisation. He will find a missionary

coming among a barbarous people, teaching as he may, and suffering without fail. He will find a fierce, honest struggle for their gods, and priests, and customs. He will find Thor and Odin slowly giving way before God and His Christ, though in the struggle there is often great confusion, and the white robes of the saints are stained, as it were, with the blood of the dying superstitions. Withal, however, a change takes place speedily in the spirit of the country which has received even such imperfect Christianity. There may be many foolish miracles, but there are also many mercies. There are monks with mistaken notions, who nevertheless take to books, and do some work of teaching among their neighbours. There are priests who perhaps love power, but who also preach justice, pity, and chivalry, to a barbarous nobility. Woman, whom all savages crush, is held up to honour. Slavery is mollified, resisted, largely abolished. All this is done long before science begins 'to discover the laws that regulate phenomena.' A common reader of history, who had no preconceived theory, would be apt to say that the main factor in modern civilisation is this Christian religion, with its new examples, and stimulus, and sanctions. But he would not read history as Mr Buckle reads it. Religion, morality, literature, government, are all eliminated from his theory of progress. Not that he considers them of no moment in themselves; but he regards them as merely the effects of civilisation,—its product, not its cause.

In order to reach this point, he finds it necessary, at the outset, to get rid of the whole testimony of consciousness. One might say, after toiling through his reasonings, 'All this is very well; and I have neither time nor learning to reply to it. But I know from my own experience that morality and religion have done more to civilise me than all the "successive generalizations of science." I am conscious of this; and I make no doubt it is the same with others.' It was necessary, therefore, to invalidate this so-called metaphysical method of argument, and to show that, in a wide view, man may be regarded, not as a *person*, but simply as a *thing* whose individual consciousness is of no moment. Hitherto history has been regarded as essentially biography on a large scale; and individual motives and feelings have been used to explain it. Now, it seems, all progress is to be accounted for by the operation of laws, quite independent of human character, which turn man from an agent into a simple result. How Mr Buckle reconciles this with the moral judgments which he still ventures to pronounce, we do not know. But, at any rate, let no one suppose that his consciousness is of any value, or that his will is worth considering in such a question. Metaphysicians differ on many points, but statistics never err. Some

indeed think that statistics may prove anything or nothing. Mr Buckle, however, considers their testimony sufficient to show that it is pretty much an equal chance, whether you shall die of typhus, or commit suicide or murder; at least, if the chances are not quite equal, they are alike within the calculations of the actuary. Taking a large enough view of society, the one is as much a matter of statistics as the other. It is idle to say, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?' and equally idle to hint that a hungry tramp may lie down in his straw at your door, and infect you with fever, but that murder and suicide were never known to be catching without some effort of will. Your will has nothing to do with the matter. It is a provable thing, that out of so many thousands of a population, a fixed proportion die of typhus, a fixed proportion drown themselves, a fixed proportion poison their neighbours; your chances can be calculated by the actuary by mere arithmetic. It is in such ways that the whole testimony of consciousness is overthrown, human actions placed under the exclusive laws of arithmetic, and social humanity viewed merely as a thing! We shall not argue the matter. When a statement contains its own refutation, it is superfluous to prove its absurdity. In the present case, argument would be wasted, just because it is implied that men may be treated, not as *persons*, but as *things*.

Yet this is not one whit more glaring than the error in reasoning, by which Mr Buckle gets rid of the civilising influence of morality and religion. 'If we look,' he says, 'at men in the aggregate, their moral and intellectual conduct is regulated by the moral and intellectual notions prevalent in their time.' 'But this standard is constantly changing,' though 'there is nothing to be found in the world which has undergone so little change as those dogmas of which *moral* systems are composed.' 'Since, therefore, civilisation is the product of moral and intellectual agencies, and since that product is constantly changing, it evidently cannot be regulated by the stationary agent; because, when surrounding circumstances are unchanged, a stationary agent can only produce a stationary effect.' All progress, therefore, is due not to moral, but to intellectual agencies.

Now, here, we begin by objecting to Mr Buckle's premisses. We do not admit that the perception of moral truth is so uniform as he assumes. When nations have already made sufficient progress to have a written Ethical system, their different codes, no doubt, substantially agree. Even then, however, we shall find important differences. For example, there are various moral ideas, of the utmost social importance, bound up with *monogamy* and its domestic relations, which were surely unknown either in Greece or Rome. The comparison, however,

ought to be made not between the ethical systems of nations, already to some extent civilised, but between the moral code of the savage and that of the European; in which case, we venture to say, the moral element will be something very different from the fixed quantity which Mr Buckle's argument assumes. But, even if it were otherwise, it is one thing to know the unchanging law of duty, and quite another thing to obey it. The one may be stationary, and the other steadily progressive. Ethical science may teach nothing new, yet moral example may produce a new habit of life. The savage is a liar, and only laughs when he is found out. The savage is a thief, as long as he can steal with safety. The savage is a drunkard, when he can find the means to get tipsy. The savage is ready to shed blood, and regardless of fair-play in his quarrels. Will Mr Buckle say that there has been no progress in morality, because there are no novelties in ethics? Or will he explain the admitted *growth of moral influence* by 'the knowledge of the laws that regulate phenomena?' For our own part, we see that a good man's teaching and example, enforced by the sanctions of religion, produce, more or less, a humanizing effect. In the character and work of the 'meek and lowly One,' the world, believing and unbelieving, has hitherto recognised a power equally mighty and beneficent;—the main factor, we apprehend, of modern European civilisation. Mr Buckle thinks otherwise, and therein stands, and surely will stand, alone. Certainly he has not helped his case by the historical examples which he adduces in its support. He tells us that men, with good intentions but deficient intellects, are often more injurious than men with bad morals and sceptical opinions. Marcus Aurelius and Julian were emperors of a kindly and lofty character, and yet they were persecutors. Commodus and Elagabalus were tolerant, however base. This is true enough, and it might have made for his purpose, had these last been intellectually superior, which Mr Buckle would hardly assert; or if it could be shown that the influence of Commodus and Elagabalus, taking their whole life and character into view, was more favourable to civilisation than that of the noble Stoic, or the restorer of Zeus and Aphrodite. We presume, however, he would shrink from this position as much as from the other; and we would suggest that, if he desires a comparison really to the point, he should contrast St Paul, rearing, amid the falling ruins of Greek and Roman culture, a new moral world, and Laplace, amid the wreck of French institutions, 'discovering the laws that regulate phenomena,' and show in the one case the *zero* of stationary ethics, and in the other the *plus* of intellectual progress.

Nor can we give up religion to Mr Buckle's remorseless

logic. He considers it to be uniformly a result of civilisation, not a cause. If a nation is barbarous, its religion is superstition; if it is humanized, its religion, as a consequence, is pure and mild. On the authority of Mr Southey—an authority he would probably repudiate on any other matter—he asserts that the Gospel is never received by any people unless it has been preceded, or, at least, accompanied by other appliances of civilisation,—to which last the real progress of the country is ascribed. Owing to this, Christianity was early corrupted by contact with surrounding idolatries; and for the same reason it uniformly sinks to the level of the people who receive it. No doubt there is a certain element of truth in this. We grant that Christianity was early corrupted. Middleton's letters are a conclusive proof of the shameful alliance it contracted with the idolatry of Rome. We are even ready to go a step further, and admit that probably no barbarous people ever did, or could, at once receive it in all its breadth and purity. Such a people require time to grow up to its greatness. No missionary, however aided from above, will bring Feejees at once to the level of the religious ideas now prevailing in Britain.

But, admitting that religion may be affected by other agencies, for better and for worse, how does this prove that it is a mere result of civilisation, and not also a cause? Why should a doctrine of physics take root in the mind and be fruitful, while a doctrine of theology is necessarily perverted and impotent? A religious truth may not for a time be generally received; but the same thing may be said of the profoundest truths of science. Neither Newton nor Galileo was at once believed. Principles of divine faith may be allied with superstition; but dogmas of inductive science may form a like foolish marriage with spirit-rapping and table-turning. The perfect conception of Christianity may be the product only of long ages; but we have no instance of men 'discovering the laws that regulate phenomena' until a considerable measure of civilisation had been already achieved. Might we not then, with better reason, reverse Mr Buckle's process, and say that his main agent in human progress only comes into play when men have been already prepared for it by a moral and religious discipline, without which intellect never reaches its full powers? Certain we are, that, however imperfectly understood, it will be found easier to instil into the mind of cannibal Fans and Feejees some germinating seeds of Christian doctrine that shall gradually humanize their life, than to get them to understand the law of gravitation and the phenomena of the solar system. Moreover, without denying the benefit of science, and the important place it holds in modern civilisation, we affirm that it wants diffusive power, and that it

must always be the possession and strength of the few. It has few martyrs, for it lacks the stuff to make them. It has no missionaries in barbarous countries. If civilisation depends on 'the knowledge of the laws that regulate phenomena,' alas! for the nations, be-lectured here and there at a school of arts, with a Royal Society for their Synod of High Priests! Happily, however, other powers are at work to humanize the world; and long before the deep mysteries of science can become the property of the multitude, the myriads of human homes will have been comforted and purified by a still grander discovery which reveals to them the brotherhood and suffering of God, and leads them to the practice of righteousness, and mercy, and truth, which are, after all, the great elements of civilisation.

While we thus hint, rather than state fully, our objections to Mr Buckle's theory, we must add that these objections do not apply to the fundamental idea of progress by means of law. In this, as in every province of creation, there is no anarchy: law is sovereign; and its principles may to some extent be discovered, and its action computed for our advantage. The whole current of thought is at present turned in this direction. The higher class of minds are everywhere reaching after some scientific law, round which all kinds of phenomena shall, as it were, crystallize. And, for our part, we look most hopefully to the ultimate results of a similar mode of investigation in the field of history. What we dread is the precipitancy of the scientific enthusiast when his way appears quite clear, because only half the problem is taken into view. This, we apprehend, is the case with Mr Buckle. Surveying a large field, he can trace, in general averages, the operation of a law; and he would, therefore, treat it as if it were applicable, not to men, but things. He forgets that psychology is a true science, and that the testimony of consciousness, in its own place, is as valid as that of arithmetic. The migration of nations, for example, is no doubt as much the result of a law as the swarming of bees; but it is also the effect of a distinct volition on the part of each member of the community. The one does not destroy the other. Each may be established on its own ground of competent evidence; and Mr Buckle is greatly mistaken if he thinks that men will ever give up the conscious freedom of self-direction, on which depends the sense of a noble and ennobling responsibility, to become the mere pawns of an actuary's chess-board.

Nor can we stop short here, without adding a word on another but kindred theme. While we hold that the existence of a general law nowise invalidates the testimony of consciousness, we are equally persuaded that the divinely-appointed law is also consistent with the divinely-originating cause. Mr Buckle is

aware of the distinction between the Law and the Cause; but he repeatedly argues as if it had no existence. There may be moral causes for certain phenomena; but it is enough for him if he can trace their physical law. Thus, going even further than Adam Smith, he tells us that because the monks of old were paid in kind, and had no ready market for their fowls, and meal, and kine, therefore they were notable for their charities and hospitality. It never seems to strike him that other persons have more money, or money's worth, than they can use for themselves, who yet manage to get rid of it without being driven to such benevolent shifts. In the same way he writes about God, as if it were exactly the same thing to find the law by which His designs are brought about, and to discover the reason for those designs. In reality, these are quite different and entirely independent subjects of inquiry. God works by laws, and for reasons. The former belong to science, and the latter to the moralist and theologian. Would that each of them did but follow his own path, and let the other alone! There is no contradiction between them, and there need be no collision. Creation may have been accomplished according to certain discoverable laws; if that should be proved, it ought not to interfere with my belief in the Divine Creator. The work of Providence also may be carried on by the same grave and stately procession of causes and effects; yet that need not weaken faith in the moral government of God. But alas! Ephraim will not cease to vex Judah, nor Judah to envy Ephraim. The *savant* is ever ready to think that, because God is not necessary for *his* problem, He is not necessary for the universe; and the priest, when he sees philosophers scrutinizing his temple, keeps fluttering in pale alarm, or screaming about his altars, lest they should rob him of his gods. Happily, the Christian's God cannot be stolen. You must tear the heart from humanity ere you can rob it of its Christ.

We come now to the second volume, in which the history of Spain and Scotland is employed to illustrate Mr Buckle's principles. At the very outset, we are compelled to enter our protest against the use to which he turns Scottish history. Adversity, certainly, makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows; but surely it is the unkindest cut that Englishmen have ever inflicted on our country, to make her the bed-fellow of Spain. It seems that these two nations furnish the most striking proofs of the principle, that the great enemy of civilisation 'is the protective spirit; meaning by that, the notion that society cannot prosper, unless the affairs of life are watched over and protected, at nearly every turn, by the State and the Church; the State

teaching men what they are to do, and the Church teaching them what they are to believe.' For our part, we are very willing to allow that the meddling of legislators and the persecution of churchmen have caused not a little mischief and misery to society, though we cannot quite get rid of a lingering regard for an antiquated theory that ascribed these evils in the main to the corrupt passions and appetites of men. But what real affinity is there between Spain and Scotland? In Spain there was a strong government, with a people loyal to fanaticism; in Scotland, a weak government strove with a people resolved at all hazards to be free. In the one, the Church repressed knowledge and inquiry; in the other, the presbyters were the patrons of education and independence. Is there not a chasm, which no generalization shall bridge across, between the history of a nation's decay, under the combined influence of tyranny and superstition, and the record of a glorious progress, through many a noble struggle, towards freedom alike in Church and in State? Where are our Scottish St Bartholomews, our Presbyterian autos-da-fe, with solemn procession of priests and honourable men, to burn half-a-dozen heretics weekly? Who can read our Scottish story and fail to see that its martyrs were churchmen, and its persecutors the secular authorities; and that the one strove to maintain, and the other to crush, the liberties of the land?

But, indeed, Mr Buckle's whole ideas of Scotland have a marked exaggeration, reaching to absurdity. According to him, it should seem that superstition is still rampant among us. He has some 'able and enlightened' friends who are afraid to say this, but will, no doubt, be glad that he has said it for them. It should seem that 'the finger of scorn is pointed at every man who, in the exercise of his sacred and inalienable right of free judgment, refuses to acquiesce' in our religious notions. It appears 'that there runs through the entire country a sour and fanatical spirit, an aversion to innocent gaiety, a disposition to limit the enjoyment of others, and a love of inquiring into the opinions of others and of interfering with them, such as is hardly anywhere else to be found; while, in the midst of all this, there flourishes a national creed gloomy and austere to the last degree, a creed which is full of forebodings and threats and horrors of every sort, and which rejoices in proclaiming to mankind how wretched and miserable they are, how small a portion of them can be saved, and what an overwhelming majority is necessarily reserved for unspeakable, excruciating, and eternal agony.' And then we have our dirt and poverty, and our terrible fast-days, when nobody dares to eat for four and twenty hours, but all must sit in church, to have their nerves shattered with horrible

sermons, and their bodies infected with possible choleras and typhuses, and then 'to retire to their beds, weeping and starved,' but hoping that the Deity has at any rate been duly propitiated! This is Scotland as it now is; and that, he admits, is much better than it was! It is almost a pity to breathe on the mirror, and cloud with the faintest suspicion so piquant a reflection of Scotch life and character. The mixture of horror and amusement oddly tickles our fancy. It was not necessary for Mr Buckle to know what a Scottish 'fast' is; but neither was it necessary to write on a subject of which he might innocently be ignorant. And some of his 'able and enlightened friends' might have informed him that during said 'fasts' every man takes his usual allowance of creature comforts, having no idea of propitiating the Deity either by an empty stomach, or by going to bed weeping. This may be very wrong, but it is their way. As to the terrible infliction of sermons, gloating over the multitude and misery of the condemned, we can only say that Mr Buckle's imagination is about as remarkable as his learning. We have heard complaints that sermons in Scotland are sometimes very long, rather metaphysical, and obscurely technical. But our Cairds and Cairnses, our Guthries and M'Leods and Candlishes, who have stamped their impress on the preaching of the day, will be somewhat astonished to learn that they rejoice to proclaim what an overwhelming majority of men is necessarily reserved for unspeakable, excruciating, and eternal agony!

We pass, however, from this, not accusing Mr Buckle of any ill-will to Scotland or to Scotchmen, notwithstanding the absurd and exaggerated strain in which he writes of them. In now proceeding to consider his sketch of our history, we note with pleasure his rare power of grouping a long series of events, spreading over centuries, but penetrated by the same spirit, and working toward the same result. This may prove a dangerous gift, but it is the gift of genius; and it gives order, clearness, unity, to what the common historian too often leaves, as he found it, a confused entanglement of aimless struggle. That Mr Buckle has not escaped the danger is too clear, for he has approached the subject with a ready-made theory. But certainly the sum of Scottish history, and of its contribution to the cause of civilisation, will be found by tracing with him—

1. The decay of feudalism from its culmination in the sixteenth century.
2. The ecclesiastical struggle of the seventeenth; and
3. The growth and fruits of the sceptical philosophy developed in the eighteenth.

On the first of these divisions we shall not dwell long. Feudalism is, happily, dead and gone, and has left scarce a trace of

its existence, except in some obsolete forms of law, and the maunderings of a certain school of romantic *litterateurs*. Mr Buckle does not think it necessary to sing a dirge at its burial, nor do we. Even Scott, whose imagination delighted in its knights, and tournaments, and baronial halls, and fair ladies, and wandering minstrels, never dreamed of its revival, except in the realm of poetry. Yet a complete theory of civilisation ought to embrace alike the feudal and monastic ideas of life, as at the time, and for a limited purpose, elements of progress and humanizing influences. The feudal seignor was doubtless a necessary stage in a process of training, by which loyal obedience grew up into the great principle of social compromise. Nor was the monastic law of exaggerated self-denial without its value, at a time when the prevailing rule of life was the gratification of every appetite. And if we may venture to regard the idea of chivalry as a fact, and not a mere poetic dream, we cannot doubt that a feudalism thus consecrated, however partially, must have played a part in the history of progress. Mr Buckle, however, treats it as altogether obstructive. He regards its rise as a mere barbarism, whose only serviceable purpose was to restrain ecclesiastical ambition. He records its fall with the cold, unmoved spirit of one to whom human vicissitude possesses neither interest nor pathos. Granting, as we do, that the power of the feudal lords was broken through the inevitable operation of a beneficent law, we cannot read without regret how, as the chronicler tells us, in Cromwell's time, the grand old barons, the Hamiltons, Huntlys, Argyles, Douglasses, Marischals, and others, 'were sequestrat, or forfait, or drowned in debt,' and 'could not keep the causey.' It was necessary, indeed, that the old forms should disappear; and progress is often pitiless to individuals and to classes. But history, while recording the change, may also record her sympathy, and may admit that, while the result as a whole was for the good of society, yet, probably, some kingly virtues were lost to the nation when, in 1745, the feudal seignor sunk into a laird, a farmer, a respectable country gentleman.

On the whole, however, this part of the sketch is excellently done. It contains charges against the Scottish people of 'disloyalty,' democracy, 'selling their king,' and such like, which disfigure an able narrative with groundless prejudice. These we cannot at present discuss; nor is it necessary, as they are quite incidental, and will be as impotent as they are offensive. We hasten to deal with the more important matter in the second part, which presents to us the ecclesiastical struggle of the seventeenth century.

During this period, we find over all Europe an effort to exalt

the kingly power, aided more or less by a reaction in favour of the old religion. In France, Richelieu and Mazarin consolidated the royal authority, and prepared for Louis XIV. In Austria, the Duke of Bavaria and Tilly attempted the same thing for the Emperor. In Britain, Charles and Laud followed a like course, till the axe of the executioner cut short their career. It is nowise necessary to suppose that there was any concert among them. True, they all sought much the same object, and by much the same means. True, the crafty Jesuit had insinuated himself into every court in Europe, and had the keeping of nearly every royal conscience. Not unnaturally, therefore, the Protestant world ascribed the whole movement to a vast 'conspiracy of hypocrites,' banded for the overthrow of religion and liberty. But the tide of thought which then swept over the nations can be accounted for by more simple and natural causes. Every great movement is speedily followed by its reaction, without which its results can neither be thoroughly sifted, nor finally conserved as the heritage of the future. This reaction appeared early in Scotland; but there it was met by a church whose popular form of government fitted it to detect and to resist such encroachments. There, too, it had to deal with a people firm in their love of freedom and of the new evangel, differing in this from their southern neighbours, who, in the matter of a creed, had turned from Henry to Somerset, from Somerset back to Mary, and from Mary again to Elizabeth, gathering with equal enthusiasm around the bonfires they severally kindled.

Essentially, then, the conflict which now began, was the same in Scotland as in England and Europe. It was a struggle for liberty against royal centralization and supremacy. But the question had two poles—a political and an ecclesiastical. In England the political prevailed, while the ecclesiastical was the more prominent in Scotland. This was natural; for, in the proper sense of the term, Scotland had no Parliament, nor, as yet, any large middle class by whom a Parliament could be constituted. The only representative body that took an interest in the condition of the people, or that asserted for itself any freedom in discussing their concerns, was the General Assembly of the Church. The first step, then, towards a tyranny was to crush this power; and to the reactionary party in the Church it appeared that the best way of crushing it, was to appoint prelates as its governors, who would prove more subservient than its sturdy presbyters. Thus the struggle began; and as the conflict deepened, the polemics on both sides naturally grew more rigid. This is the uniform result of controversy. The disputants dig new trenches, fence themselves in new positions, retire into securer fastnesses of opinion, and there shed ink or blood, as the

case may be. As the struggle proceeded, the feeling of Scotland became more intensely in favour of its ecclesiastical arrangements, because it was against these the attack was directed. In England, the sovereign assumed the power of taxation, which belonged exclusively to the Lower House, and the people rose to resist him. In Scotland, he tried to regulate ecclesiastical matters, which belonged to the General Assembly, and the country, as one man, resolved to arrest his course. In both nations, doubtless, there entered into the quarrel, besides, a profound religious conviction which consecrated their efforts and sufferings. But while the question struck its roots deep into religious principle, yet, as it presents itself to the historian, it is essentially political and ecclesiastical. The encroachments of the sovereign on the powers of the popular representative bodies, were the substantial cause of the quarrel. In these encroachments, the far-seeing statesmen of England, and the equally perspicacious clergy of the north, detected an assumption of authority which would speedily subvert religion and liberty alike. And so, sadly but resolutely, they girt them for the strife, and rose up, and swore by the living God that this must not be.

Of course, this is not Mr Buckle's view. His theory, which has at least the merit of simplicity, will approve itself, no doubt, to those who care not how the choicest benefactors of their country may have their characters tortured into conformity with a theory; therein, alas! twice martyred,—dying for our liberties in the flesh, and now again tormented in their reputation for the mere ease of our minds. Mr Buckle has drawn a portrait of those men who, amid intense privation and high-minded sacrifice, guided our country through the perils of the seventeenth century, which would be very sad if it were true; and he has supported it by a vast array of authorities, which would be overwhelming if they were valid. Let us examine his account of them, and of their doings.

Commencing always at the beginning, he tells us that superstition is the fruit of ignorance and danger. The Scotch were of course ignorant. They had, it is true, the only tolerably complete system of national education then existing in Europe. They had also universities which maintained the scholarly character of the country of Buchanan and Melville in many a French and German college. Selden himself acknowledged that Gillespie, though a mere youth, was no mean antagonist. Baillie, good man, had more learning than he was well able to manage. The scholarship of Sir George Mackenzie wins a tribute even from Dryden. And Stair, who lectured in Glasgow, was, perhaps, the greatest jurist this island has ever produced; while the ablest platonic divine, not even excepting Cudworth, bears the

honoured name of Leighton. It was necessary, however, for Mr Buckle's argument, to assume exceeding ignorance, and therefore such trifling facts as these are overlooked. The Scotch, moreover, lived in a country notable 'for storms and mists, darkened skies, flashed by frequent lightning, peals of thunder reverberating from mountain to mountain, and echoing on every side, and dangerous hurricanes and gusts sweeping the innumerable lakes with which it is studded.' Thus we have the two factors, ignorance and danger; and, of course, the result was superstition of a much darker and more persistent type than ever afflicted England. Hence the Church had always proportionally greater power in Scotland than in any prosaic country peopled by intelligent chaw-bacons. That power, however, was overthrown for a time, but only for a time, by the alliance of the reformers with the feudal aristocracy. The ruling passion of every corporation is to increase its own influence. Hence 'superstition being so engrained into the Scotch character, the spiritual classes quickly rallied, and under their new name of Protestants they quickly became as formidable as under their old name of Catholics.' 'The Church changed its form without altering its spirit,' and 'became one of the most detestable tyrannies ever seen on the face of the earth.' Indeed, 'when it was at the height of its power,' Mr Buckle 'has searched history in vain for any institution that can compete with it, except the Spanish Inquisition.' He admits, at the same time, that, owing to the debasing superstition of the country, the Church was exceedingly popular, even among a people shrewd in worldly matters, and, in politics, fired by a restless passion for freedom. In support of this theory, he adduces a vast array of authorities, impeaching the clergy of the most absurd vainglory and self-importance; of gross superstition and shameful intolerance; of assuming a superhuman power to foretell and control the destinies of men; of a systematic attempt, for their own ends, to intimidate their hearers by 'doctrines of devils' and horrible eternal punishments, and of grossly perverting the whole character of God, with the same selfish object of increasing ecclesiastical power. Almost every natural action and every natural feeling they represented as sinful. It was sinful to desire children, sinful to be anxious about them, sinful to enjoy any innocent pleasure. They objected to music—they disliked poetry—they mourned over lilies and roses—they denounced all pipers and dancers. Trade and profit they looked on as iniquities bringing down God's judgment on the land. They hated knowledge, crushed inquiry, warred against the upper classes and against all maxims of obedience, and gave themselves up to horrible musings about hell, wild as the dreams of Dante, to which they

consigned all who differed from their opinions. As to the elders, they were tools of the ministers, spies, meddlers, tyrants, every way as bad as familiars of the Inquisition. In short, the whole ecclesiastical institution was a withering curse on 'a great and noble nation,' though the nation was so besotted as to shed its best blood to maintain it in all its integrity—ministers, elders, sermons, and all. Such is Mr Buckle's portrait of the covenanted kirk, at some features of which his flesh very properly creeps, while certain of its more blasphemous assumptions he almost shrinks from recording.

No doubt this sketch, dark as it is, contains some elements of truth. A candid and fearless nature, like Mr Buckle's, could hardly, whatever his bias, have drawn a picture so revolting without some facts to give it a colour of plausibility. It is an extravagant caricature; but, like other caricatures, there are some features in whose absurdest exaggerations a certain likeness may be traced. For our part, we honour those men, and, we believe, with good reason; but we shall prove ourselves most truly the heirs of their better spirit by honouring truth still more. As regards their views of toleration, then, and their superstitious credulity, and even an occasional tone of preaching and a severity of morals which showed more zeal than wisdom, we presume no one, competently read in the literature of the age, will undertake their defence. It could, indeed, be proved that Laud was quite as superstitious, and Baxter about as intolerant, and that Bunyan preached as direful discourses; and to that we may refer by and by. The *tu quoque* argument, indeed, is at no time worth much, and in this case it is less so than usual; for we are assured that Mr Buckle's philosophical indifference would be just as ready to sacrifice the one church as the other. But this sort of proof might be useful, as showing that Rutherford, and Dickson, and Guthrie, and Baillie were simply men of their age—not above it, but full of its spirit; for, while we rejoice to acknowledge a *man* who is beyond his age, we have no right to expect that a *party* shall be more than the most advanced and liberal body of their time.

We grant, then, that the law of toleration was not at that time understood in Scotland,—probably was not fully received by any man in Britain, except Cromwell, his Latin secretary, and Selden. Intolerant dogmas were, no doubt, maintained, but they were not fully carried out; for even Mr Buckle can find no instance of persecution to death by the Reformers of Scotland. Still, their views were often applied in a way to fret and irritate their opponents. No one can read the proceedings of kirk-sessions and presbyteries without feeling that government, in their hands, was often turned into a system of prying and med-

dlesome regulation. When we find a presbytery boarding a minister on a noble household for six months, in order to bring them to a sense of their errors; or pestering the papist lady of Frendraught to attend her parish kirk; or compelling the servants of Irvine of Drum to reveal what was done in their master's house; or robbing the Quaker Scott of Harden of his children, lest he should train them in his own faith; or appointing spies—Baillie calls them 'private censors'—to report on all who failed to keep the Sabbath;—it is obvious that church government had passed the bounds of legitimate discipline. Even Rule acknowledges, with sorrow, that there 'was more purging work than planting' in those days. But then over-government was the fault of the age, not in Scotland only, but over all Europe. Nor is it to be forgotten that, with regard at least to Jesuits and Quakers, there were reasons to justify a measure of vigilance, and even severity. The restless, plotting, ubiquitous Jesuit was, in those days, the grand conspirator of Europe—its Joseph Mazzini, its Red Republican, recklessly stirring up tumult, bloodshed, revolution, in order to advance his idea; and Britain was not then, as now, so settled in her government as to be indifferent to those schemers. The Quakers at that time were notable for rather more than their broad brims and drab cloth. When fanaticism had reached such a pitch that a crowd of them, men and women, marched through Boroughstounness stark naked, dancing and shouting, 'This is the way, walk ye in it,' the guardians of public decency might be excused for stretching their authority a little to restrain their madness. Even as it was, the ecclesiastical discipline would hardly have been a grievance worth noting, if, according to the Church's own theory, her censures had been purely spiritual, and the consent of the people to them voluntary. Unhappily, however, this was not the case. It was so while Cromwell ruled. It is so now. But during a great part of the 17th century, every citizen was subject to the Church's power, and the penalty of excommunication implied forfeiture of all his birthright. Under these circumstances, we cannot defend the meddlesome intolerance of the clergy, and we believe it was well for the world that they did not prevail upon England to accept their form of government; for, beyond all doubt, it is to England chiefly that we owe the true idea of social and domestic freedom.

While, however, we grant this much, we deny Mr Buckle's accusation, that the intolerance of the Scotch clergy was carried on deliberately for their own aggrandizement. Mr Robert Chambers, a competent witness as to fact, and certainly nowise prejudiced in their favour, again and again acknowledges that this severe discipline was carried out with a rigid impartiality

among themselves, as well as in the general community. They were mistakenly, but honestly, intolerant of all human infirmities, and of their own as much as any.

With regard to the charge of entertaining certain superstitious notions, we must occupy pretty much the same ground. That superstitions there were, we allow; but we deny that the clergy encouraged them, or that they sought by means of them to strengthen their influence. It is necessary here, however, to remind our readers that Mr Buckle makes no distinction between religion and superstition. On his own personal belief we pronounce no opinion. We agree with him in repudiating the too common practice of creating a prejudice against an independent thinker by raising an outcry of Heretic, Infidel, Atheist! No little cruelty and injustice have been committed by the fell shout of Mad dog! But it is undeniable that, throughout his whole book, our author speaks of *every known religion* as a superstition; and of every dogma of theology, and the most sacred acts of piety, in precisely the same strain. A large share, therefore, of what he puts to the charge of superstition, we honour as sober scriptural belief. Still there were some real superstitions. Like all the British public, and all the European public too, the Covenanters believed in witchcraft, and prosecuted crazed old women with sad cruelties. In like manner, 'able and enlightened men' of the present age sometimes believe that dining-room tables take to dancing round the room, and pirouetting about the ceiling, and also that the ghosts of Shakspear, Milton, Keats, and Shelley make noises, like a death-watch, and compose, upon tick, exceedingly bad verses. We are sorry to find either clergymen or *savans* indulging in absurd superstitions; yet we can believe that they may be in other respects excellent, sensible men, and that there may be truth in the religion of the one as in the science of the other, spite of these unfortunate accompaniments. Again, we are ready to admit that there was too great a tendency in those days to dwell on 'remarkable particular providences;' and that not merely 'for the use of godly edification,' but with more or less of a mistaken idea, as if there was something miraculous in such coincidences. Nor is it to be denied that some of these men, driven mad by oppression and long solitary brooding among the misty hills, fancied that they had more intercourse with the invisible world than people out of bedlam now dream of. But on both these points there is a good deal of exaggeration, no doubt, as to their real views, arising from the fact that they were extremely unfortunate in their biographers. Shields, who wrote the 'Hind let Loose,' never had much wit; and what little he had was sadly jumbled during the troubles of those stormy days. Walker, the pedlar, was still more unfit to sift the fact from the

fiction of popular tradition. Wodrow, with some curious scientific tendencies, was as little of a philosopher as need be. And, altogether, those biographies do not exhibit the men to us as they really were, but only as they loomed through the mist of popular affection and credulity. At the same time, we have no doubt that some of them, like Peden, deemed themselves encompassed with miraculous temptations and deliverances; and that all of them had a tendency, quite common also in England, to interpret singular coincidences of Providence, without the caution we have now learned to exercise in speaking of God and His inscrutable ways.

But, granting all that, there still remains an important part of Mr Buckle's impeachment to which we cannot consent to give the name of superstition; nor will we for one minute allow that these men fostered superstition for their own ends. Their belief in Satan's personal appearance, deserves to be called superstition, but not their belief in his personal existence. Our author does not repudiate the name of Christian, and therefore we deem it necessary only to remind him that Christians, of all times and all creeds, have admitted the existence of an evil spirit, whose temptations are supernatural, without being miraculous. On the same ground, we repudiate his views of prayer. Mr Buckle may be of opinion that the idea of Law excludes altogether the efficacy of prayer, and leaves it no room in a scientific theory of human life. He may, if he is satisfied with such metaphysics, hold that prayer cannot be answered, without express interference and derangement of the appointed order of the universe. He may banish from his world 'the Father,' who heareth us always, and live on the cold summits of a necessitarian philosophy, as in the regions of eternal snow, without the fond hopes and consolations which encircle the throne of grace. And he may think this a purer atmosphere for his intellect to breathe. Be it so; we do not envy him. But he ought to know that this philosophy had already been amply discussed in the Christian Church. He ought to know that the men of those days, while fully convinced of the Divine foreknowledge and the foreordained fixedness of all that happens, were yet equally persuaded that prayer was answered, and that, without miracle or disturbance of the predetermined plan. As a historian, it was his duty to represent the facts, just as they were. He might, if he thought proper, try to prove that Augustine, and Luther, and Calvin, were bad logicians, and their Scotch followers still worse. On that point, also, intelligent men might differ from him, and venture to think his philosophy somewhat shallow. But, at all events, he was not entitled so to mingle historical fact and metaphysical opinion as to misrepresent the actual doctrines of the

men he was reviewing, and then cry out on them as extravagant superstitions. It is somewhat hard to be first falsely painted, and then denounced for ugliness,—first represented as believing what we do not believe, and then called bad names for the mistake of the historian.

And if a large part of Mr Buckle's accusation on this head of superstition is thus vitiated, the remainder is made still more worthless by the groundless imputation of personal motives and ambition. It is with exceeding pain that we allude to this attempt, which is so unlike a generous mind, seeking truth, and fearlessly avowing it. Mr Buckle, in his laborious research, must have come again and again on cases, in which the Church strenuously endeavoured to secure the suppression of superstitious practices, and to advance the general intelligence of the people. That the clergy themselves had some superstitions, is not denied; and of course, so far as their own minds were blinded, we cannot expect that they should have warred with the popular mistakes. But they strove to put down whatever they knew to be superstitious; and for vindicating their integrity, that is all we are entitled to demand. Thus we find them warning the people against the holy wells to which they made pilgrimages. As to witchcraft, while they allowed its existence, they strove to suppress it; not to turn it to their own ends, but to make an end of it altogether. And from the very beginning, nothing more honourably characterized the Kirk, than its zeal for popular education, by means of which all forms of superstition will be most effectually abolished. On this head, Mr Buckle, throughout his sketch of our history, does them the scantiest justice. He represents the early reformers as eager only to obtain for themselves the revenues of the old Romish Church. He represents the struggle which they maintained against the nobles on this point, as equally selfish on both sides; as an effort on the part of the presbyters to obtain the broad Church manors for themselves, and on the part of the nobles to resume the lands which their ancestors had granted to get their souls out of purgatory, and which were to return to the representatives of the original granters, now that purgatory was abolished by Act of Parliament. Thus he overlooks the large-minded proposal of Knox, to apply these resources equally to the Church, to education, and to the support of the poor. A Poor Law, an Education Bill, and an Established Church, were to share equally in these spoils, according to the idea of the Reformer; and in this, it is notorious, he was followed by the Church, which age after age strove to realize his scheme. Instead, therefore, of seeking to maintain superstition for their own

ends, they sought, wherever they recognised it, to get it abolished; and in their educational measures they took the very best means to accomplish their end. Had they been freely allowed to carry out their proposals, the progress of Scotland might have been advanced by nearly a century. Our author, however, can see nothing in the Covenanted clergy but the most arrogant assumption and overweening self-importance, to further which they fostered the most degrading superstition in the people. Hence, it seems, they called themselves ‘ambassadors of Christ,’ and ‘angels of the Church,’ to whom the people should ‘minister in all good things.’ Nay, they even pretended to know some things ‘which angels desired to look into, and were not able;’ and they asserted that they had ‘declared the whole counsel of God,’ and were ‘lights to the world,’ and ‘stars,’ and had ‘the keys of the kingdom of heaven committed to them.’ For all these high and mighty claims of what Mr Buckle considers a kind of divine authority, he quotes the names of Rutherford, Durham, Dickson, Binning, and others. May we be permitted to hint, that it would have served his purpose equally well, and have saved him the trouble which, he tells us, he has taken in verifying his quotations, if he had simply appended to these the little word—‘*Bible*.’ The same reference would have also stood him in good stead, when he was proclaiming with lively horror that they taught men, of course for their own ends, ‘to crucify the flesh,’ and to ‘take no thought for the morrow,’ and that ‘in all things we offend.’ Most readers will not seek the authority either of Rutherford or Guthrie, for these wild and extravagant opinions. Nor will they be very apt to regard them as examples of a presumptuous or selfish spirit. Mr Buckle, with all his reading, would perhaps not find his learning less serviceable, by reading an occasional chapter of *The Book*; and if he would so far unbend from his philosophical superiority, as to pay a weekly visit to his parish church, he might possibly learn, that such ideas are by no means inconsistent with a humble, practical, and sufficiently worldly-wise spirit.

The only remaining point, with regard to which some admissions require to be made, regards the tone of theological teaching that was prevalent in those days. On this head it must be borne in mind, that Scotland, though much given to theological questions, can hardly be said to have any properly indigenous theology. Her opinions on these matters have been always derived from others; only the intensity with which they have been held is her own. Patrick Hamilton was the pupil of Luther. Knox taught what he had learned of Calvin. Melville’s doctrine

was the fruit of Beza's learned prelections. Her earlier English Puritans infected Rutherford with his unctuous style, and poured into Gray and Binning the very sap of their doctrine; while Boston got his covenants from Witsius and the Dutch. Certainly the doctrine of the seventeenth century was not a Caledonian product: whatever its character and tendency, it rose and culminated among the English Puritans.

These were men of great ability, learning, and piety. They devoted all their energies to this branch of inquiry, and built it up into a compact and logical system, such as had not been seen before. Probably the whole intellect of a nation was never so engrossed with theology as the mind of England was during a large portion of that age; and it is not possible to believe that the whole force of English thought could precipitate itself on any subject, without producing some notable results. The labours of the Puritan divines were equally abundant and fruitful, and will always occupy a prominent place among the achievements of lofty and earnest thinkers, who have laid the world, and the Scotch in particular, under a heavy debt. Yet we admit that their logical systematizing was essentially one-sided; and the side they chiefly favoured was not the brightest. For example, the *root-principle* of the Gospel, as we may call it, is thus given in the Bible: 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' This truth was dear to every English and Scotch Puritan. In their sermons they would have rejoiced to unfold and enforce it. Yet in their symbolic books it is not this truth that occupies the place of honour, but what may be called the *restrictive* element in the Divine scheme—predestination and the covenants. This is characteristic of their theology as a system. They did not systematize on the basis of Divine love, but on the basis of Divine sovereignty. They did not exclude that love, but they sought a higher generalization, as the *fons* of a more perfect scheme of truth. Hence the hardness and sternness of much of their teaching, with the living heart of love pushed to some extent out of its place, to give way to an Omnipotent Will. We admit, then, that the theology of that time, in its systematic form, did not beam altogether like the bright Evangel, which poured its glad tidings from Olivet and Bethany. The word was, indeed, the same; the truths were all there, but the transposition they had undergone had deprived them of not a little of their sweetness.

To this extent we are willing to make some admission; but having done so, we feel all the more free, and all the more bound, to repudiate the account which Mr Buckle gives of the

Scottish representatives of these Puritan divines. He describes them as grossly perverting the character of God, clothing Him with fury, filling Him with hatred of men, and ascribing to Him a malignant delight in the torments which the greater part of them were destined from eternity to endure for evermore. And the natural conclusion of any one, from reading his account, would be, that the general theme of their discourses was to draw pictures of a kind of Fiend-God, revelling in the agonies of the damned, until their hearers stared, and gasped, and wept, and fell into convulsive fits of terror. Against this picture we protest, as wholly untrue. We protest, too, against the unfair and unhistoric process by which he has laboriously gathered, from all kinds of sources, true and false, everything that could possibly darken, with added shades of horror, the revolting conception of his own imagination. All the more must we condemn this course, because Mr Buckle has shown, in his sketch of our philosophy, a singular capacity for seizing on the leading idea of a scheme of doctrine, and taking out the heart and true characteristics of it almost in a single sentence. It is not for want of power, therefore, that he has failed in dealing with the theologians; but, with a perverse and criminal industry, he has ignored their theology as a whole, and searched every nook and neglected corner for a chance sentence, or scrap of a sentence, by which he could add a new touch of horror to the picture, till one feels as if he were painting the priests of the Mexican war-god, not a Christian clergy at all.

To deal effectually with the elaborate details of this part of his work, would require a volume as big as Mr Buckle's own. We can only, of course, touch on a mere fragment of it; but it shall be the Malakhoff—the position that dominates the whole. *Did these men represent God as Mr Buckle says they did?* The determination of this question will in reality settle the whole.

No man partook more of the spirit of that age than SAMUEL RUTHERFORD,—a leading authority with Mr Buckle. Its bad taste, its conceits, its irrelevant learning, its polemic acrimony and subtlety,—all are abundantly illustrated in him, as well as its earnest piety, and its readiness to suffer and to sacrifice for the faith. But we venture to say, that no man who reads his works would think of him as a gloomy divine, much occupied about hell-fire and Divine wrath. One does not much like his unctuous fancies. There is too much of kissing and embracing and the spiritual canticles in him, to suit a pure or a masculine taste; but certainly no man ever more clearly enunciated the love of God. ‘That God is reconciled to man, or changed toward His own elect, from an enemy and a God that hateth

their persons, into a friend and a lover of them, I never read. In a word, the shed blood of Christ is an *effect*, not a *cause*, of infinite love.’—(‘Trial and Triumph of Faith,’ Ser. 24.) Thus he speaks expressly as to the general character of God; and if there is anything, more than another, characteristic of his general teaching, it is his delight to expatiate on this love, as fully discovered to us in Christ. Another of Mr Buckle’s special authorities, and most properly so, is Hugh Binning, to whom, we venture to think, scant justice has yet been done by any one, and surely sore injustice by Mr Buckle. Dying at the age of 25, his works have mainly come down to us, like those of the late Mr Robertson of Brighton, from the notes of affectionate hearers, or the imperfect jottings prepared by the extempore orator. Baillie joins him with Leighton, as one of those who introduced a new ‘and fanciful style of preaching,’ which Burnet calls rather too ‘fine;’ and we can quite believe that the superficial busybodyism of the Bishop of Sarum did find both Leighton and Binning a little too delicate for him. But we scarcely expected that any one would accuse Binning of a morose fanaticism, wrathful, sulphureous;—him, the young Glasgow scholar, so pious, and gentle, and peaceable. Himself tells us that ‘all other doctrines are unpleasant and unsavoury to him,’ except that ‘Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ An earnest and intensely practical spirit, he soared beyond the speculative region in which his age delighted, and did not think that Scripture was meant ‘to entertain us with many and subtle discourses of God’s nature, and decrees, and properties,’ or ‘to satisfy our curiosity;’ but to exhibit the Deity ‘in those plain and easy properties that concern us everlastingly, as His justice, mercy, grace, patience, love, holiness, and such like.’ He did not think that God was bound to discover to us ‘all the mysteries and riddles of Providence;’ but he laboured to bring men to ‘sin no more,’ and that not without the high persuasion of true Christian eloquence. So he says in his 23d Sermon, and it is one of his most characteristic: ‘Call God what you will; name all His names, styles, titles; spell all the characters, and still you may find it written at every one of them, *Sin not*. Is He light? then sin not. Is He life? then sin not: for sin will separate you from His light and life. Is He love? then sin not: “God is love.” O, then, sin not against love. Hatred of any good thing is deformed; but hatred of the beautiful image of original love, that is monstrous.’ The passages we have quoted, and we could multiply them fifty-fold, present the real spirit of the man. There breathes from his whole book a loving, holy aroma; and the reader will certainly find that, unless he be purposely searching

for them, he will pass unnoticed one and all of those harsh expressions which Mr Buckle quotes as the staple of his teaching. Yet Hugh Binning is one of those on whom he chiefly relies for the picture of horrors he has drawn. The very consummation of theological, morose, and savage ferocity is taken from his pages. He tells a story of certain smart witlings who thought to confound a minister by asking what God was doing before He began to make the world, and whether he had spent an eternity in idleness. The minister had obviously a shrewd humour, and indulged it by rebuking the impertinent foplings; telling them that He was preparing hell for the like of them. A good story; and a good hit. But in Mr Buckle's hand it becomes part of a systematic attempt to show that the Everlasting God was, according to the Covenanters, occupied from all eternity in the manufacture of fire and brimstone for a prospective world to burn in. It is rather hard to be contemned, because the philosophical historian has no sense of humour. The Scotch clergy have been long noted in their own country for a *pawky* wit: but they had need to take care; for in Mr Buckle's hands an old story becomes a kind of fossil joke out of which he elaborates a frightful theory.

We might, in the same way, summon Gray, Durham, Trail, Dickson, and the Guthries to the witness-box; and the result in each case would be to show that our author had hunted out every obscure passage to their prejudice, and ignored in reality the staple of their teaching. Andrew Gray died in his 24th year, perhaps the most popular preacher of his day. His sermons were not prepared for publication; but, young as he was, they will bear comparison with any similar publications in the present day, for quiet power and knowledge of the Scriptures. Does *he* represent God as Mr Buckle would have us to believe? On the contrary, he tells us that 'God delights in mercy,' that 'it was natural for God to love,' and 'that His love would not be hindered by the strong impediment that lay in the way of its exercise.' So Trail also proclaims 'that He came down from heaven, in the purest and strongest love to fallen sinners;' and warns his hearers against 'such a fear of God as is any way opposite to faith and love,' or other than such reverence as 'we find in the kindly affections of children to their parents.' Of Dickson we need not speak. The man who sang, 'O mother dear, Jerusalem,' might not be a great poet, but could not be a morose fanatic. As to 'sweet James Durham,' umquhill laird of Easter Powrie in Forfarshire, and afterwards minister of the Blackfriars' Church, Glasgow, where he 'testified' against the triumphant Cromwell to his face, and was 'civilly entreated,' as

usual, by the Lord General, it surely required a good deal of perverse ingenuity to make a 'Moloch priest' of him. Like most men who have changed, as he did, from the jolly laird to the godly pastor, he was apt to be sad and demure. People said he never smiled; and it is certain he could not understand the general mirthfulness of William Guthrie, whose cheery soul could have said grace over a good joke, and enjoyed it all the better for the blessing. But if the old laird of Powrie was of a sorrowful countenance, he did not cast a shadow of that gloom on the Gospel; and happily his works are so well known, even to this day, that we do not need to make quotations.

It is unfortunately all too clear that Mr Buckle has taken his idea of these preachers from the scurrilous and base tract called 'Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed.' He dare not indeed vindicate all its assertions, but he has affirmed its general accuracy. And, having made up his mind to this, he has searched their works for every scrap that could support his opinion, taking isolated sentences and rhetorical exaggerations, never meant to bear such literal interpretation, and fitting them into a mosaic patterned by a mind that has no sympathy with their faith. What body of men could stand such a test? or what value is there in such an analysis? We had thought that the 'Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed' was left as garbage for such authors as Mr Mark Napier to prey upon. We did not expect to find a thoughtful and learned Englishman digging from its grave such a tainted piece of corruption and calling it history. Even Walter Scott was ashamed of it; and Mr Buckle may be assured that a weapon he was ashamed to wield against the Covenanters, is not for the hand of the scientific historian. No educated Scotchman would ever think of quoting either it or the answer to it; both are equally worthless.

In speaking as we have done, of these preachers, we do not deny that the idea of a righteous God had a prominent place in their minds. Those were times when iniquity prospered, when vile men were exalted, when truth and purity were trodden under foot. Naturally, in such circumstances, piety takes refuge in the belief of a just God, who watches this wickedness, and will one day put an end to it with stern retribution. Personally, Mr Buckle may believe in the final triumph of righteousness, yet doubt whether vengeance shall be taken on iniquity; but he must know that the opposite belief is nowise peculiar to Scotland. The picture he has drawn of the Scotch clergy might, by the same process, be applied to English divines with at least equal truth. A like unfair selection of partial

utterances might produce an impression as unfavourable, and as untrue, in the one case as in the other. Thus Stephen Charnock tells us that hell 'is not a simple punishment, but wrath that abides—the wrath of an infinite God, *infinitely understanding to invent*, and of infinite power to inflict, the bitterest pains.' 'Justice shall hurl sinners in, and mercy roll the stone on the mouth of hell; yea, mercy shall mock at them;' 'for God cannot be true to His Son; nor to Himself, unless he punish unbelievers: this is part of the honour God intends Him, *wherein He will take pleasure*, as well as in seeing Him sit gloriously at His right hand.—(Vol. ii., pp. 694–5.) Bates teaches that 'the fire of hell (fire enraged with brimstone) is prepared by the wrath of God for the devil and his angels; and the divine power is illustriously manifested in that preparation.'—(Works, p. 531.) In addition to these physical torments, he adds, 'there are no lucid intervals in hell. The fever is heightened into a frenzy; the blessed God is the object of eternal curses and aversation. And so long as there is justice in heaven and fire in hell, they must suffer those torments which the strength and patience of an angel cannot bear for an hour.' We need not quote well-known passages from Baxter or Bunyan; but we cannot withhold a reference to Jeremy Taylor's sermons on 'appearing before the judgment-seat of Christ.' Nobody will accuse the eloquent Bishop of a harsh and unchristian severity; yet nobody will find in the incidental expressions, which alone the Scotch divines indulge in, anything like this deliberate and elaborate picture of horror. 'If,' he says, 'you observe a guilty and base murderer, and see him first harassed by an evil conscience and then pulled in pieces by the hangman's hooks or broken upon sorrows and the wheel, we may then guess what the pains of that day shall be to accursed souls.' 'The greater part of men and women shall dwell in the portion of devils to eternal ages,' amid 'perpetual woes and continual shriekings,' 'without intermission of evil, no days of rest, no nights of sleep—the smart as great as from the first great change from the rest of the grave to the flames of that horrible burning.' 'For God hath a treasure of wrath and fury, of scourges and scorpions;' and 'the monsters and diseases shall be numerous and intolerable, when God's heavy hand shall press down the sanies and the intolerableness, the obliquity, and the unreasonableness, the amazement and the disorder, the guilt and the punishment, out of all our sins, and pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite wrath, and make the wicked drink off all the vengeance, and force it down their unwilling throats, with the violence of devils and accursed spirits.' We could easily add to

these pictures of darkness others darker still, till our readers were 'fed full of horrors.' But it is not necessary. These notions belonged to that age; and they are, on the whole, less prominent in the Scotch than in the English divines. Our purpose in adverting to them is simply to show that if, after the example of Mr Buckle, one were to select phrases here and there from their writings, without regard to the prevailing tenor of their teaching, it would be easy to make the most honoured names in England appear little better than the priests of Baal and Moloch. Nay, on the same principle, we could, without much trouble, draw a picture of Mr Buckle, from selected passages of his book, which his friends would scout as a disgraceful and revolting libel, but which would be quite as true as this of the divines of the 17th century. They were *not* men who gloated over the thought of sinners in hell. They had *not* pleasure in thinking how many would burn in fire and brimstone. They did *not* represent God as delighting in the sorrows of the damned. They believed that there is a hell—so do Christians still. They believed that God had prepared it for the wicked—so the Bible told them. And they preached this, that by 'the terrors of the Lord' they might persuade men to be saved. Whether their method was right or wrong, is not the question. Mr Buckle denounces them as men who, for their own ends, with a morose and savage spirit revelled in pictures of sulphureous damnation; we assert that in sad, earnest faith, loving and pitying all, they warned men to 'flee from the wrath to come.' Further we must remind Mr Buckle that the Scottish clergy were then, by the confession of Burnet, a class of whom not a few belonged to the best families, while all had received the best culture of their country. They were not, therefore, and could not be, all of one pattern. Douglas was a noble and lofty mind, worthy of his princely birth. Henderson was a statesmanlike man, of the politic and courteous race of minor barons. James Guthrie was naturally saddened by the troubles of his time, and became stern because he saw how little a pliant spirit suited the age. His cousin, William, on the contrary, was a man of easy manners and natural humour, which not even the storms and sorrows of his life were able to quench. The rest were men like ourselves, of varied character, temperament, and spirit. And if the national griefs and domestic sufferings of the period did, perchance, diffuse a deeper shade of melancholy than we deem meet for the Christian life, and cause a certain gravity of demeanour, was it a crime that, full of public spirit as they were, and feeling deeply the weight of their responsibility, they did not betake them, like the leaders of the French Revolution, to fiddling, and dancing, and feasting amid

the nation's sorrows, but to God and to prayer, that they might be helped to play the man? It is all very well in piping times of peace to be blithe and merry, and to enjoy what of happiness the day brings with it. By all means let youth sing its song, and dance its strathspey; and it is odd enough that our dismal Scotland has, both in song and music, more real joyous merriment than you shall find in 'merry England.' God made laughter as well as tears; and the one is no more sacred than the other. But even the laughter of children jars when death is in the house; and men and women can hardly be asked to dance around the coffin of their mother. Now, in that 17th century, the dear motherland was surely at the point to die, horribly tortured by those who should have cherished her with their love; and Mr Buckle, and men like him, complain that the faces of her children were not blithe and merry as in her happy days.

Many things were done by these men which cannot be justified, and many words were spoken which cannot be defended. They were not *far* in advance of their age, but they were the liberal and progressive body of their time. They did not come up to the standard of *our* period, but they carried their country a step forward, when their opponents sought to pull it back. And when at length their power was firmly established, we look in vain for the horrors of a Spanish Inquisition, such as Mr Buckle has conjured up to terrify us. We do not refer to the brief period of rest under Henderson, of which Kirkton gives such a glowing picture, while 'Nicol's Diary' is full of lamentation over the hypocrisy, and lies, and false weights, and bad ale,—which last, in particular, the worthy citizen could not stomach. The true time for testing the tendency of the system is after the success of William III. and the death of Claverhouse. Did the Scotch Church then play the Spanish Inquisition? In Spain, the priesthood still clothed its victims in devil-painted sanbenitos for the *auto-da-fé*; in Scotland, they were content with sackcloth and the cutty stool for the confessed sinner. In Spain, the ancient dockyards crumbled to ruin, and the harbours were blocked up with mud; in Scotland, the Clyde, the Forth, the Tay, the Dee, began to be crowded with noble vessels, and the red-cloaked 'tobacco lords' paraded the Trongate of Glasgow. In Spain, the grand old hidalgo still signed his mark like a middle-age baron; in Scotland, the parish school sent forth its Roderick Randoms, and pedlars quoted Virgil while measuring a yard of ribbon to a pretty Yorkshire milkmaid. How much or how little of this was due to the Church, is nothing to our argument. It is enough that, *under the shade of the terrible Scotch*

Inquisition, persecution waned, commerce advanced, knowledge increased, and Scotland became the thriving country she is to-day.

The last part of Mr Buckle's second volume contains an outline of the Scotch philosophy of the eighteenth century. Mr Buckle is not more severe on 'the monkish rabble' of theologians who deluged the seventeenth century with superstition, bigotry, and terror, than eulogistic of the 'eminent and enterprising thinkers [of the eighteenth], whose genius lighted up every department of knowledge, and whose minds, fresh and vigorous as the morning, opened for themselves a new career, and secured for their country a high place in the annals of European intellect.' 'It seemed,' he says, 'as if in a moment all was changed.' Mr Buckle's way of accounting for the sudden change is highly characteristic. The free-thinking literature of the eighteenth century was a reaction from the theological dogmatism of the seventeenth. The vigour of intellect which had been employed in the one against the tyranny of the Stuarts, was turned in the other against the tyranny of the Church. But brilliant though the Scotch philosophy of the eighteenth century was, it yet failed to rescue the country from the thralldom of a pitiable superstition. For it was not an *inductive*, but a *deductive* philosophy. It did not take for its basis individual and specific experience, and reason upwards. It assumed certain principles as true, and reasoned downwards. The theological spirit had given the Scotch mind such an inveterate deductive twist, that the inductive method of philosophy could not get a hearing. But deductive reasoning is less popular than inductive. It does not arrest average understandings, and is therefore not well fitted to affect national character. Hence the Scotch philosophy never took hold of the Scotch people. Hence, for more than a century, a splendid philosophy has flourished side by side with a revolting superstition. The light of the one has not penetrated into the darkness of the other. Superstition is still so predominant, that only a few years ago the Presbytery of Edinburgh, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, proposed a national fast as a resource against cholera!

Our limits will not permit us to examine at present (though we may afterwards do so), the leading fact affirmed of the Scotch philosophy, that it is pre-eminently deductive. We may, however, while reserving this important point, express the satisfaction with which we have read many parts of this sketch of the Scotch philosophy of the eighteenth century, especially those portions of it which deal with physical science. Indeed, we do not

know where else the general reader will find so complete an account of what was then done by Scotchmen for the cause of philosophy. On some points, we should have expected a different judgment. We should have thought that Hume, for example, would have ranked higher with Mr Buckle than Adam Smith. Hume was the prince of sceptics. No one ever carried doubting so far and so honestly; or brought to its service such rare powers of mind. He doubted everything. He doubted the advantages of freedom in society. He doubted the benefits of society itself. He doubted every form of government; if he had any preference, it was for tyranny and Charles II. He doubted revelation. He doubted religion. He doubted God. He doubted himself. He doubted his own doubts. He had no constructive power; but was altogether destructive. And as Mr Buckle has great faith in no-faith, we expected that Hume would have played an important part in his history; for certainly, in the realms of pure thought, Hume is unmatched as a doubter, pure, thorough, and serene. But though the great sceptic is in reality the modern author of that philosophy of law which Mr Buckle chiefly affects, he plays a very secondary part to Adam Smith. Smith is his Messiah; the 'Wealth of Nations' is his Bible; and his millennium is the triumph of 'the dismal science,' and Dr M'Crowdy, of whose lucubrations, Mr Carlyle tells us, he has read 'barrowfuls' with such doleful results. We are far from thinking lightly of Adam Smith, a graceful writer, a profound thinker, a man who has mightily affected the whole political action of this age. But the attempt to co-ordinate, as the phrase is, his two great works, so as to cover the whole field of human activity—the 'Moral Sentiments' exhibiting our sympathetic benevolence, and the 'Enquiry' our selfish instincts—does appear to us rather a plausible ingenuity than a critical exposition. Of course, if a philosopher limits himself avowedly to a certain field, and guards himself so as to be clearly understood, he is quite entitled to reason on any particular branch of philosophy, without taking account of other fields of inquiry, even though these may materially affect his conclusions. But, so far as we know, Smith never thus stated the limitations of his separate investigations. They are certainly not so laid down in his works; and neither Lord Brougham nor Dugald Stewart, in their biographies, alludes to any scheme of this sort. Mr Buckle, we suspect, in his admiration of Smith, has found a 'mare's nest' here, and has rather depicted his own philosophy than that of the Kirkcaldy saven.

We have indicated our special pleasure with those parts of Mr Buckle's sketch which deal with the physical science of

Black, Cullen, and Hunter. That Black's great idea of latent heat prepared for the splendid theory of the co-relation of forces, which promises to show that force is indestructible as well as matter; that Cullen's pathology of solids saved the world (alas! it did not save Count Cavour!) from the murderous practice of the humourists; and that Hunter, seeing deeper than Cuvier, prepared for that highest classification of animal life, which depends on the amount of brain, not merely on the bony structure;—all this is brought out with a clearness, and force, and precision, which only weaken our regret that the same powers were not exercised on the former portion of the history.

Perhaps the weakest position in Mr Buckle's reasoning here is the attempt to show that the deductive character (in his view) of the Scotch philosophy has prevented that philosophy from ever exercising any influence on the mass of the people. We have already remarked that all philosophy is necessarily the possession of the few. But if Mr Buckle had examined the facts of our history, he would have found that the Scotch people actually tried the sceptical science, of which he is so strenuous an advocate; that they were as much influenced by it as any people (not even excepting the French) ever were by a philosophy; and that they rejected it because they found it so very unsatisfactory. By Mr Buckle's own confession, they were prepared, by their old habits and training, to favour deductive reasoning. Their theology was intensely deductive. The evolutions of dogma formed one of their favourite and most characteristic exercises. It is much the same to the present day. Instead, therefore, of the Scotch people being repelled, they were almost sure to be attracted, by the deductive character of the new philosophy; and, in reality, they did transfer their customary mode of reasoning to that field. It would be difficult to point to any part of Europe that was more steeped than Scotland in the ideas of the eighteenth century. In the latter half of it, the parish minister had about as liberal notions as a French abbé. He frequented the theatre; he cultivated *belles lettres*, writing execrable verses, and making fine sentences about the ethics of Hindoos and Chinese. He could not see atonement in his Bible; and he dropped hell from his bland discourses. Missions were to his mind useless or pernicious; and he thought it of far more consequence to be a polished gentleman, who could drink his claret and crack his joke—both to the verge of propriety—than a minister of Christ. All this we may gather from the memoirs of Carlyle, from Witherspoon's 'Characteristics,' and many other sources. Nor was the minister alone. His local influence he brought to bear on his flock, in order to make philosophers of

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them; and with very baneful results. We do not say they became philosophers; but, so far as they learned to regard all creeds as equally matter of indifference—so far as they came to deem it right to enjoy every appetite and pleasure as it rose—they received this sceptical philosophy; and much good it did them! We can assure Mr Buckle, from a pretty extensive acquaintance with the subject, that there is a very decided aptitude in the Scotch mind for deductive sceptical reasoning; that it was fully indulged towards the close of the last century; and that, if we do not like it now, it is not because we have not tried it, but because we have seen the noblest and purest moral life of the nation wither under its chilling breath.

We have, however, exhausted our space, and possibly also our readers' patience. Yet, ere we conclude, we must briefly note certain remarkable omissions in Mr Buckle's history. He takes no account of *general literature*, and makes no attempt to estimate its influence. Indeed, with the exception of Napier and Buchanan, he knows of no literary Scotchmen previous to the age of Hume and Adam Smith. Yet, between Chaucer and Spenser, no English poet arose equal to Dunbar; and Gawain Douglas might have been viewed as an element in a history of civilisation, if not for his own rugged genius, at least as the translator of Virgil. Sir David Lindsay also was worth noticing, as an index of the progress of his day. Of all literary forms, the drama is the most significant of progress. In the middle ages we find the 'Mystery' mingling sacred events with buffoonery; to be succeeded by the 'Morality,' where wit and humour are at least exercised on legitimate subjects; and, finally, comes the drama proper, which is both a result and a cause of civilisation. Of these, the 'Mystery' would appear to have been the common property of Christendom, while of the drama proper Scotland has never produced a single example; for Home's frigid 'Douglas' is alike without character, passion, and all that should be found in a tragedy. But there is no better specimen of the morality in our language than Lyndsay's 'Three Estates,' full, as it is, of wit and humour and historic allusion, and not more indecent than some of Fletcher's comedies. We cannot deem a history of Scotch intellect complete, without some allusion to writers like these.

But, at all events, the eighteenth century, without BURNS, is painfully like the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. The genius of Burns was more Scotch than Hume's, and more potent for good. Any one acquainted with the songs of the former age—where even obscenity does not quite destroy the charm of the sweetest and most plaintive music—

can imagine what an impetus Burns gave to the civilisation of his country, when he married those tunes to the love, and pathos, and humour of his Duncan Grays and Banks of Doon. But he did not 'discover the laws that regulate phenomena;' he only knew, as few have known, the laws that move the human heart: therefore he has no place in this philosophical history. Yet even this omission of Burns is not the most glaring instance of the narrowing influence of a theory. Among the results and powers of civilisation, few occupy a more prominent place than the giant-slave that is now whizzing, snorting, and clanking in every corner of the land. On the whole, perhaps, the tendency is to exalt its value over powers of greater influence, moral and intellectual; but, at all events, we did expect that WATT and his steam-engine would have played an important part in Mr Buckle's story. Yet are they nowhere; and the omission is not more remarkable than the reason why. The steam-engine, it should seem, is not a discovery—only an invention; the application, not the discovery, of a law. Hence Watt is alluded to merely in connection with his experiments on the composition of water, in which he shares the merit of discovery with Cavendish; while the great product of his genius is left to be laid to the credit probably of Savary, or Newcomen, or the Marquis of Worcester.

Yet, with all these drawbacks, we repeat our acknowledgments for this part of Mr Buckle's work. But we cannot help a mournful regret that all this labour is bestowed, to prove that, without scepticism, there can be no philosophy, and that secularism is the one aim and triumph of civilisation. We can scarcely believe that Mr Buckle really means what he says, though he has apparently taken pains to remove all possible doubt. We know, of course, that there is a legitimate sphere of philosophic doubt. It is right in science to doubt what is not proven. It is right in religion to doubt whatever is *only* of custom, tradition, and human authority. But scepticism, in common parlance, means not only the right to investigate all opinions, and ascertain on what authority they demand our belief. It means the right to doubt anything unless it contains, in itself, the reason of its credibility. The sceptic acknowledges no authority, and no possibility of proving by testimony what is not self-evidencing. We hope Mr Buckle will not go so far even as this; yet he seems to have no qualms in proclaiming the necessity of an universal scepticism. This is very sad, and fills us with mournful apprehensions as to the effect of his book on young and untrained minds. For, while we believe that it is with nations as with individuals: those who are destined to the highest duties have commonly to pass through a trial and

crisis of doubt, in order that they may learn that broad charity and sympathy which are necessary for greatly serving their generation ; we hold also, that, ere they can do the highest work to which God calls them, they must again knit up the broken ties of faith, so as to work with a loving sympathy for all men, and a humble trust in the God who is over all. Through this crisis our country has passed ; and she has now begun to gather up the scattered threads of spiritual belief, having learned more tolerance, humanity, and love, and sunk the foundations of her faith into a deeper region of intelligent conviction. No doubt, there are difficulties in her path of progress ; and her divines will do well to consider the danger of driving off the class of cultured and independent minds that has arisen since the seventeenth century, and is likely to increase both in numbers and influence. But, after the experience we have had, nothing could seem to us a more fatal disaster than to return into that cold, unhappy region of unbelief, of whose weakness, and weariness, and dreariness, we have still many sad and painful memories among us.

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ART. I.—*Pensées de Pascal, publiées dans leur Texte Authentique; avec un Commentaire Suivi, et une Etude Littéraire.* Par ERNEST HAVET, Ancien élève de l'Ecole Normale, Maître de Conférences à cette Ecole, Agrégé de la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. Paris, 1852.

Studies on Pascal. By the late ALEXANDER VINET, D.D., Professor of Theology in Lausanne, Switzerland. Translated from the French by the Rev. THOMAS SMITH, A.M. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1859.

ONCE and again there has occurred a resurrection of some great mind upon the European necropolis: the instances are more than a very few; and some of them have been marked by peculiar circumstances. To such an instance we have now to ask the reader's attention: it is that of PASCAL—not indeed quite a recent event in the daily sense of the word, for it is not of this year, nor of last year; but yet it is recent if the time that has elapsed since its occurrence be put in comparison with the length of that period—almost two centuries—during which an unreal, or a disguised Pascal, has stood before the world on the pedestal which the genuine Pascal ought from the first to have occupied.

We have said that more than a very few instances of a literary resurrection, resembling the one now in view, have taken place in our European necropolis; and yet none that is quite of the same kind. Aristotle rested in his sepulchre for centuries, entombed—strange to think of it!—embalmed, in Arabic; from which Oriental swaddling he came forth to domineer over the world of mind, in his own Greek, during other long centuries. And so Herodotus, as to his authenticity—as to his historic vitality, has, in these last times, risen from the dead. As lately as Gibbon's time the 'Father of History' was often contemptuously spoken of,

as a teller of stories, a collector of fables for children ; but since that age of ill-considered scepticism, this affluent Greek, with his easy Ionic graces, has stepped forward—steady has been his tread ; and he now lives among us anew, as ‘an authority.’ Instances similar might soon fill a page. Passing by men of second-rate fame, think of Bacon—one might even put on this list his wonderful namesake Roger ;—but take the illustrious lord Bacon : little was he read, little was he thought of, seldom was he named, until the morning hour of our now young, modern physical sciences ! It is within the recollection of some now living that the *Novum Organon*, and the *De Augmentis*, have come to take a prominent and an undisputed place in the canonical philosophic literature of Europe. If we should not affirm the same of John Milton, yet may we say it of *Paradise Lost*, which, after a long dose, started into life at the call of Addison, in the *Saturday Spectators*.

Blaise Pascal, author of the *Lettres de Louis de Montalte*, has indeed lived on, in the open day ; but as to Pascal, the author of the *Pensées*, it is not so much *sepulture* as *pillory* that he has endured these two hundred years. The author of the *Thoughts*—the genuine and the fiery utterances of this soul, so profound, so calm, and yet so intense—this mind, hard and geometric, yet warm and sensitive beyond bounds—this mind, by structure sceptical, and yet unboundedly believing—this mind, rigid and exact as that of Aristotle—rich, and lofty, and deep, as that of Plato—this true Pascal, after he had first been martyred by his ill-judging and timid friends, was then quartered by the Philistines of the *Encyclopedia* ; and while he has been admired for qualities he had not, he has been defrauded of his just praise. The *real* Pascal has at length been rescued, as from his friends, so from his enemies.

We may presume that to some of our readers the circumstances of this long obscurity, and of this recent recovery of the genuine *Thoughts* of Pascal, are not unknown. On this supposition, we shall be the more brief in relating them. We must also suppose that, in outline at least, the tragical history of the society of Port Royal—which has once and again been brought into view before the English public—is well known, and is duly remembered. A recollection of that sad history is indeed needed in framing as good an apology as the case admits of, for the timid and unwarrantable conduct of his friends, the first editors of the *Pensées*.

The leading facts, concerning the literary history of Pascal's posthumous writings, are given at length by the editor of the edition which is now before us. Briefly stated, they are these :—Pascal, from the moment of his abandonment of his secular studies, or soon afterwards, and of his dedication of his great

powers of mind exclusively to religious purposes, had entertained—so it has been supposed—the project of composing, in the most rigidly logical manner, a treatise in proof, first of Theism, and then of the Christian Revelation. Full of the grandeur of this purpose—great indeed in his view of it, and of the extent and the difficulty of the task—he postponed to a distant time that sort of *ordering* of the various subjects before him which must have preceded a formal commencement of it. To a time of leisure, and of recovered health perhaps—to years which, in his thirtieth year, were yet in his prospect—he reserved this preliminary labour. Meantime, to prevent the loss of any valuable materials, and to secure the daily products of his teeming mind, and at the same time, perhaps, to preclude the supposition on the part of survivors that these loose materials were *all*, or nearly all, that he had intended to make them, it was his habit to entrust to any chance fragments of paper the thoughts of each passing moment. Loose materials indeed—fragmentary, and elliptical, and *enigmatical*, and often interlined, and blotted, and sometimes quite illegible—were these scraps. Nevertheless, if Pascal's *Thoughts* were scraps *in form*—if they were scraps to the *eye*, they possessed a golden continuity of their own—they had an intrinsic oneness; there was in them a coherence, a unity of intention, which belonged to them as being the out-beamings of a mind great in its own tranquil luminousness—translucent and incandescent itself throughout its substance. So is it that these sparks have all the same splendour; and so does the iron, when it is struck at a white heat, fill the space around the anvil with flaming diamonds.

The mass of writings accumulated in this manner, in the course of some ten years, was great;—it was a pile of manuscripts that came into the hands of Pascal's literary executors. But who were these? They were the trembling expectants of every wrong which the malice of Jesuitism, and the stolid fanaticism of the Court—its tool, might please to inflict. This—the cruel position of the heads of the Jansenist sect, at that time—must, in justice, be kept in view for mitigating the heavy blame which, at the first moment, one is inclined to throw upon them. But the course pursued at that critical moment in the religious fate of France, by those excellent men—Nicole, Arnauld, and others, involved consequences which they did not—which they could not, have foreseen; and it is partly in regard to these consequences, fatal as they have been, that we are now proposing to bring the facts under the reader's notice. If any one should ask, What is the present religious condition of our nearest neighbours?—an answer to that question must carry us up from one generation of men to the next above it; nor will it be possible to stop, in pursuing the line of moral causation, until

we reach the time when the blood-shedding of the Reign of Terror finds its true explication in the blood-shedding of the St Bartholomew. A strict connection, an unbroken thread of influences—some of them, indeed, highly attenuated, and yet real—give a continuity to this series of events. And dare any one now affirm that this same thread is snapped, and that, from the time of the founding of the revolutionary empire, onward, all things in France—its religion and its irreligion together—have taken a fresh start, and that thus the things of to-day have no hold upon the past? We may not profess to think this; nor may we believe that the great evolution of the French mind, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has yet been sealed, as if for oblivion, and that it will never repeat itself in that country.

We return, then, for a moment to the circumstances that attended the first publication of this remarkable collection—the *Thoughts* of Pascal. In relating them, we regard as trustworthy the summary of facts prefixed by M. Ernest Havet to his edition, and most of which are attested in other recent publications.

Rough-cast and fragmentary as these *Thoughts* must appear, if we are looking at Pascal's autograph—morsels as they are, bits, rendered illegible often by interlineations, and by many erasures, and by the re-insertion of words and phrases that had been expunged—they are not, in truth, as to their literary quality, as rough as they seem:—this, their *appearance* would give a false idea of them as *compositions*. Pascal was a most severe critic of his own style: slow was he in satisfying himself (so have the best writers always been); exact was he in his requirements, as to his choice of words; and still more severe was he in the adjustment of his thoughts; for he combined, in a remarkable manner, the rigid geometric temper—abstemious in terms, inexorable in the excision of whatever he thought superfluous—with a freedom, a spirit, and even a *license* of speech, which had much of the dramatic cast. It is this freedom which *now* imparts so much freshness to the *Thoughts*, but which alarmed his scrupulous friends of Port Royal, who misused a frigid discretion in drawing the pen through every startling word and phrase that made their nice ears to tingle. So it is, therefore, that what some of us, years ago, were used to think a rather heavy book, reads *now*, in these recent recensions, almost like Moliere, and too often like Rouchefoucauld. It is amusing to trace the instances—hundreds of such instances there are—in which the pious Nicole, and others, his coadjutors, have disguised the bright and witty author of the *Provincial Letters*, by putting upon him the broad brim and the straight-cut drab coat of Port Royal Quakerism!

Although so spirited and so free, Pascal wrote on morals and religion in as severe a manner as if he were framing the demonstration of a geometric theorem. It was his aim so to write, says his modern editor, as that there should not be a word too much—not a word wanting; no false graces—no conventional utterances; nothing so said as that the *author* should appear rather than the *man*. He did not hesitate to repeat a word in a sentence, if it was the most proper word for the occasion; and he would at any time do this, rather than, merely for avoiding a repetition, introduce a word that was less proper. In his compositions, everything of ornament—*luxure*—was cut off; and if, as a writer, Pascal is *elegant*, this word must be understood in the sense in which mathematicians apply it sometimes to a demonstration. He turns upon and works his thought—*tourmente son idée*—in such manner as shall bring it out, clear of mistake; and, in doing this, he pays attention, not merely to the choice of terms, but to the *order* in which they are presented. Nothing was more important in his view than *order*; nor anything more difficult: to this end he laboured—he spared no labour; he would revise and correct what he had written eight or ten times over, where every one but himself would have said it was admirably expressed at the first. If, in fact, Pascal has written little, and nothing of a much extended kind, this was not merely—so thinks his editor—because health and strength for doing so failed him, but because the rigorousness of the criticism to which he subjected his compositions was such that the execution of any work on a large scale would have been, to him, a task and a labour exceeding the powers of human nature. It has often been said that, if Pascal had completed the *Thoughts*,—that is to say, had brought his materials into form, as a finished composition—it would have been a work of matchless excellence. There may, however, be reason to doubt whether a *finished work*—ever and again commenced anew, could have come from under his hand; and there is room also, with another of his editors, to say that, admirable writer as he is when he finishes anything, he is still more to be admired in any instance in which he was cut short.

At the time of Pascal's death, in 1662, the establishment at Port Royal, and the Jansenist body, was in doubtful conflict with their powerful and ruthless enemies, the Jesuits. His papers came into the hands of his friends of Port Royal, who appear to have hesitated long as to the expediency, or the safety to themselves, of giving them publicity. It was not until seven years afterwards, in 1669, that what is called the Port Royal edition of the *Pensées* appeared; and, during this lapse of time, the worthy and learned persons of that body had, at their leisure,

not only *deciphered* the autograph, which was a very difficult task, but they had, at their discretion, and with too little regard to the limits of their responsibility in the execution of such a task—editing the products of a mind of immeasurably greater compass than their own—forgone or suppressed much; and this perhaps they might think themselves at liberty to do; but they had dared to substitute words, phrases, sentences of their own, in place of the flashing, the burning words and phrases of their departed friend. Almost every one of those dramatic turns of expression which, in truth, are the *natural* out-speakings of a mind and soul so teeming with life, so sharp, so robust, are either smoothed over, or are simply struck out! Feeble wisdom indeed was this! The fearless Montalte, wielding his own two-edged terrible weapon of logic and of satire, had once saved Port Royal. Was it not an error, then, not to allow the same champion, wielding the same weapon again, and as if starting from his grave, to save Port Royal anew!

The Port Royal editor, Stephen Perier, in his preface, speaking of the huge disorderly collection of papers which came into the hands of his friends, says of them—and we may well believe it—that—*tout cela était si imparfait et si mal écrit, qu'on a eu toutes les peines du monde à le déchiffrer*. This being the case, these good men might have felt themselves excused in declining the all but impracticable task of preparing such a mass for the press; but, assuredly, if published at all, the *Thoughts* should have truly represented the mind of their departed friend. It was, however, well that *they*, to whom Pascal's handwriting was familiar, did actually achieve the task of completing a legible copy, without the aid of which—for it is still in existence—it may be doubted, says M. Havet, if, *at this time*, it would have been possible to read the autograph at all. At first, the Port Royal editors had intended, as they say, to give the best continuity they could to the fragments, by supplying what was wanting in form and in order, by clearing up obscure passages; and, in fact, by—writing a book, such as they *imagined* Pascal himself would have written, if he had lived to complete his own intention! Happily, from so audacious an attempt these worthy divines were soon turned aside; and it was well it was so, for it is not every man that can get himself into the steel armour of Richard Cœur de Lion, and wield his battle-axe, and bestride a Flanders stallion with advantage. This method of dealing with the *Pensées*, and another also having been rejected, these editors determined, as they tell us, to give to the public such of these fragments only as seemed the most intelligible and the most finished, 'just such as they found them'—*telles qu'on les a trouvées*—'without adding anything, or altering anything'—

sans y rien ajourir ni changer. These are queer words for men of honour to employ, the *facts* being—what they are!

These editors, says M. Havet, have given—generally speaking, or very loosely speaking, *The Thoughts*; but it has been with alterations in detail of all sorts, and some which seriously affect the very meaning of Pascal: the editors, Arnauld and Nicole, especially, had their scruples; his personal friends had their exceptions; and beyond this, the functionaries to whose approval the work was necessarily submitted, demanded that some things should be changed. But above all, care was to be taken that no advantage whatever should be put into the hands of the enemies of Port Royal, under favour of Pascal's name. It was at length to M. Cousin that the world was to owe the important service of dispersing the thick cloud of all these mystifications and of this cowardly prudence, which had so long veiled the real Pascal from view. This distinguished man, prompted, probably, by literary curiosity only, had given some time to an examination of the genuine autograph, collating it, by the aid of the copy, with the printed editions, earlier and later; and in consequence of the strange discoveries which he then made, a careful collation of the whole of this manuscript, treasured as it had been in the King's Library,¹ was undertaken by a competent literary person.

M. Cousin, in making a general report of the differences between the autograph and the editions, says,—

'Some of the alterations affect the actual meaning, and these are the most serious; but they were (probably) compulsory (or were deemed indispensable): others affect the form, and these are, as to their motive, the most inexplicable, and they are the most numerous too—alterations of words, alterations in the term of expression, alterations of phrases; suppressions, substitutions, additions; compositions which are arbitrary and absurd—sometimes of a paragraph, sometimes of an entire chapter; and these effected by the means of phrases and of paragraphs foreign altogether to the context, and inconsistent among themselves; and, what is worse, a dislocation quite arbitrary and absolutely inconceivable (as to its motive) of chapters which, in the manuscript of Pascal, are strictly consecutive—part following part in a manner which had been the fruit of labour and deep thought.'—*Avant-propos de M. Cousin.*

Inconceivable, in truth, in many instances, as to the motives which prompted these *emendations*, are the various readings of the Port Royal editions. Incredible, almost, as to the principles assumed to warrant them, are the misrepresentations, or the falsifications, which have thus been brought to light. Like breeds like;—was it so that the same slimy casuistry which Pascal had pursued to the death in the *Provincials*, had taken

¹ Now the Imperial.

possession of the leaders of Jansenism, and that so Jesuitism had got its revenge in poisoning the consciences of its adversaries? One need not doubt that these good men *believed* they were doing only what 'a sound discretion' warranted—and it has been a so-called 'sound discretion' that has burned scores of heretics.

The present editor excuses himself from the task—intolerable and unprofitable—of indicating these variations throughout: he says, there is not a page free from something of the kind; but in his notes, which for the most part are pertinent and serviceable, he has brought under notice those differences which materially disfigure, either Pascal's *Thought*, or his style. Alterations of the latter kind appear to be attributable chiefly to the impertinence of the duke de Roannez, who had laboured at the task of re-writing the *Thoughts* on an improved plan! and in a better style! It is instructive to think of such an instance of boundless coxcombry! Finding himself unable to accomplish what he had so modestly intended, this noble person did what he could—en mettant à chaque instant ses expressions à la place de celles de Pascal! Inasmuch as the *Thoughts* of this great mind are the property of modern literature, as well as the pride of France, it is a work deserving of a European vote of thanks, thus to have given us at length, Blaise Pascal in the place of—the duke de Roannez!

Other editors followed the same track, in bringing forward, either portions of the *Thoughts*, or some of Pascal's minor pieces: among these was the 'Père des Molets.' But, in 1776, an editor very differently minded came forward, and gave to the world an edition of the *Thoughts*, or rather, a selection of them, with notes, indicating very plainly the intention of the annotator. In what way, or rather, by means of what misunderstanding of this Christian writer's purpose, the leaders of the atheism of that time might avail themselves of his doctrine and principles, it will be our part, a little further on, to show. The edition of Condorcet, taken up and patronized by Voltaire, who also added his notes, was printed (as would seem) in London. Condorcet, luminous and geometric as he was, did something in attempting to redeem the collection from the desperate confusion and disorder of the Port Royal editions. His edition was not, however, more than what might be called, in usual phrase, 'the Flowers of Pascal';—all the more strictly theological passages were omitted, and those only were produced which fell in with his design in bringing out a work of this strange kind. As to the spurious and the falsified passages of the Port Royal edition, Condorcet adopted them without inquiry. In 1779 M. Bossut gave to the world a complete edition of Pascal's works. This edition included several pieces which had not before appeared, or which had not been duly edited; but, as

to the *Thoughts*, it followed on the same path, reproducing the vitiated portions of the Port Royal edition.

It was in 1842 that M. Cousin—as we have said—amazed everybody by announcing the fact, that, while believing they were in possession of Pascal's *Thoughts*, these, in truth, had never been given to the world. The autograph, as was known, was preserved in the Imperial Library, where it had been deposited at the time when rescued from the fire which destroyed the Abbey of St Germain-des-Prez, in 1794. In the National Library this collection was always open to every eye; and yet—so it is affirmed—neither the philosophers who disputed among themselves as to Pascal's principles, nor the literary men who studied his style, nor even the men who, year after year, had taken upon themselves to superintend new editions of his works, had troubled themselves to examine these manuscripts. M. Cousin could not be so easily satisfied:—he collated the editions, as well with the Port Royal manuscript *copy*, as with the printed editions: he brought forward samples of the variations; and he made known his opinion, that an edition of the *Thoughts* was a labour to which some one, who should be competent to the task, must give his time. By various citations, exhibiting the gravity and extent of the variations from the original text, he demonstrated that, although the author of the *Provincial Letters* had always been regarded as a fearless writer, uttering strong things, in bold language, the author of the *Thoughts* was a far more intrepid writer—more violent even, and in every way more startling, than the writer who hitherto had been regarded as bold enough. The world—the world of French literary intelligence, was awakened by this discovery: the charms of the style of this standard writer, and the inimitable touch of a master's hand, revealed now at length, excited a vivid feeling; and this feeling could not fail quickly to bring about what was needed—a careful perusal of the autograph, and a trustworthy edition of the *Thoughts*—a restoration of this mass; or, what we have ventured to call—a resurrection of the real Pascal.

It is thus that the present editor sums up his report of this strange entombment, and of the return to life of his author:—

‘The text of the *Thoughts* has, in fact, undergone three successive revelations:—in the first, the Port Royal editions—the spring, the vigour of the writer, was almost entirely suppressed;—in the second, the extracts brought forward by Des Molets, and which were repeated in the editions of Condorcet and of Bossut, there was perceptible, in degree, and sparingly, something of the temerity, as well of Pascal the Jansenist, the sectarist, as of Pascal the philosopher and the sceptic; so that a surmise was suggested as to that which at length was to become manifest. The third, and the last of these revelations, has

left nothing more to be wished for. The *Thought* of this daring writer, in all its startling audacity, and his style too, in all its freedom and its vivacity, is in view. The date of this revelation, of which M. Cousin was the instrument, will ever be memorable in the history of French literature.'—*Etude*, p. 54.

M. Cousin, who had made the discovery, had produced samples: he had shown what was to be done; but had not himself undertaken the heavy task which remained to be achieved. In 1844, M. Prosper Faugère brought out, in two octavo volumes, an edition of the *Thoughts*, and of other small pieces, to which he pledged himself as being faithful, complete, and authentic. This laborious editor attempted to bring the scattered materials before him into what he imagined to be their true order, as intended by Pascal; but probably this was attempted on insufficient grounds.¹ But M. Havet, not himself believing that Pascal had actually digested *any* plan, as if for a complete treatise, has not attempted to make search, in the confused mass, for the indications of what he thinks never had existence. He has therefore fallen back upon the arrangements of his predecessors; not as if these were better, or that one was better than another; but because, in his view, they are all alike unauthentic and unimportant. The arrangement of the edition of Bossut, to which the readers of Pascal are accustomed, is followed in this edition, with some few exceptions, which need not be here specified.

We have now said what may suffice for putting before those of our readers who are not already acquainted with them, the actual facts of this, perhaps, unexampled instance of the literary substitution of a factitious for a genuine image of a mind—and this, a mind of the highest order. The instance is in itself fraught with instructive inferences, which will suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader. Presuming, then, that *our* readers *are* of the thoughtful class, we may leave them to pursue such meditations at their leisure, and at this moment turn toward subjects of a wider meaning. Pascal's mind, seen as we *now* see it, in conflict with the great problems of all time, gives an exhibition of the true nature of those problems, as they display their relation to the vigorous evolution of the mind of France in the seventeenth century. This evolution was preliminary to that of the next following century, which itself has shaken the European commonwealth; nor must it be thought to have reached its ultimate consequence, even at this late time. The *beginning* of this end takes date from the appearance of the *Essays* of Mon-

¹ This edition, 1844, found its way into England at the time, and it may be in the recollection of some of our readers, as it is in our own; albeit a copy is not now before us.

taigne, in 1580; and therefore this 'time of the end,' as to the religious destiny of France, wants now about twenty years to make up its three centuries.

In giving this prominence—as the leader of modern French thought in religion—to Montaigne, we follow the guidance of our subject. If Pascal has already been rescued from the hands of his Jansenist editors, there is something still to be done in rescuing him, as to the *Penseés*, from the *Essays* of his master. At an early time in his course, and, as appears, before the hour of his conversion, Pascal had read, and had—might one say so—sodden his soul in the mind of Montaigne; and thus it is that, in almost countless instances, when putting a thought on paper, what he was doing—whether consciously or unconsciously—was noting and repeating, for his own future use, a something then floating in his mind, which now proves itself to be, either in substance, or perhaps in very words, a citation from the *Essays* of Montaigne. These are not instances of plagiarism in any proper sense of the word. The notes were made by Pascal for his own use in future; and he cared not to recollect precisely whence they had come to him. The present editor adduces many instances of these formal and informal coincidences; and the reader who will take the pains to do so, availing himself of M. Havet's aid, and having also the quaint *Essays* in hand, may come to know what is Pascal in Pascal, and what is Montaigne. But, in truth, the two minds, little as we may have been used to think it, were *consecutive* minds. There was a principle of connection—there was a sequence of occult causation between them; and thus it is that the great writer to whom, on the Christian side, it has become trite to make a confident appeal—'Was not Pascal a Christian?'—was, in an intellectual sense, the son and heir of the writer who has often been named, and denounced too, as the father of the modern French infidelity—the very writer behind whom BAYLE, in making up his apology for his own freedoms, says—*Après tout, oseroit-on dire que mon Dictionnaire approche de la licence des Essais de Montaigne, soit à l'égard du Pyrrhonisme, soit à l'égard des saletez?*—*Dict.* p. 3025. It is not apart from a careful distinction made and insisted upon, that we should risk the *apparent* paradox of naming, in causative order, Montaigne, Pascal, Bossut, Condorcet, Rousseau, and the Encyclopedists, with Voltaire as chairman of the committee of Unbelief. This needful distinction, in rescue of Pascal, we may suggest as we go on: it is such as might lead to useful reflections in these times!

But a word as to Montaigne. This bold thinker, and humane and upright man, who was neither Huguenot nor atheist, flung himself off with heat from the ferocious fanaticism of his

times. Cruelty and bigotry he abhorred ; and, subject to such restraints only as his public position imposed upon him, he spoke and wrote as he thought. In so thinking, speaking, and writing, he distanced himself, intellectually and morally, yet not ecclesiastically, from the men of his time—in fact, from all the world of the sixteenth century. Looking at the social system and at the manners of his countrymen, as from the vantage-ground of a needful perspective, he fell naturally into the habit of dissecting everything—of stripping off every mask—of working himself well up to the core of every subject—of probing, analysing, opening out all things, whether sacred or profane. It can be no wonder that the young and ardent author of the *Provincial Letters*, himself so searching a practitioner with the knife in morbid anatomy, should take to himself a teacher, such as was the author of the *Essays*. Or, if this might be a wonder, it must cease to be so accounted when, as now, we come near to this same Pascal, in the perusal of his genuine thoughts. This, then, is the order of intellectual causation :—Montaigne leads the way, a sincere Catholic, but Pyrrhonist ; Pascal follows in the next century, not only Catholic, but a devout Christian, and yet a Pyrrhonist also. But—may we say it?—he leaves the royal banner of genuine religious thought, theistic and Christian, floating loosely in the winds ! Alas ! his co-religionists of Port Royal—*Catholic* in the sense of spiritual slavery, and *Christian* in the sense of devout feeling and of compromise—knew not their vocation : they heard not the voice of Heaven ; they lowered the colours of their chief, and these, available as they were for sinister purposes in their torn condition, were hoisted with acclamations upon the wall of Atheism ! Thus, then, come we up to the verge of the pit out of which, in the next hour, issued a roaring storm of blood and fire—all the ingredients of hell flung up to the skies, and thence descending, to deluge the earth.

Pascal did much—and he did it with profound skill—in the way of barring the inference which the world would be quick to draw from his Pyrrhonism, which was at once *constitutional* with him, and *geometric* : it was a matter of temperament, and it was also a result of mathematical logic. But what he did in this way, or for this purpose, was left in an inorganic state ; and thus it failed of effecting its purpose according to his own intention. It was as if a man, for the protection of his house and goods, had put into the hands of his servants sword-blades without handles, and rifle-barrels without stocks !

Then, beside this—the impracticable condition of Pascal's weapons, defensive and offensive—he wrought under a condition which has ever been fatal to success in those who, conscientious as they may have been—and *he* was inexorably, immoveably, profoundly

conscientious in all things (witness his temporary disagreement with his Port Royal friends)—have so stood forth as champions of Christianity:—in the fewest words expressed, Pascal earnestly desired to save the Gospel—*salvâ ecclesiâ*. So it has been with a succession of great and honest men, from Augustine to our times. What availed that noble work, the *Civitas Dei*, in stemming the torrent of superstition and confusion which so soon after deluged Africa and the western world? Little or nothing. Read the African Salvian, and find your answer. Respectfully we would here say—Think of this, whoever it may be now, in this crisis of Christian belief, in whose secret unconfessed purposes this same maxim or principle may crouch—save Christianity—*salvâ ecclesiâ*.

There is extremely little of Romanism in Pascal. But although in theology he himself outdoes Calvin's Calvinism, there is in him a profound dread of the Calvinistic schism; and, just as the Donatists kept Augustine true to the Church, and induced him to be the champion of its corruptions, so did the Huguenots drive Pascal in upon the Church of Rome—its corruptions notwithstanding.

We should say something, perhaps, of Pascal's personal history; but this is one of a few instances in which the greatness of the mind throws into a position of comparative non-importance the facts of personal history. In his case, this history was quite uneventful; nor is it of a kind to be signally instructive. As a leader in science, and as a profound mathematician, his course came early to an end: he did indeed secure a place for himself in the annals of philosophy; yet he did little more than give evidence of a depth and sagacity which, if it had been devoted through many years to secular science, would undoubtedly have given him a name second to few or none among its chiefs in modern times. It is in its reflected influence upon his religious course that this great scientific reputation has chiefly become noticeable.

The memoir of her brother, as given to the world by his devoted sister, Mme. Perier (Gilberte Pascal), is rather a eulogy than a biography; and, while it mentions leading facts of the personal history, it leaves the reader to seek elsewhere for information concerning some of the most important occurrences thereto belonging. Nothing is related by his sister of the circumstances to which Pascal's conversion has been attributed (as incidental cause); nor do we find in this memoir any statements of his connection with Port Royal, or of his controversy with the Jesuits. This connection, which made him to a great extent the *sectarist*, we should think it wearisome, at this time, to bring into prominence; and as to that controversy, the fruit of which

was the *Provincial Letters*,¹ it would be beside our purpose, just now, to bestow much space upon it.

This great soul came into the world (June 19, 1623) consorted with a material organization of a very peculiar kind. Such was the body—or such the brain or nervous system—that it could never consist with that easy equipoise between mind and body to which the term—health properly applies. There could be no health, there could be no buoyant enjoyment of either mental or corporeal existence, in the instance of one whose mind—a Titan mind—was ever struggling and beating against the walls of its cell, as if determined to get out, or to break and shatter everything that was in the way of its liberty. Then the miseries which the living man was thus destined to endure were vastly aggravated by the enormities of the asceticism which he practised; and yet, were not these very enormities—was not this hideous asceticism itself—a product of the life-long quarrel between the lodger and the lodgings?

The notes of the surgeons who made a *post-mortem* examination of the mortal remains are extant. This document contains particulars of this sort:—‘The stomach and the liver were withered—shrivelled; the intestines were in a gangrenous state.’ These derangements had no doubt been induced, in the course of years, by the incredibly absurd ascetic practices in which Pascal had persisted—spite of the remonstrances of his physicians and his family. So it is that the *post-mortem* of a man who kills himself at forty or fifty, by drams of gin, offers to the dissector nearly the same revolting appearances as those that are the product of a life of religious infatuation! As to the head, the appearances were indeed singular. We do not profess to be qualified to say whether they are of a kind that is in an extreme degree rare. There were no traces of sutures, except the sagittal; the cranium was, therefore, in a manner a solid unyielding case or osseous helmet! As to the frontal suture, instead of the ordinary dovetailing which takes place in childhood—we believe, about the eighth year, at which time the brain has reached its final dimensions—the natural closing up of it had been prevented by the want of elasticity in the rest of the cranium, resulting from the absence of the temporal sutures; and then the wide gap had become filled in with a calculus, or non-natural deposit, perceptible to the touch on the scalp, and which probably obtruded also upon the *dura mater* within, and so would be the cause of intense suffering through life. As to the coronal suture, there was not a trace of it! The brain was of unusual size and density—such,

¹ It is unlucky that this customary rendering of the French ‘*Lettres Ecrites a un Provincial par un de ses Amis*,’ conveys a wrong idea, as if the letters were a provincial product, instead of the contrary.

in fact, as to keep the sagittal suture open, in default of the relief afforded ordinarily by the other sutures. But, as a sufficient explanation of Pascal's death, and of the miseries of his later years, there were found within the cranium, and at the part opposite to the ventricles, two depressions, filled with coagulated blood in a corrupt state, and which had produced a gangrenous spot on the *dura mater*. Thus are some born to anguish, beyond the reach of remedial art; and so was it with this great and burning spirit; and so did Pascal's frequent saying realize itself in him—*La maladie est l'état naturel des chrétiens!* It may well be believed that in his case the suffering to which he was born had induced a state of mind and temper commingling philosophic fortitude with Christian principle, and then therewith the ascetic mood; which state of mind expressed itself in many of the stern paradoxes, and the ultra-rational maxims, which abound in, and which, we must confess, disfigure, the mass of Thoughts now before us.

Pascal's paradoxes in morals, his harsh and gloomy views of human life, and the enormities of his personal mortification, what were they but outward expressions of the organic anguish which it was his lot to endure year after year? Thus speaks his modern eulogist:—

'Pascal would not permit himself to be conscious of the relish of his food; he prohibited all seasonings and spices, however much he might wish for and need them; and he actually died because he forced the diseased stomach to receive at each meal a certain amount of aliment—neither more nor less, whatever might be his appetite at the time, or his utter want of appetite. He wore a girdle armed with iron spikes, which he was accustomed to drive in upon his body (his fleshless ribs) as often as he thought himself in need of such admonitions. What folly! and yet how sad is such a spectacle! how disheartening is it! And then, as to his virtues—they were in a sense virtues out of joint. His purity—what was it? He was annoyed and offended if any in his hearing might chance to say that they had just seen a beautiful woman! He rebuked a mother who permitted her own children to give her their kisses! Toward a loving sister, who devoted herself to his comfort, he assumed an artificial harshness of manner, *for the express purpose*, as he acknowledged, of revolting her sisterly affection! This is the man whose wont it was to describe man as a compound of greatness and of wretchedness! Thus, indeed, did Pascal truly describe himself—great always, and miserable always! Let us then cease,' says this editor, 'to think of these miseries, and fix our attention upon this grandeur—grandeur, not of the intellect only, but of the heart also.'—*Notes*, p. 29.

In estimating, at their just value, Pascal's labours on the side of Christianity, and in coming to think equitably of the causes which lessened so much the actual product of these labours, it is

necessary to understand the degree to which a mind so powerful and so penetrating had suffered damage—*first*, from the misfortune of his physical conformation; *next*, from his too great admiration of Epictetus, and of Montaigne; *then* from his Jansenist sectarianism; *then* from his devotion to the Papacy, which in him was at once a logical and a religious inconsequence, or incoherence. If he had not, in these several modes, lost or forfeited his proper advantage, it is just conceivable that the influence of his writings upon the mind of France, in that age, would have been of lasting and beneficial consequence. At the least, he might have precluded the possibility of what actually happened, when a sinister use was made of his reputation by the Encyclopedists of the next century. Moreover, the position he assumed on the noted occasion of the ‘miracle of the holy thorn’ becomes explicable (or it is in some measure explicable) when we find that he was not able to rise superior to the most abject infatuations of the ascetic practice. These extravagances are, of course, spoken of with admiration by his devoted sister. To reject every gratification of the senses, to refuse every pleasure, to abstain from everything that might be called superfluous, was, we are told, the one maxim or sovereign rule of Pascal’s life. And yet this Bible reader had the New Testament by heart; and so well acquainted with it was he, says his sister, that if, in his hearing, by chance any passage was quoted incorrectly, he never failed to correct the error, saying, ‘*That is not Holy Scripture.*’ Thus cognisant of the Heaven-given principles and rules of virtue, and thus knowing how that rule was exemplified in the practice of Christ and His ministers, he could so grievously misunderstand all! Paul had said, ‘I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound. I am instructed (divinely instructed) both to be full, and to be hungry; both to abound, and to suffer need.’ In the face of Scripture, in defiance of the divine example and precepts, this strong logical mind could persuade itself to enact the fakir after the most outrageous fashion! With an incessant vigilance toward the senses and the appetites, he absolutely refused them the smallest satisfaction. He had acquired a wonderful skill, his sister says, in turning away his consciousness. If in any instance the diet which his maladies compelled him to use was agreeable to the palate, he would not *taste* it—he *swallowed* it only! Never did he utter any such exclamation as this—‘This is very nice.’

Of a piece with these frivolous severities, and with these pitiable perversions of the nobler moral sense, are very many of the iron-like cynical conclusions and the startling paradoxes which are scattered up and down among the *Thoughts*, as they now stand; and when the reader comes upon passages of this

class, he will do well to recollect that what so much offends common sense in the writings of one like Pascal—deep thinking and severely logical as he was, should be put on one side, or should be thrown on to the heap of his ascetic mistakes. Compensated, in the equitable balance of the Christian moralist, were these damaging errors by the practice of virtues which are always admirable. His alms-deeds reached the utmost extent of his resources; he gave to the poor, daily, all he could give; his humility, his patience under an extremity of suffering, and especially his denial of that ambition which never fails to be present in powerful minds, gave evidence of the intensity, and of the sincerity of the surrender he had made of himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the service of God and of his fellows.

Some however of those instances of extravagance or of paradox which occur in his sister's narrative, or among the *Thoughts*, are traceable to a very different source; for they are the product of the geometric hardness of his mode of thinking:—they are violences offered to common sense at the demand of that logic which sometimes he followed wherever it might lead him. An explanation similar to this is perhaps the best apology which the case admits of, in the instance of some of Jonathan Edwards' astounding affirmations in his *Essay on Virtue* and other writings. Common sense forgotten—Scripture out of view—and then the most enormous of all imaginable conclusions may be boldly drawn from what?—from '*our premises!*' Alas for virtue, for piety—for theism, for humanity, for everything fair and precious—when some awful conclusion is coming down upon us—by right of logic, like an express train in the dark, with its glaring red eyes, and we—on the rails! Pascal did not hesitate to tell his loving sister that she was guilty toward God—was chargeable with a crime—if she loved her brother with any personal affection; and here, on a page before us (324), this geometrician says,—'It is an *injustice* for any one to become attached to me (in the way of personal regard or affection) although this attachment be free on their part, and be to them a source of pleasure. It is so because I cannot be *the end* of any one.—I possess nothing that can satisfy any one. Am I not about to die? and so the object of their affection dies! As I should be blameworthy if, in any case, I made what was false to be believed, although I did it sweetly, persuasively, and that the belief itself was pleasurable to those who entertained it, so, in like manner, am I blameworthy if I make myself loved, or if I induce any of those about me to attach themselves to me.' In what sense was the writer of a *Thought* like this, accustomed to read the narrative of Christ's behaviour in the family circle at Bethany? But what

is Scripture when opposed to an unanswerable syllogism ! It is, as we may see in a thousand instances, it is—as a bundle of straws ! Volumes of absurd *certainities*—of nonsense demonstrations, have sprung from the unlucky usage of applying terms proper only to mathematical reasoning to moral and theological problems. What meaning can cleave to the word—*infinite* in many of its usual applications?—as much as to such phrases as these—infinite *blue*, infinite *yellow*, infinitely *sweet* or *sour* or *bitter*. Pascal's reasoning was of this sort :—God, who is infinite, has a rightful claim to the *whole of my love* (as if love were a *quantity*) ; therefore to set off any portion of *this* love, which is *finite*, can be nothing better than a *robbery*—it is so much love *misappropriated*. If Pascal had been a husband and a father, and happy as such, he would have come to know that love is—not a ponderable mass, but a sunshine, which suffers no diminution in diffusion.

It is quite needful, in attempting to bring Pascal into his due place on the field of Christian argument, to set off from the instance not a small amount of over-statement, and of paradox, and of cynical asperity, which were his disadvantage—*first*, as a geometrician who trusted far too much to his rules, as if they could be applicable to moral problems ; *secondly*, as an ascetic, and a coelebs, after the fashion of the most fanatical species of Romanism ; *thirdly*, as the inheritor of a life-long anguish ; and, *fourthly*, as the partisan of a persecuted sect—the Jansenists.

In advancing these necessary cautions, we shall, as we think, have acquitted our duty toward Pascal in drawing the reader's attention to his genuine *Thoughts*. Enough, then, of what relates to the man ; and we now turn to the theologian—the theist and the Christian philosopher ; or, in a word, we look to this great mind, regarding it as the property of the modern religious community.

Pascal can scarcely be allowed to claim a place in the catena of masters in abstract philosophy, or intellectual science. Certainly he has no claim to stand at the head of that science, which, if he had aimed at it, might have been his position, at least in the order of time ; for he was anterior by a little to Descartes, and by more than a little to Malebranche and to Spinoza. But, in truth, his aim was loftier than that of a philosophic ambition ; there are no traces in his writings of any design to inaugurate a philosophy ; there is nothing which should place him on a level with either Bacon or Descartes. The relation in which he stood to *philosophy*—at least within the circuit of French literature—was of quite another kind ; and it may be of some consequence to understand what this relation was. The seventeenth century—as in Germany and in England, so in

France—had been indeed the age of *intellectual*, as the sixteenth was that of *religious* vivification; all things had broken over their bounds, both in theology and in philosophy:—a future, new in its first elements, had opened in front of the thinking world, as elsewhere, so in France. But wherever the two powers—theology and philosophy—are moving onward, each in the plenitude of its force, and on parallel lines, they tend—whether intentionally so or not—each to shove its companion to the wall, or to push it off from the commanding *centre* of the main road. Either it is theology that leaves philosophy to take care of itself, or else it is philosophy that leaves theology to do the like, for itself. In England—(but this is a wide subject, from which we must abstain)—in England political and ecclesiastical conditions held the high road *in trust*, and secured fair play between the two. But it was not so in France. The fatal triumph of the papistical fanaticism, and the brutality of the infatuated government of Louis XIV., finally successful in 1685, bereft what might have been a genuine theology of all room of free development. The consequence was certain to follow. A pantheistic philosophy, which the Jesuits were not able to control, and upon which the Court did not keep its wakeful eye, crept into existence in France; and, at length, it fairly possessed itself, unopposed, of the highway of thought. Many of the great writers of that time, intending no such thing, or intending the very contrary—and such were Malebranche and Descartes (perhaps even Spinoza)—levelled the ground:—the preliminary railway work was done; the rough places were made smooth; the hills were made low, or tunneled; the hollow places were filled in. BAYLE came up to wheel in the rubbish, and so was the tramway of Atheism made ready for D'HOLBACH, CONDILLAC, HELVETIUS, ST LAMBERT, VOLTAIRE, and the suite of those who made proclamation before their admiring countrymen that 'the Beyond' is a fable—the invention of priests, and that Eternal Fate alone rules the universe. Under this iron sceptre virtue and vice, good and evil, are but pairs of words—intending the same thing: crimes and virtues are alike good, when they are alike profitable.

Whereabouts, then, should have come in—if it could have come in at all, in France—the redeeming, or the *withstanding* influence of a writer such as was Pascal? This influence should have come in, and, under favouring conditions, it might have come in, *to hold the ground*; to keep the road open for theology—that is to say, for Christian Belief—solidly established by a course of reasoning against which the atheistic sophistry would not so easily have prevailed. At an early time in his literary course Pascal had achieved a triumphant success, in his demolition of the Jesuit casuistry. And then, in winning this success

as a polemic, he had *also*, by the rare vigour and the fresh purity of his style, come to be regarded as a model, and, indeed, as an *authority*, as a master of the French language. This, his well-earned repute—a sidelong advantage as it was in respect of his great argument—gave him a *status* and a power of which none of the writers, his contemporaries, were at all able to deprive him. Almost might he be regarded as the originator of the French language in its modern form. Such as he made it, and such as he left it, it has, in the main, continued to the present time. There is no English writer of the same time who stands now in the same position, as to modern English, which Pascal still occupies in relation to modern French.

Then, at the same time, this Christian lay theologian, and this conspicuously popular writer, had won a place for himself in the then rapidly developing physical science of Europe. His early mathematical treatises, and the successful experiments which were made at his suggestion, in proof of the weight of the atmosphere, had had the effect of setting him on high in science in the view of the European commonwealth. It would not be easy—we do not know that it would be possible—to name a comparable instance of a man his equal in this peculiar sense, that (while he was yet young, too) he stood before the world, as a writer, unrivalled in literature, and as a master of the powers of language and of argument. Great also was he among the great in the mathematical and the physical sciences, and quite unrivalled as a polemic and a reasoner, on the field of Christian and ethical controversy. We may not say as much as this on behalf of Bacon, or of Newton, or of Locke, or, indeed, of any one else among our English magnates.¹

How then was it that, thus endowed, and thus in the actual command of means and of forces so peculiar, Pascal nevertheless failed to accomplish what might have been thought to be his destiny? How was it that, instead of heading the mind of

¹ 'Il y avait un homme qui, à douze ans, avec des *barres* et des *ronds*, avait créé les *Mathématiques*; qui, à seize, avait fait le plus savant traité des *coniques* qu'on eût vu depuis l'antiquité; qui, à dix-neuf, réduisit en machine une science qui existe tout entière dans l'entendement; qui, à vingt-trois ans, démontra les phénomènes de la pesanteur de l'air et détruisit une des grandes erreurs de l'ancienne physique; qui, à cet âge—où les autres hommes commencent à peine de naître, ayant achevé de parcourir le cercle des sciences humaines, s'aperçut de leur néant, et tourna ses pensées vers la religion, qui, depuis ce moment jusqu'à sa mort, arrivée dans sa trente-neuvième année, toujours infirme et souffrant, fixa la langue que parlèrent Bossuet et Racine, donna le modèle de la plus parfaite plaisanterie comme du raisonnement le plus fort; enfin qui, dans les courts intervalles de ses maux, résolut par abstraction un des plus hauts problèmes de géométrie, et jeta sur le papier des pensées qui tiennent autant du Dieu que de l'homme: cet affrayant génie se nommait *Blaise Pascal*.' We should gladly have cited several pages of Chateaubriand's eloquent eulogy of Pascal. The reader will perhaps recollect the passage in *Le Génie du Christianisme*, p. 370, small Edition of Paris, 1858.

France *for good*, at that critical moment, when the balance between Christianity and Atheism was trembling on the turn, the products of this profound mind—true in substance, forcible in manner, fresh, and breathing life—fell out of regard almost; and then only came into much notice, when they were hoisted on high and exhibited in triumph by the apostles of impiety, and the pioneers of revolutionary horrors? Such a course of things as this, does it not ask explanation?

Several lesser or incidental causes contributed to bring about this contradictory result. Pascal not only killed himself at an early age—his work half done—by his misjudging ascetic practices; but, in the same way, he greatly impaired the influence he might otherwise have exercised in ruling the philosophic mind of France, by the extravagance, and indeed the servile and stolid style, of the superstitions to which he was addicted. The frivolous abstinences, and the small observances which he imposed upon himself—and which, no doubt, enhanced his repute among the sectarists of Port Royal—if they had not widened the wide interval between himself and the Calvinistic (or call them, in a modern sense, the Protestant) community in France, which was equally rigid, and not much less superstitious in their own way, could not fail to give disgust to the expanding intelligence of the many, who then, and still more so in the next generation, were schooling themselves in free thought. Men of this order would resent the proposal to follow the guidance of a man, whatever his powers of mind might be, who was used to drive pricks into his side for breaking the naughtiness of intellectual pride, when he found himself attracting attention in scientific circles! Those whom he might otherwise have influenced—holding them to the truth—had just then learned to think, and to feel, and to reason in converse with the illustrious minds of Greece and Rome. Should such men submit themselves to the mindless puerilities of monastic Fakirism? So it was, in part, that Pascal had forfeited his right to rule the mind of France: it was not for a morsel of meat that he thus sold his birthright; but for the folly of refusing it, or of refusing to taste it when it was actually in his mouth.

Another, and an incidental cause of his failing to effect what otherwise he might have effected in this way, was the incomplete state in which he left his *Thoughts* in relation to the first principles of Theism. It was a consequence of this incompleteness that he came to be cited and appealed to as a universal sceptic—a declared Pyrrhonist, and the author of all unbelief.

Then we are brought round to what has already been referred to—the pitiable and miscalculating caution of his Port Royal friends, who, after keeping the invaluable treasure of his

manuscripts in the dark for seven years, brought forward, at last, a mangled mass, from which had been removed, by their unfaithful fingers, almost everything of force, and of fire, and of bold truthfulness too, which, if it had been left to recommend the collection at its first appearance, would not have failed to move the mind of France in an effective manner. So might it have been that the *Thoughts*, found to be of a piece, in spirit and style, with the *Provincial Letters*, and well sustaining the high reputation of their author, might have stood as a munition on the field of Christian theology in France, within which multitudes might have found safety—yes, and salvation.

But the *principal* cause of Pascal's failing to accomplish a redemption of this kind for his country, was not indeed *his* fault, or the fault of his friends. What can either a preacher or a writer do, unless there be within his call an audience—a public that is already prepared by their sympathies to obey his challenge, and to yield him their plaudits, and to stand by his side, and to show a front of strength for his defence? If there be heard anywhere a voice, as of one 'crying in the wilderness,' there must also be within hearing a multitude, able and willing to repair to the scene. Pascal, had he raised his voice never so loudly, could not *then* have gathered a people around him. A depopulated wilderness (in a religious sense), right hand, and left hand, and in front, had been created, by the mad fanaticism and the debasing superstition of the Church and of the monarchy—one in cruelty and folly. The Jansenist party at that time, with which Pascal had identified himself, was not large enough, in a popular sense, for this purpose. Many of the clergy did, indeed, openly or secretly, favour Augustinian doctrine; but by the people the party was seen to stand in a false position:—false toward the Papacy, which it bowed to and bearded; false toward evangelic doctrine—Augustinian doctrine, which, whether in Jansen's books or not in them, was not—everybody felt it—was not the congenial and the *congruous* doctrine of the Romish Church. This sectarian theology was substantially, if not Genevan, yet quite near at hand to Calvinism. Those therefore who would gladly have embraced it if the Reformed Church had been tolerated in France, could think of Romish Jansenism as nothing but a compromising and a damaged, and an embarrassed Protestantism; whose professors, for consistency's sake, should have walked forth from the communion of Rome. A compromising religious community ought not to wonder, or to think itself ill-treated, if it fails to carry with it the cordial sympathies of a nation. It is not in human nature to do justice to those who are thought not to be doing justice to their own convictions. But might not Pascal have gathered to himself a willing, listening audience

from the Reformed Church—the Calvinist ministers and people of France? He, a Romanist! A sufficient reply to such a question—if indeed it could be seriously propounded—is to be found in the simple fact, that the horrors of 1559, and the hellish murders of the St Bartholomew in 1572, were still, we may say, fresh in the recollection of the men of Pascal's time. Seventy years are too few for bringing to oblivion the traditions of such a time of woe, conserved as these traditions were in the memories of thousands of families throughout France. It is just such an interval of time as this that separates the now living aged men in that country from the years of the guillotine; and if there were now a party in France that could be regarded as the representatives of the butchers of that time, and who appeared as their apologists, the intensities of revengeful hatred would, no doubt, show themselves alive toward them to this moment. Pascal—firm son of the Papacy as he was—how could *he* be listened to by the descendants, the sons and the grandsons, of the men that were slaughtered in that night?

The one man among Pascal's contemporaries who, if we think only of his force of mind and his greatness of soul, might have stepped forward to rescue Theism and Christianity from the then germinating atheistic philosophy of France, was the Bishop of Meaux; but Bossut—eminent and fervent Christian as he was—always felt, and thought, and wrote as the *Churchman*. Churchman he was in so decisive and unexceptive a manner, that, in him, the bold *entireness* of his convictions on that side neither required nor admitted any sort of compromise, any concession, any ambiguous expression of a half doubt upon any subject, or upon any subject dear to him. But this florid Churchism, and this assured belief—belief from nature, from earliest boyhood, or the cradle, or the womb—was a constitutional prohibition against his ever thinking or speaking as a philosopher—using the term in its best and genuine sense. Mad. de Staël somewhere says, 'Celui qui n'a pas souffert que sait il?' One might put a parallel question, and ask, 'He who has never doubted, what does he know?' Pascal was born to doubt, or, we should rather say, born to sift all commonly accepted notions, and to reach the very bottom of every subject. Let the reader turn, at hazard, from the pages of Bossut to those of Pascal, and he will see at once what we mean in affirming that it was Pascal, not the illustrious Bishop of Meaux, who, if he had had an open course before him, and a few more years of life, might have stopped the way, and might have turned the torrent, and might have rescued genuine philosophic thought from the sophists and the atheists of the next century, who—it is with sorrow one thinks of it—misunderstanding his scepticism, vaunted his great reputation

as a gain on their side, and so proclaimed him father of unbelief.

What, then, was this misunderstood scepticism? what was Pascal's Pyrrhonism? Was it so, indeed, that this solidly constructed intellect could find no firm footing in all the regions of thought? Did Pascal, indeed, hold his religious belief with a trembling hand? This is just now our question.

The consecutive *Thoughts* (in eleven paragraphs) which make up the first chapter (so to call it) or 'Article' in this collection, if they are well understood, might suffice for giving us the true answer to this question; and if these impressive passages—sublime indeed as they are—were rendered into the terms of recent metaphysical argument, they might serve to bring Pascal to his place at the head of that philosophy which has aimed to trace the limits of religious thought. If this position were assigned to this great mind, then there might be claimed for him the advantage of affirming this limit in relation to the sciences universally—mathematical science not excepted—that they all have their limits, anterior and posterior, and which are impassable by the human reason; and that, while occupied with the things of a mid-region—that of *relations*—they must all alike (the physical, the mathematical, and the theological) be willing to accept a *bare belief* concerning the Absolute and the Infinite, *as actual*, although standing for ever beyond the cognizance of human reason. Pascal's Pyrrhonism, then, in the fewest words expressed, is his peremptory rejection of any alleged achievements of philosophy beyond the boundaries of that *mid-land*, or region of *Relations*, whereupon the human reason may usefully and properly employ itself. But then he affirms (further on) the *certainly* of the conclusions, as well of Theism as of Christianity, *within that region*. In this sense, Christian belief is *as sure* as are the surest parts of the sciences:—in the nature of things, it cannot be more so, and it is not less so.

How then did it come about that the atheistic sophists of the following age made their boast of Pascal's authority, as if it were on their side? It has come in this way:—*first*, inasmuch as he put his *Thoughts* on paper in a fragmentary manner, boldly, freely, and *incautiously*—if he had foreseen what was to be the fate of his papers. In a hundred places he professes his Pyrrhonism in simple terms;—he says, nakedly—*le Pyrrhonism, c'est le vrai*—intending always, as is manifest to every intelligent reader of the mass of these *Thoughts*, just this—that all human reasonings, all speculation, carried *across the border*, is infirm, is inconclusive, and—ought to be rejected. This is Pascal's manner—this his usage, in speaking, as he did, to *himself*. The exception which he made for saving the *genuine* part of the physical sciences, and, with these,

also, Theism and Revealed Religion, is never very far off from such professions of scepticism; but then it is not always quite close at hand. He had no prescience of the Encyclopedists; and therefore it is that these writers, after they had, to their own satisfaction, rejected—unrefuted, his reserve for religious belief—for Christianity specially, blazoned those passages in which they found his Pyrrhonism professed in unqualified terms!

To cite the passages in full, and in the author's own words, would be very gratifying alike to the transcriber and to the reader; but this may not here be done;—it is the *substance* only of many passages that we must now rudely report, inserting, as we go, a few of the most significant, or the most striking expressions. A task indeed it would be worthily to *translate* these intense thoughts. We can make no profession of ability to do any such thing. In passing, we may note the circumstance, that the eleven paragraphs of this 'Article Premier' abound with instances of the omissions, and of the substitutions, and of the *corrections*, that were effected by the first editors—Pascal's Port Royal friends.

'Let man,' says Pascal, 'contemplate Nature in its majesty, its height, its amplitude. (He here writes as if he accepted the Ptolemaic hypothesis.) Let him be amazed in recollecting that the circuit of the sun in the heavens, vast as it is, is itself only a delicate point when compared with the vaster circuit that is accomplished by the stars. Let imagination go beyond the range of sight, and then learn that this visible universe is but a spot in the ample bosom of Nature.¹ No idea can come near to this immensity. Stretch imagination as we may, we do nothing more than produce atoms, as compared with the reality of things—*nous n'enfantons que des atomes*. (This reality) is a sphere infinite, of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere.² Man returning to his home, where he is lodged—this dungeon—I mean the universe (the visible, or stellar universe)—let him learn to think correctly of the relative importance (or extent) of the earth—of kingdoms, cities, and himself! What is man, in the midst of the infinite? But now there is another prospect, and it is not less astounding—it is the infinite beneath him! Let him look to the smallest of the things which come under his notice—a mite:³ it has limbs—veins in those limbs, blood—globules in that blood—humours, and a serum too. Let thought exhaust itself in pursuing this track. You believe that you have at length reached the smallest of all existences:—nay, I will here open before you another abyss. Within the enclosure of this atom I will show

¹ Pascal, says the editor, *avait mis d'abord—n'est qu'un atome dans l'immensité, puis, dans l'amplitude*.

² This expression, which has been so often repeated, is of uncertain origin: it is not Pascal's own; he received it probably from Montaigne.

³ *Ciron*. Modern physiologists deny to this animalcule blood-vessels and a circulation.

you, not merely the visible universe, but the very immensity of Nature:—in this abyss an infinity of worlds, each of which has its firmament, its planets, its earth, its animals, and then its mites;—and so with this mite, without end—without rest! Whoever gives his mind to thoughts such as these will be terrified at himself—trembling where Nature has placed him—suspended as if it were between infinitude and nothingness. What, in truth, is man in the midst of Nature? A nothing in respect of the infinite; a universe—*un tout*—in respect of the Nothing. Never can he comprehend the extremes (either way). The end of things, *and their principle*, are for ever hidden from him in impenetrable secrecy;—equally incapable is he of seeing the Nothing whence he is derived, and the Infinite in which he is swallowed up. What then can he do, but contemplate certain phenomena—a *middle of things*—in eternal despair of knowing either their principle or their end? All things have come up from the Nothing, and are carried forward towards the Infinite. Who is it, then, that shall follow this astounding course? The Author of these wonders comprehends them; none but He can do so—*tout autre ne le peut faire.*'

There is much in this of what will be reckoned as rhetoric only; nevertheless it conveys what Pascal intends to build his philosophic doctrine upon; and he goes on to do so:—

'From not having thought of these (two) infinities (the infinite of vastness, and the infinitely small), men have rashly entered upon the examination of Nature, as if they were themselves in any proportion with her (as if the human reason were, or could be, intelligently cognizant of the Infinite). Strange it is that men have sought to comprehend the principles of things, and so to come to the knowledge of all things, by a presumption which is as infinite as is their object. Certain it is that a design (or purpose and expectation) of this sort implies, if not a presumption that is infinite, a capacity that is as infinite as Nature.'

Pascal then affirms this infinity in both directions as bounding—as surrounding—the sciences, *all of them*—geometry not excepted:—

'Car qui doute que la géométrie, par exemple, a une infinité d'infinities de propositions à exposer? Elles sont aussi infinies dans la multitude et la délicatesse de leur principes; car qui ne voit que ceux qu'on propose pour les derniers ne se soutiennent pas d'eux-mêmes, et qu'ils sont appuyés sur d'autres qui en ayant d'autres pour appui ne souffrent jamais de dernier?'

A step beyond this might well be taken, by means of this reference to geometry, in illustration of Pascal's *real meaning* in his profession of Pyrrhonism. Not only has any given position in geometry—take our stand where we please in Euclid—an in-

finite in front of it, as to the conclusions, in future, which may be derived from it, and an infinite in the rear also, as to the principles whence itself is derived—this is not all; for, supposing we had gone back to what might be accepted as *ultimate geometric axioms*, or principles, these principles, concerning the relations of extension (and so of number), only stand where they stand to point the finger over the shoulder towards the dark abyss of metaphysical first principles; and *these* are indeed placed hopelessly beyond the powers and compass of the human reason. Thus it is, therefore, that while the infinite in front of our actual geometry may invite endless progress—for none can say that he has reached the boundary—it is otherwise as to the dark infinite in the rear, or that metaphysic abyss in respect of which a reasonable and a modest Pyrrhonism will profess its rejection of any alleged certainties. Take this instance, and apply it to theology; and then, as we think, Pascal's *scepticism* will be seen to come into its true place in relation to what has so recently been attempted—namely, to fix, or to set forth in view, the 'Limits of Religious Thought.' Much of our modern modes of argument on speculative Theism takes a hitch precisely at this turn; and we judge it to be of some importance to bring the weight of so great a mind to bear upon the subject. 'He, being dead, yet speaketh' in these resurrectionary *Thoughts*. He goes on thus—(we briefly report his meaning.)

'Of these two Infinites of the sciences, that of vastness—celui de grandeur—is the most obvious—bien plus sensible; and so it is that there are few indeed who pretend to know all things.¹ . . . But the infinitely small is much less obvious, and thus our philosophers have been more forward in professing to reach it; and it is here that they all have stumbled—achoppé; and on this ground, modes of speaking such as the following have come into ordinary use:—"The principles of things"—"the principles of philosophy"—and other expressions in an equal degree pompous (boastful—fastueux) though not apparently so much so as their other professions, to know all things, which blinds the eyes. It is quite natural that we should believe ourselves more able to reach the centre of things, than to embrace the circumference; but, in truth, it does not demand less capacity to reach the Nothing, than it does to reach the All: this capacity must be infinite in either case; and it seems to me that any one who had come to comprehend the ultimate principles of things, might also arrive at a knowledge of the Infinite. The one depends on the other, and leads the way to it also; the extremities touch and unite, because distant, and they meet in God—and only in God. Let us then know our boundary. That which we have of being hides from us the knowledge of first principles, which spring out of the Nothing; and, on the other hand, the little which we have of being hides from our view the Infinite.'

¹ Thus Democritus—λίγα γὰρ οἶσι περὶ τῶν συμπάντων.

Here, then, is Pascal's scepticism, or rather his *unbelief*:—he rejects as a vain pretension every boasted conquest of science which assumes to have broken over the border of that mid-region, that milieu des choses—which is the domain that has been granted, or *let-off*, to human reason. But he believes in all that may be established, in modes proper to the subject, *within* this circuit; and as to the Infinite beyond it, he admits, as in mathematical, so in speculative and theological philosophy, a belief in or *concerning* the Infinite, but he denies the power of the human mind to know or to comprehend it. Bornés en tout genie, cet état qui tient le milieu entre deux extrêmes se trouve en toutes nos puissances. If, as in a passage which we here cite, this profound thinker gives expression to the same doctrine, unaccompanied by an exception made on behalf of genuine science, and of a genuine religious belief, we need not go far anywhere among his *Thoughts* in search of his thorough faith in things and principles which may truly be ascertained. Let us hear him further on, when he gives the fullest expression to his Pyrrhonism:—

‘Here, then, is our true position: it is such as to render us incapable of knowing certainly, and incapable also of *certain* ignorance. We float upon a vast mid-space, always in doubt and tossed—driven from side to side. Whatever end it may be to which we think we may attach ourselves and be fixed, it shakes and leaves us; or, if we attempt to follow it, it is gone from our hold—it slides away, and is off, never to be overtaken. Nothing stops its course for us. This is our condition by nature; nevertheless it is utterly contrary to our inclinations. We burn with desire to find somewhere a solid footing, and an immovable eternal basis, whereupon to erect a tower that shall reach up to the Infinite; but the entire foundation we have chosen cracks, and the ground opens beneath us, even down to the abyss.’

Pascal's own words must give us here his conclusion:—

‘Ne cherchons donc point d'assurance et de fermeté. Notre raison est toujours déçue par l'inconstance des apparences; rien ne peut fixer le fini entre les deux infinis qui l'enferment et le fuient.’—P. 13.

In all this profession of the hopeless uncertainties in the midst of which the human reason finds itself placed, Pascal had an argumentative purpose in view, which, in fact, he never loses sight of; and his determination to make sure of this purpose—in *favour of religious belief*—impels him to push his affirmations of Pyrrhonism up to the very borders of exaggeration, or of paradox. Of this tendency, a dozen instances might soon be produced; but to multiply such instances would tend to no good. We may, however, commend to the philosophic reader the *Thoughts*—apparently broken up into fragments, and yet truly

consecutive—in the course of which, he gives evidence of his power of analysis and of abstraction, in the regions of intellectual philosophy—if indeed he had chosen there to employ himself; but he had determined otherwise, and therefore he brings his powers of illustration—his *rhetorical* ability, as well as the rigour of the analytic faculty—to bear upon a purpose which was foreign to philosophy, and indeed distasteful to those who think of nothing beyond it. Pascal, if he had thought good so to do, might perhaps have originated a philosophy of mind which would well have coalesced with Bacon's philosophy of the physical sciences; and thus might he have excluded from the field, as well Descartes as Malebranche;—perhaps he might have cut away the ground on which, a century later, the Encyclopedists reared their Atheism.

Many passages there are in the portion of the volume now before us, which, by their depth and force, tempt quotation; but we abstain. Much is there which meets sophisms that are current at the present moment:—these, which are as old as human nature, or as old as its intellectual perversions, all pass in review before this apprehensive and discriminative mind; and each, in its turn, receives its fitting rebuke. Pascal rebukes sophistry as from a *moral* position. Bacon specifies the Idols of the Intellect as from the lofty position of unimpassioned 'pure light.'

'Those who the most condemn mankind, and who labour to bring man to the level of the brute, nevertheless are eager to win for themselves the admiration, and the confidence too, of their fellows: thus do they contradict themselves; and an irresistible impulse of nature within them—the love of glory—gives an evidence of the greatness of man, which is far more conclusive than is the reasoning by means of which they would prove his baseness. . . . Man! he is but a reed—the feeblest of things!—yes, but he is a thinking reed! There would be no need that the universe should rise in arms to crush him! a breath—a drop of water—is enough to kill him. But now, even if it were the universe that had crushed him, man would still be more noble than it, which has slain him; for he knows that he dies—he knows the advantage which the universe (in this respect) has over him;—but as to the universe, it knows nothing of this.'—P. 20.

Yet Pascal, himself free in thought and speech as he was, almost to fierceness—bold, reckless of the offence which the feeble might take at his language, speaks of men, such as he deems them to be, in a style not far removed from that of la Rochefoucauld; and so it was that Voltaire asked leave to 'take the part of humanity against this sublime misanthrope.' Pascal was not the misanthrope; but he was always the invalid and the sufferer, and he looks out upon the world as

from his bed of bodily anguish. Between the misanthrope and the miserable there is a partition : it is thin, but it is real. This fact should never be lost sight of by the reader of the *Thoughts*. Too often does the cynic come forward from out of these depths of meditation. Besides this, the power of satire, which made him terrible to the Jesuits, and his peculiar faculty of driving the knife in between the joints of the harness, impelled him often to utter almost savage bons-môts, when such occurred to him ; and yet he says—‘ The utterer of bons-môts is but an indifferent character.’ This, at least, was not true of himself.

We come, then, to ask, What indeed was Pascal’s *ultimate intention* ? and, further—On what ground was it that he made his faith—his Theism and his Christianity, to rest ? One may divine the nature of this ulterior purpose from expressions such as these, which, as they are of critical quality as to what follows, we give as they stand. P. 61 :—

‘ J’écrirai ici mes pensées sans ordre, et non pas peut-être dans une confusion sans dessein : c’est le véritable ordre, et qui marquera toujours mon objet par le désordre même. Je ferais trop d’honneur à mon sujet si je le traitais avec ordre, puisque je veux montrer qu’il en est incapable.’¹

This *immediate* object was to demonstrate and illustrate the uncertainty of all our reasonings on speculative ground ; and thence to infer the necessity of other grounds of confidence. So he says, in his sharp manner, ‘ Se moquer de la philosophie, c’est vraiment philosopher.’ But this was not to be the *end* of such mockery. Philosophy leaves us bewildered ; we can have no certainty as to *principles*—hors la foi et la révélation. On what then do *these* rest ? The grounds on which Pascal raised the structure of his own religious belief must be sought for in and among the disjointed paragraphs that occupy the middle part of the thick volume before us—about 300 pages. We condense the result of this research as much as possible.

The two facts of human nature—each incontestable, whether or no we are conscious of it, or admit it to be true—are, The greatness (*grandeur*) of man on the one hand, and his misery and his helplessness on the other hand. In respect of these two facts there is no room for reasonable scepticism, though there may be room for stupid indifference, or for infatuated pride. Religious faith takes its rise then in the recognition of these two facts. Look to yourself, therefore. If, indeed, you do not know or

¹ Nevertheless he attached the highest importance to *order* in the disposition of his thoughts. Qu’on ne dire pas que je n’ai rien dit de nouveau : la disposition des matières est nouvelle. The winner at chess is he who puts his pieces in the winning order.

acknowledge the greatness of human nature, you lower yourself to the level of the brutes—indeed, to a lower level; for they fill out their destiny—they obey and satisfy the law of their nature. Not so man, if he descends to that level; for he then becomes a hideous contradiction—a scandal in creation. But if, on the other hand, you are unconscious of your helplessness and misery—if you profess yourself a god, equal to all things, then this arrogance convicts itself of folly in a thousand modes of failure, humiliation, disappointment, ruin.

But if now, conscious of the illimitable greatness of the human destinies, and desiring to realize what may be your birthright, as man, you feel also your impotence, your moral disorder—if you are straying this way and that way, as in the dark, then you feel the need of a religion. The religion that you need must at once recognise the greatness of man, and it must meet him on the ground of his misery and ruin. Among all the religions that have ever been propounded to mankind, there is but one that satisfies both of these two conditions. Christianity—or say rather the religion of the Bible—rests itself upon these two admitted and indisputable principles, these facts—That man is born for communion with God, and for immortality; and that, left to himself, he will sink lower and lower in sensuality and folly, powerless for his own recovery, and yet slow to abandon for ever the hope of it.

Would you then bring yourself to belief, and touch the ground of confidence and hope? Draw near to CHRIST. When near to Him, in converse with Him, you rise to the life immortal; and you thus rise, and thus recover your standing—you regain moral force, and yet walk on a path of humility and of self-abasement. If you reject these conditions, you are still ignorant of yourself.

It is thus that Pascal opens the ground of religious certainty. The Pyrrhonism, of which he makes such frequent profession in these *Thoughts*, takes no hold whatever of *these* principles of Faith. If man does not so far know himself as to know that he is great, and that he is helpless, then *reasoning*—demonstrations—evidence—be these evidences what they may—will not meet his case; they will take effect upon him only for an hour—they will leave him what he was—an unbeliever. But on the supposition that these first principles (or facts rather) are admitted, then—although it is in a disjointed form—Pascal goes over the ground of what are called the Christian Evidences, in a manner which, at that time, must have had a force and novelty that are barely claimable for it at this time. No valuable purpose would now, and in this place, be secured by bringing forward these arguments, even though they are recommended often by the force and

vivacity of this great writer's style. Some of these insulated instances do indeed tempt quotation. For the following, short as it is, a place may be claimed on the score, not only of the beauty of the thought, but of its bearing upon the first-named of the principles above stated. The thought is so intimately *one* with the language conveying it, that *translation* would seem barely possible :—

‘Tous les corps, le firmament, les étoiles, la terre et ses royaumes, ne valent pas le moindre des esprits : car il connaît tout cela, et soi ; et les corps, rien. Tous les corps ensemble, et tous les esprits ensemble, et toutes leurs productions, ne valent pas le moindre mouvement de charité ; cela est d'un ordre infiniment plus élevé. De tous les corps ensemble, on ne saurait en faire réussir une petite pensée : cela est impossible, et d'un autre ordre. De tous les corps et esprits, on n'en saurait tirer un mouvement de vraie charité : cela est impossible, et d'un autre ordre, surnaturel.’—P. 226.

It is within the circuit of *Christian* thought, and it is nowhere else, that expressions such as these have ever had a place, or could ever arise, or could be suggested, or could recommend themselves to approval as substantially true. In terms or manner, language of this sort may, at first sight, seem to touch upon exaggeration ; but the more we dwell upon it, the more does it approve itself to reason. But if so, then it is Christianity that indeed encounters the problems of existence, and that solves them ; and here is its proof, as coming from God.

It is at this place (Article 23) in this collection of Pascal's *Thoughts*, that we come to the critical subject of miracles ; and at this point we challenge the reader's attention ; for there is here presented an instance full of instruction, which is applicable—we boldly say so—to the now-passing evolution of religious opinion regarding this very subject, among ourselves. Already we have referred to that state of mind which leads good men—and which has led so many such—to make a secret treaty with their consciences, to this effect—namely, that, in whatever efforts they may make for saving Christianity, they will place in the very forefront of their labours this, the most sacred of all principles, or universal axioms—*salvâ ecclesiâ* ! And what is this ‘ecclesia,’ for the preservation of which all things in heaven and earth must be compromised, or put in peril ? What is this most dear Church, in regard for which—let a little freedom of speech be here indulged, for we have caught the liberty from Pascal himself—what is it for the sake of which our faith in God himself and His Christ, and our hope of immortality, and our hope for our brethren of mankind everywhere—what is it for the sake of which God and man, and the universe material, and the universe spiritual, must be put in pawn ? This awful reality, assumed to be more real

than all other (supposed) realities—this inestimable jewel which is heavy enough to turn the scale against the universe and its Creator, is—not the Church universal—it is not the general assembly and Church of the first-born of God, on earth and on high—it is nothing that is itself great, bright, fair, pure, or worthy to be loved and died for : it is nothing better than a sectarian pet !—it is some uncouth symbol—it is a god of the conventicle—it is an idol of the den ; it is a score or more of syllables, to which we have chosen to pin our self-idolatry, our arrogance, our despotic temper—in a word, our pride of party, and our sour temper.

Pascal's pawn was not quite of this sort ; but it was not of a much worthier sort. We should read his personal history to know how it was—how it could be, that a mind like his, of the highest order, had so got itself entangled in a thrall of cobwebs as to hazard the faith of the Gospel upon the genuineness of a Holy Thorn ! Miserable overthrow was this of a robust intellect ! Shall we learn nothing from such an instance ? Equity would demand that, as counteractive to the mortifying facts now in view, we should read anew the *Provincial Letters*, so that, in the course of such a perusal, we might recover our feeling of respect for Pascal's understanding. How keen was he in the pursuit of sophisms !—how fearless in his exposure of frauds and illusions !—how quick of sight, even as the hawk, that drops from the height of heaven upon its prey in the grass !—or as is the eagle, strong of wing, and as relentless in the clutch of its talons—its victim well held, it soars aloft, sure to rend the trembling creature bone from bone when, at its leisure, it reaches its distant crag. Such was this terrible foe of the Jesuit fathers. All Europe, and not France only, at that time admired the spectacle when this writer, with a shuddering Jesuit in his talons, bore away his prey at his ease. And this is the Pascal that puts in jeopardy our faith as theists, and as Christians—risks all upon our faith in a Holy Thorn ! Hear him :—

‘Voici une relique sacrée. Voici une épine de la couronne du Sauveur du monde, en qui le prince de ce monde n’a point puissance.’—P. 291.

The story of the Holy Thorn of Port Royal, and of the train of miracles therewith connected, has been told often enough : nor have we space, or time, or patience, to tell it again ; but the condition under which these alleged miracles were wrought should be understood. The reader of this (call it chapter) of the *Thoughts*, which contains Pascal's statement of the argument concerning the Christian miracles, if such a reader might chance to know nothing of the mortifying incidents among which he had

compromised himself, would marvel to find him pursuing so tortuous, and almost unintelligible a course. How is it that a thinker of this order runs off the lines, swerves on this side and that side, when, so far as such a reader knows, there is nothing in view but the genuine evangelic miracles? Yes, but there was in Pascal's prospect, not to say the voluminous miracles of the Romish Calendar!—enormous folios of them—but specially, there was the recent Jansenist, anti-Jesuit miracle of the Holy Thorn:—and therefore it is that this great mind beats about, and gives to his argument so intricate, and so subtle, and so *Jesuitical* a character, that we rise from the perusal of *these* Thoughts with a mingled feeling of disappointment and of resentment. This paltering with the truth of God, with the Gospel, with whatever is indeed sacred, comes from the predetermination—the foregone purpose, to save—what is it?—une relique sacrée—une épine de la couronne du Sauveur du monde!

It does not appear that a question or doubt concerning the *genuineness* of this 'sacred relic' had presented itself at all to Pascal's mind; nevertheless he—a Pyrrhonist by temperament, and a severe geometrician, and a keen questioner of ancient notions (as that concerning the received doctrine of a vacuum) was yet unboundedly credulous in some directions. Let us fancy what treatment any holy relic would have received at the hands of the writer of the *Provincials*, if only such an instrument of cure had been in the custody of the 'Society.' In the most merciless style would he have come down upon any article of Church-craft of which the enemies of Port Royal were making a similar use, for their own purposes.

There is no need that we should here concern ourselves with the facts, whether real or alleged, relating to the cure of Pascal's niece; for a preliminary question comes to be considered. Grant the fact of the cure: then, if it be a miracle in the proper sense of the term, it must be admitted not only to vindicate Port Royal as oppressed by the reverend fathers of the Society, but also to place before us a dilemma of this sort—the hand of God, put forth in this instance on behalf of His persecuted servants, implies the authenticity of this Thorn; or, if not so, then let us note the consequences that ensue—if not so, a miracle is wrought, itself resting upon what, *if not genuine*, was a gross delusion, and which must have had its origin in a villanous fraud! Nothing less than this can be supposed. Will intelligent Romanists at this time come forward, and coolly profess their belief in the genuineness of the scores of holy thorns that have been preserved in the reliquaries of Europe and of Asia? Think for a moment of the *historic conditions* which attach to the supposed preservation of the actual crown of thorns at the first, and of its conservation

through the turmoil of sixteen hundred years! But suppose we are willing to grant these stupendous improbabilities, then let us see into what an abyss of perplexities those must plunge themselves who will persist, as did Pascal, in connecting their attachment to the highest truths with their belief of the authenticity of such things as holy thorns! This piercing spirit refused to look down into that abyss. Did this refusal spring from an instinctive apprehension that he should descry, in the dark gulph, a terrific phantom—the papal infallibility, self-slain by its own contradictions? This might be. He could not be *ignorant* of the irresistible arguments of his Protestant countrymen, and of those of Germany, on this very ground. May we imagine that, in tremulous distress, in this instance, and as if in anticipation of the advice that is now urged upon the young doubting clergy of England, he cast far from him all misgivings?¹ How stood the case of the Holy Thorn? He calls it a sacred relic:—it was authenticated by traditions, and by diplomas from the highest powers in the Church. Be it so; but what comes next? It can never be known how *many* thorns might have belonged to the crown that was worn in patience by Him who ‘was wounded for our transgressions.’ But assuredly, among the implements of the Passion, even if every one of them had been preserved to these times, there ought not to appear a *fifth holy nail*! Yet Pascal’s Church, and Pascal’s popes, have sanctioned the pretensions of holy nails—how many? is it *five*, or *seven*, or *ten*?—and each of these sacred relics has established its own title by a long series of miracles. Did not Pascal know these things? He must have known them; but he *would not* think of them—he would not allow himself to pursue a line of thought which he *felt*, if he would not whisper it to himself, must have carried him over the line—must have ranked him with Huguenots and Lutherans. Thus it was that, in smothering an ominous suspicion, this apostle of theistic and Christian belief for France left himself in a position where (and we should hardly blame them) the keen spirits of the next age thought themselves to be warranted in speaking of him as a believer in God, in Christ, and—

¹ We cite at this place a *Thought* which has a singular pertinence in relation to some recent treatment of religious doubts:—‘Le monde ordinaire a le pouvoir de ne pas songer à ce qu’il ne veut pas songer. Ne pensez pas aux passages du Messie, disait le Juif à son fils. Ainsi font les nôtres souvent. Ainsi se conservent les fausses religions; et la vraie même, à l’égard de beaucoup de gens. Mais il y en a qui n’ont pas le pouvoir de s’empêcher ainsi de songer, et qui songent d’autant plus qu’on leur défend. Ceux-là se défont des fausses religions; et de la vraie même, s’ils ne trouvent des discours solides’ (p. 363).

The editor’s note upon this passage ought to be subjoined; and it well deserves to be considered:—‘*Ne veut pas songer*. C’est comme s’il eût dit, le monde ordinaire n’est pas philosophe. On n’est ni philosophe ni critique quand on peut s’empêcher de songer; et il y a des hommes distingués, et même de grands hommes, qui sont dans ce cas.’

in holy thorns! Surely so ghastly an instance as this should take its effect upon some among ourselves even now; aye, upon all who love the truth—and with it, a pet superstition of their own.

Painful subject! Let us dismiss it then, and return to converse with a mind and a soul unmatched in his age, and unmatched since, if the unusual compass of its qualifications be duly considered. Pascal's *work* was this—to make proof of the powers of the human intellect—*first rectified by its faith in the greatest truths*; to ascertain their reality; and to do this *otherwise* than in the mode of formal expression, and of syllogistic catenation. He arrived at truth, not while perambulating college halls, not while loitering in academic groves, but in exploring caverns. If these are figures, they yet carry a meaning that may be opened out. 'Those of old time' had taught us all *they* could teach from chairs of philosophy: they had made it certain, over and over, that the premises they begin with, lead inevitably to the conclusions which they end with. This was philosophy!—this was logic! Pascal broke away from all this antique trifling in contempt and anger, and he took his own course. It was time it should be taken by some one. Despite of its apparent *inconsequence*, and of its openness to technical exception as a *petitio principii*, and as reasoning in 'a vicious circle,' Pascal says—for this is the upshot of this mass of *Thoughts*—'Believe in God, and you will find Him; lay hold of Christ, and you will know that He is "the only-begotten of the Father;" live the life immortal, and you will cease to doubt of the reality of the spiritual economy.' This is bold advice: Is it wise, right, and safe to be followed? A question that will be variously answered at this now passing moment. The answer it receives in any case, will be discriminative of minds and spirits. The pedants of philosophy will laugh such advice to scorn. They will say, to follow such advice is to rend the Aristotelian method to rags. We answer—let it then be rent to rags. Meantime ninety-nine in every hundred of unsophisticated minds, if ever they come to take a firm hold of faith, theistic and Christian, will have reached it in this manner—we mean, in Pascal's manner, such as it is set forth in these profound *Thoughts*. We venture a step further and say—let the implication of saying it be what it may—that minds that are the most patient in thought, and that are the best cultured and the best furnished, will travel on *this* road; and on it they will have found the *sabbatismos* of the religious life.

No mind—none known to us by its products—surpassed Pascal's in that penetrative intensity which carried him to the depths of that abyss of meditation toward which great souls have ever gravitated; but the power to gravitate measures the power to rise—the centrifugal force is as the centripetal. With Pascal,

from constitution, bodily and mental, the latter was more often in act than the former; but at moments, and as if with a sudden fiery energy, he soared—he stretched the wing upward and outward, so as to reach the azure where sunshine is perpetual; yet he does not abide in the upper skies. His *office* is of another sort. Give him now your hand—fear nothing—he has a clew in his grasp: he will lead you through ways few have trodden, even in and among the roots of the mountains; he will find a path there where the ‘everlasting hills’ rest upon their bases. He will be a guide in steeps which ‘the eagle’s eye hath not seen;’ and, more than this, he will be to you a trusty Greatheart in bringing you through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and he is familiar with the phantom tyrant of the place—the Apollyon of universal doubt. Thus far Pascal goes: he reaches truth by the underground passage; he finds God his Saviour *at his need*, in the dark cavern. But he will not go with you many steps beyond the exit of the valley: for himself, he barely knows the road toward the flowery meadows of the Beulah. Immortality, every moment in his resolve, was seldom, with its effulgence, in his view. His ear was not list to catch the distant sounds which were heard by another of his contemporaries, when ‘all the bells in the city rang again for joy.’

As geometrician, Pascal will vindicate the validity of the course he pursues in reaching the ground of an assured theistic and Christian faith; for he says, You must do in theology what you are compelled to do in geometry. You must start with your definitions and your axioms ready-made, of which you can give no account in a metaphysic sense: in endeavouring to step back from Euclid, you plunge over head into a slough. Instead of attempting any such course, accept these definitions—assent to these axioms, and then *work out from them*. Assume them to be all right, and by their aid go on to realize a vast complicity of *relative truths*; then make trial of these remote results in all possible modes; put your conclusions to the proof at innumerable points; test your first principles in that only way in which they may be tested—by the perfect coherence and unfailing consistency of all the results, be they as many or as complicated as you please. Geometry is proved to be true in its inscrutable principles by the inter-related consistency of its remotest consequences. So is it in Theism; so is it in Christianity. Acquaint yourself with God—learn of Christ; and although *every* problem will not be solved in so doing, yet all that are solved in the working out of principles are found to be relatively coherent and consistent, and therefore they are true in human nature.

It would be an illusion to suppose that, in the two centuries that have elapsed since Pascal wrote, the theistic and Christian

argument has so far drifted away from the ground it then occupied, that it can be of little or no moment—otherwise than as a question of literary history—to know what was the belief of the foremost minds of that age. Some may incline to say, the belief of *those* times will not be the belief of *these* times. This supposition is true only in respect of the objects proper to historical and literary criticism. It is not true either of theistic principles, or of the *substance* of the Christian argument. Let any one who thinks otherwise, look into the writings—we will not say of the theologians or divines by *profession* of that age, but of the most distinguished laymen—Pascal's contemporaries (or their *immediate* successors) whose treatment of religious questions may be regarded as, in degree, more free and spontaneous than can be that of clergymen: at least it may be said that their Christian belief is liable to no sinister or illiberal suspicion. It would not be difficult to mention twenty names—suitable for such a purpose:—let these nine suffice; and nine comparable to these, on the *opposite* side of this argument, are nowhere to be found. Pascal himself heads the nine (we omit Descartes without forgetting him); the *second* place is due to Bacon; the *third* to Locke; the *fourth* to Grotius; the *fifth* to Leibnitz; the *sixth* to Milton; the *seventh* to (Sir Thomas) Browne; the *eighth* to Boyle; the *ninth* to Newton;—as diversely constituted and as diversely trained as can be imagined: these nine minds might, in truth, be taken as *representative* of the several orders or species of intelligence. So constituted, and so trained, individually, they show, in their various modes of treating the most momentous questions, that these questions touch *the ultimate results* of thought. On this ground, there cannot but be a substantial sameness, unaffected by ephemeral fashions of opinion. The problems in debate have to do with universals, on the field of abstraction; and they touch the primary conditions of human nature, which is the same, as well in its actual state and its wants, as in its faculties. Aspects of subjects, and sets of phrases, as these are affected by passing controversies, may change from time to time:—this is all.

There is one grave problem in the world of Thought, which, although it may sleep throughout the term of one generation, is sure to be woke up anew among the men of the following; and then the same ground is trodden, or run over, as before; and the results, on both sides of the debate, are substantially the same, so far as minds of the upper class are drawn into the eddy. The problem concerning Theism and Christianity (as *one* subject, not two) whenever it is discussed, acts upon minds with irresistible force as a *discriminative energy*: it parts off the crowd of minds to the right hand and to the left hand, as if with a

self-acting adjudicative sovereignty. The instance now before us—that of Pascal, is peculiarly remarkable in this very way, because, *now* that we have a genuine exhibition of his inmost soul in view, the process of this sort of silent adjudication, or this *passing over* from one side to the other side, may be inspected and may be watched in its course. We may here see the inner man—the mind, the reason, the soul, taking its cautionary position, from one stepping-stone to the next. It was not merely a pious and virtuous man—a man of pure instincts and of blameless life, who would naturally go over to the side of religion and of moral order. So it might be, in a sense; but it was more than this—or something different from this. A determinative principle in the human economy is here involved. Is the universe true or false? Is human existence a reality, or is it an illusion? Is there a solid ground of action and of progress open in front of the instincts and the energies of the human mind; or is it a quagmire, illimitable and bottomless, that mocks the audacity of man, and that must engulf him at last?

The great minds whose names we have just now associated with that of Pascal (differ as they might in temperament and in powers) agreed more than they differed on this very ground: they all—and along with them, the great and productive minds of all ages—thought, spoke, wrote, acted, witnessed, on the confident and the confiding persuasion, that the universe—material and immaterial alike, is real, is not fantastic—that the human mind may safely step forward, and may risk everything on the belief of the unfaltering truthfulness of the constitution of the world. These leading minds, moving on their several paths, trusted themselves to the harmony of the universe, notwithstanding its many discords; they believed in the SOVEREIGN REALITY that challenged them to do the work of life. Whatever these spirits achieved, it was a product of their confidence in the steadfast veracity of HIM whose voice they heard in every call of duty. These, and such like minds, go over to the positive—the right-hand side, in the great controversy of all times—the ultimate problem.

But if the universe be true to itself, and not illusory, and if the primary convictions of the human mind be trustworthy, then it must follow that the peculiar conformation of mind (or *temper*) which develops itself in universal disbelief or Pyrrhonic paralysis, and which utters itself only in the tones of exception and suspicion, and which becomes monotonous in its contradictions, is—a disease of the individual intellect. *Exceptiveness* can never be the normal condition of the human reason; at the best, it can only plead for itself as a needful function in reserve, which may be called for once and again, to come forward with knife and caustic.

Those who are exceptive *always* come round, by a decree of fate, to except against their own exceptions, to deny their own denials, to doubt their own doubts; and, in the end, after feasting themselves to satiety upon husks and chaff, they lie down in their meadow—to chew the cud.

Not so the illustrious and the *productive* minds of all ages. These, as often as the Eternal Problem comes up anew to be debated, pass over, sooner or later, to the right-hand side of the field; and there they abide in their places under the marshalling of positive principles. So was it with Pascal: he was born on the left-hand side of the field, but he lived, he taught, he suffered, he died, on the right-hand side of that field; and it is there that now we find him.

There may be slender reason for supposing that the intelligence of France, at this time, will fall back upon Pascal, otherwise than as a model in style. Far down the stream of secularization has the mind of France now drifted; and who is he that shall be able to bring it back? Several highly accomplished men have laboured to do so; but without success—or with so little success that the result, either on the broad surface of its literature, or in the daily colloquial utterance of its mind, is inappreciable. France, with the brilliancy of its resplendent language, and with the splendour and the finish of its material civilisation, and with the terrors of its martial array—France (would it were *proud*, more than it is *vain*!)—France, in the front position in Europe, is itself emphatically ‘of the earth, earthy.’ France ‘minds the things that are seen and temporal;’ or in so far as it pays homage to the things that are unseen and eternal, it is only as these powers of the spiritual world are presented to it in the ceremonies and the solemnities—we do not care to say of the Church of Rome, but of a congeries of superstitions, the rise of which in an infirm age ought to be their sufficient condemnation, and which the *men* of France have long been used to look at with scorn. France, if ever it is to be reclaimed, will not be brought back by Foreign Protestant intermeddling:—it will not be converted by importations; nor will it be schooled by Teutonic mystifications: the time for such things is gone by. If France is to be reclaimed, it will be by the witness-bearing of men—her own sons—whom God shall raise up from her midst—purposed and resolved to preach and to suffer, as martyrs.

- ART. II.—1. *Report from the Select Committee on Bank Acts; together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, Appendix and Index.* July 1857.
2. *The Evidence given by Lord Overstone, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons of 1857, on Bank Acts, with Additions.* London, 1857.
3. *Return to an Address of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated 24th February 1860, for Copies of all Correspondence between the Government of India, the Board of Control, and the Board of Directors, with reference to the Currency of India during the last Ten Years.*
4. *Return to an Address of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated 26th March 1860, for Copy of all Correspondence relating to the Establishment of a Paper Currency in India, and of a Minute from the Right Honourable James Wilson, respecting a Gold or Double Standard.*

CURRENCY, it must be admitted, is not a popular subject. We see our readers start back at the word. The very name brings to them associations of a region without path or light,—of a domain which has become the prey of fancifulness and empiricism of every kind. No wonder the subject is repulsive. It has been seized upon by practical men; it has been accounted peculiarly their province; every trader, and still more, every banker, thinks he knows all about it. Men who commonly know little or nothing of first principles and scientific investigation, and indeed hold them in horror, flood the subject with the crudest and shallowest assertions, in which the public are ready enough to put faith. Even men of high intellect, who have directed the force of their minds to this field, have contrived to throw an air of mystery and perplexity over it, and encumbered it with speculations of so impalpable a nature, as to confuse ordinary minds, and persuade them that currency is hopelessly unintelligible. Nevertheless, we crave a hearing. The subject, we venture to say, is singularly simple. It is doctrines, formulas, theories, and systems, which have created all the confusion. It will be our business to expose these fallacies, and to bring out, in its broad and easily understood features, the substratum of solid rock which underlies these needless superstructures. This, we believe, we shall do most effectually, by first stating the fundamental truths of the science, in a few simple but far-reaching propositions; and we will not conceal our confident hope that our readers will soon discover within how small a compass the whole subject lies.

We begin with a strong caution ever to bear in mind the

radical distinction between currency and banking. They are two wholly different things: the mixing them up together has been the source of almost all the confusion. Currency can and does exist where banking in every form is absent; and, on the other hand, vast transactions in banking are daily carried on in England without the employment of a single one of the instruments of currency. This fact is decisive as to the diversity of nature, and the expediency of the separate examination of the principles of each of these two sciences. They are both engaged with money; but, though employed on the same subject, they are no more the same sciences than chemistry and cookery. Banking is a practical method whereby men lend their capital to a special class of traders, under the condition, usually, of repayment on demand. Currency, in its ordinary sense, is an affair of State, a royal prerogative, which selects and appoints the medium, by the help of which the exchange of commodities is effected. A clear apprehension of the diversity of currency and banking will close up most of the inlets by which perplexity penetrates into the region of currency.

What, then, are the fundamental principles of currency?

1. All buying and selling, all exchanges of commodities, whether effected by the intervention of money or not, are acts of barter; each of the two exchangers parts with one commodity in order to obtain another for which he feels a greater desire.

2. Pure and direct barter on a large scale is impracticable in a civilised community. The respective wants of buyers and sellers could scarcely be made to correspond by barter. The hatter who is in want of bread would be often unable to find a baker who is in want of a hat; endless time would be lost, and trade would become a slow and difficult process. In order to avoid this perplexing inconvenience, civilised nations select some one commodity—generally one of the precious metals—to serve as an intermediate agent for the more ready and rapid exchange of all other commodities. The baker will consent to take the hatter's gold in exchange for bread; not that he has any use to put it to, but because he knows that every other tradesman also who is to supply his wants will take that gold, and furnish him with what he requires. The exchange of his goods for coin is in no country made compulsory on any man; but the facilities afforded by coin for exchanges are so enormous, that, by universal consent, every man has agreed to accept it.

3. The sovereign power in each State claims the right of selecting this intermediate commodity. For reasons of portableness, durability, permanence, as was thought, of value, and other convenient qualities, gold or silver has been almost universally chosen for the purposes of coin; and certain defined portions of

the metal, of determinate weight and fineness, have been cut out, marked with an authoritative stamp, and issued forth for general circulation and as legal tender for payment. This is the coin of the realm. It is a commodity of known weight and quality. It possesses an intrinsic value as an article of merchandise, with the addition of a trifling augmentation, caused by its convenience as a manufactured product adapted to meet a specific want. In a normal condition of things, when the demand for and supply of coin act freely, every trader who sells his goods for metallic money receives in exchange an article of equivalent value, which carries its own value in itself, and which, at any time, he can sell for its full worth in the market of the world. The coin thus selected is termed the standard of value, because it measures the value of all other commodities. There are some important questions connected with the choice of the standard, but they are foreign to our present discussion, and need not to be dwelt upon here.

4. We now come to a matter of extreme importance for the right understanding of the science of currency. We have said that coin is an ordinary commodity, like any other, authenticated as to quality and weight by the stamp of the State. But coin, so long as it circulates within the realm for the purposes of buying and selling, loses for the time its intrinsic value. It resembles a steam engine, a field, or any other machine. Its intrinsic value is suspended till it is sold, and its worth consists solely in the work it achieves. Sovereigns, when passing from hand to hand, are no better than counters or tokens. They are not wanted for the sake of the gold they contain, but solely as pledges that a man shall be able to buy with them as many commodities as those he gave in exchange for them. A bad shilling does the work of coin quite as well as a good one, till it is found out; and it then becomes worthless, because the absence of the intrinsic value destroys faith in its power to persuade a seller to part with his wares. If that seller knew that he could pass it off as good upon another man he would (apart from the question of morality) be as willing to take it as a silver shilling. Metallic money, whilst acting as coin, is identical with paper-money, in respect of being destitute of intrinsic value; with this single difference, that when it is desired to reproduce that intrinsic value, the sovereign can be instantly turned into bullion; whilst, in the case of a note, an intermediate step is necessary—it must be sent to the bank before its intrinsic worth is recovered. The security for the value is already in the hands of the holder of the sovereign; for the note, the solvency of the issuer is an additional requisite. Still, whilst circulating, both make no use of their intrinsic value; and this is the great point to grasp firmly.

5. On this fact is founded the use of paper-notes and other cheap instruments of currency, as substitutes for metallic coin. The work required—namely, the effecting of exchanges—can be as effectually done by the worthless paper as by the expensive coin. The sovereign is not sought or taken for the sake of its gold, but only as a pledge, by virtue of its gold, to the seller, that he shall recover the worth of what he has sold, when he in turn becomes a buyer; and if the note can be made to give an equal guarantee to the seller, it will perform the functions of coin completely. Hence the substitution of notes for coin in civilised countries. It appears from this that all instruments of currency, whether metallic coin, bank-notes, or any other, whilst in the state of circulation, *are not wealth, but solely machines for exchanging wealth*. They are tokens, counters, title-deeds, securities, certificates, or whatever else people may choose to call them. The currency of a country is not wealth, till it has been converted back again into bullion, and so has ceased to be currency. The money which it has cost to procure has been invested in its purchase: it is gone; and a machine is left in its place. If it has cost a trifle only, the capital of the country has not been diminished in order to acquire it; if, like gold, it is very expensive, there has been a diminution of the nation's capital by all the commodities given to the producers of gold. An addition, say of five millions, to the currency of England, supposing it to remain out in circulation, and not to be exported against purchases abroad, would not be, as so many people think, an addition of so much money, as it is called, to the loan market, so much more to discount with and get loans from, but absolutely a pure loss of five millions of capital, spent and parted with, in order that the business of buying and selling might be carried on more conveniently. In no case could they add to the resources of the money market, for the loss of the capital they cost would exactly balance the value they bring in, under any hypothesis. But, in truth, the effect of the acquisition of so much gold for the purposes of circulation would be, not to ease, but to stiffen the loan market, by the loss of the cost of their purchase. No one would be the richer, or have more to lend, in consequence of these five millions of gold. The country, as a whole, would be so much the poorer; but buying and selling would proceed with greater ease. It would be an addition to the machinery of currency, which would have to be paid for, without any other result than enabling people to buy at the shops with greater facility.

We shall see presently how many forms or theories of currency are shipwrecked on the truth, that the instruments of currency are valueless, precisely as a locomotive or other machine, except as means for carrying on exchanges of commodities, and

that the agents it uses are only title-deeds to property, and not the property itself.

6. And here we are brought to a point, at which we shall have to encounter the loudest outcry. Currency being only another word for the machinery which accomplishes the exchange of commodities, it follows that it possesses a great variety of instruments, because manifold are the means by which the transfer of wealth is effected. Gold, silver, and copper coin, bank-notes, bills, cheques, post-office orders, postage stamps, when used for making payments, are all strictly and scientifically currency: they all perform precisely the same work, and nothing else, so far as they are employed as currency; they all belong to the same genus; they differ only in minor and secondary details. No valid and scientific distinction, as to essence and function, can be drawn between them. The fact that cheques and bills are liable to be dishonoured does not exclude them from currency; for bank-notes are in the same predicament, and no one contests *their* right to be called currency. The grand circulation theory of Lord Overstone, Mr Norman, and almost the whole City of London, emphatically treats these as currency; their effect on currency is the turning-point on which all their arguments hinge. No doubt these various instruments of exchange vary in the range each commands respectively. Coin and Bank of England notes circulate everywhere; bills and cheques are taken only by those who trust the drawers and indorsers. But this fact only makes them out to be instruments of comparatively limited efficacy; it does not change their nature, or disfranchise them as instruments of currency. In England, silver and copper are inferior agents of currency, compared with gold; but who would dispute their title to be accounted currency? A bill or a cheque will effect a sale and transfer of property just as easily as—nay, in most cases, with immeasurably greater ease, rapidity, and convenience, than—sovereigns or bank-notes. There is not a single thing which sovereigns or bank-notes can do, within the realm, which cannot be done by bills, cheques, post-office orders, or the rest, except the discharge of debts for which payment in a legal tender is demanded. But the prerogative of being a legal tender constitutes no difference of kind; it affects range of circulation only. If payment in the legal tender were generally insisted on—if importers would not sell their cargoes, or manufacturers their bales, except in exchange for gold or bank-notes—the only effect would be, that a larger quantity of these particular instruments of exchange would be required than that now in use; that would be all. The other kinds of circulating machinery would still be employed, only to a diminished extent.

The famous Circulation Theory is swept away by this fact.

It treats coin and bank-notes as the sole elements of currency, as alone constituting what is called money. It proclaims that stability of prices and calm in the money market are indissolubly connected with the quantity and soundness of these two great monetary agents. It bids merchants and traders watch jealously the amount of bank-notes in circulation; and for their special edification it insists that a statement of the notes out in circulation shall be published weekly by the Bank. It points to this weekly report as the infallible sign *stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*, of ease or tightness in the money market. When there is plenty of notes, there must be plenty of money; when notes are scarce, discount is threatened with high rates of interest, and even suspension. The quantity of bank-notes issued, combined with the proportion which they bear to the quantity of gold in deposit in the Bank's vaults, is, according to the right faith, the grand secret, the great art of currency. By this merchants live or die; by this England is richer or poorer.

We grieve to have to tell these distinguished professors that all this fine doctrine is a pure delusion. If notes and coin are instruments of exchange and nothing else—if they are valueless in themselves, whilst they act as currency—and if there are many other such instruments, of the same nature and essence, equally efficacious for enabling property to pass from hand to hand,—there is an end of the creed that bank-notes have any special and peculiar importance, and that the extent of their issues is anything more than a private concern of the private trade of the Bank of England. If these notes are scarce, more bills, cheques, book debts, and similar contrivances, will be brought into action; if they are abundant, they will supersede a certain portion of these latter instruments. It is a matter of pure convenience, and nothing else. If a large cheque were presented for payment to a banker, and he were short of bank-notes, he would ask the presenter of the cheque whether a cheque on the Bank of England would not answer the purpose; and, in most cases, it would undoubtedly be readily accepted in payment. The agency of a cheque would be substituted for that of bank-notes; and this is all that the terrible scarcity of notes would come to. The effect would be precisely the same as that produced in local districts, when coin chances for the moment to be scarce: people, it is known, employ credit more largely, and housekeepers defer paying their bills till they are large enough to be settled by cheques.

The importance attached to bank-notes amazes us. The weekly statements of notes issued possess no interest for us; they are merely curious accounts of the relative amount of notes circulating compared with other monetary instruments.

It seems to us just as profitable to try to count up how many cheques are issued and paid daily in London. A single fact, one would have thought, would have cured the City of busying themselves with the number of bank-notes out, and have made them see that they were only one among many equally effective instruments of exchange. Within the last few years the trade of England has doubled itself, whilst the use of bank-notes, and probably of metallic currency also, has remained stationary. How is it possible to resist the inference from this crucial fact, that the public has carried on its trade and exchanges by the help of other agents, which have been found to answer the purpose equally well? Let any one reflect on the gigantic saving of currency, especially of bank-notes, which has been accomplished by the institution of the clearing-house. Suppress it entirely, and the cry for bank-notes and other monetary machines would shake the island to its foundations. Bank-notes would be wanted in a hundred-fold larger quantity. The circulation theorists would then, of course, announce a terrific excess of issues and an approaching catastrophe. Yet what would have happened? A supremely convenient method of paying debts and effecting exchanges would have been destroyed; and many thousands of bits of paper, of inferior convenience, would have taken its place. Or, again, a moment's thought on the system of book-credit would reveal the same truth as to the nature of every kind of currency. In civilised and well-governed countries, in which law is strong and confidence complete, goods are sold on credit. Shopkeepers' books swarm with accounts, which are finally discharged, sometimes by cash, more commonly by cheques. Is it not obvious that these book-debts are an enormous machinery of currency, substituted for its more usual instruments? Is it not certain that the abolition of credit, and the universal adoption of ready money payment, would render a prodigious increase of the other forms of currency inevitable? And is not the conclusion irresistible, that notes, coin, cheques, credit, are all so many diverse methods of currency, all performing the same work, some in one place, others in another, varying with the particular circumstances of each kind of exchange, of buying and selling, which has to be effected, and of no other importance than their respective qualities of convenience, and of the cost at which each of them is acquired? The amount of their several issues is purely a question of statistics, just as much as the number of steam-engines or the number of banks in a country. The country regulates its demand for each of these according to its daily wants. On the other hand, however, if the extension of trade required a larger circulation of bank-notes, this convenience is forbidden by Lord Overstone's law of 1854, which refuses these

additional notes to the public, except on the condition of depositing their equivalents in gold at the Bank; in fact, it can scarcely be doubted that the stationary use of bank-notes is mainly the deed of Lord Overstone and his fellow-theorists. The merchants were doing twice the business; the exchanges of commodities were doubled, at the very least; a larger use of notes seemed the natural and presumable result. Nothing of the sort; Lord Overstone would not hear of it. The merchants might have to exchange millions more of property, he would let them have no more notes; he had fixed the quantity years ago; if they would have more now, they must pay for them, pound for pound. He did not think it was good for them to derive greater advantage from a paper currency; why, he never condescended to explain. He made notes as expensive as gold: no wonder that the expanding trade of the country had recourse to bills, cheques, post-office orders, and other cheap devices. They circulate within narrower limits, it is true; but they make up for this by their numbers. Any one who sees a shopkeeper's clerk pour out on a banker's counter a heap of coin, notes, bills, cheques, and post-office orders, will soon come to a sound conclusion as to their equal title to be ranked as currency. One and all, they are mere title-deeds of property, certificates of ownership, with the sole difference, that the coin carries the means of realization within itself, whereas the others require an intermediate step before the property they give a title to can be reached.

7. The distribution of the precious metals among the various countries of the world, is a choice esoteric secret of currency philosophers. They delight to speak of it in mysterious terms. The greater the obscurity with which they can invest it, the loftier they think the dignity of the grand science of a paper circulation. It is always referred to as a strange and undefinable law: it is carefully guarded from being desecrated into the vulgar rule of demand and supply. Yet, what is it that determines the amount of coin in a country, but the use it has for it? and is not that use dependent on the political and social state of the nation, the confidence reposed in its government, its banking and monetary institutions, the sense of security and peace, and endless circumstances of a like nature? A barbarous and unsettled country will have an undue share of metal compared with the extent of its trade: credit is distrusted, for the power of the law is not relied upon. In such countries hoarding is common: political violence or the rapacity of rulers is dreaded for every form of visible wealth. In this one fact we have the explanation of the ceaseless flow of the precious metals to the East. Europe imports annually increasing quantities of its produce: for the reasons we have just stated, gold and silver are the

favourite commodities demanded in exchange. On the contrary, a highly civilised country, especially one so generally secure from invasion and revolution as England, presents the opposite picture. Credit is strong and abundant, for the law is strong, and cultivated intelligence has taught men trust in one another. Hence the governing motives, in such a nation, which determine the choice of a currency, are cheapness and convenience; and as the precious metals cannot compete with a paper currency in economy, portability, and convenience, the universal effort is to have as little to do with gold and silver as possible. How seldom is gold asked for by a man presenting a cheque; how much more rarely yet would it be asked, if there were notes of a lower denomination than L.5. In Scotland, which so wisely retains one-pound notes, sovereigns are often difficult to procure. What a calamity and danger, cry the theorists: no man will have them, reply the Scotch bankers; and, consequently, they are not kept in large quantities. In England, the banks are the reservoirs into which the metallic receipts of tradesmen are poured; but they pass the gold on as quickly as possible into the final receptacle of the Bank, where it remains in vaults, till it is got rid of by exportation. The fluctuations in the use of metallic currency also are extremely great. An unusual increase of some trades involving large weekly payment in wages, or of travelling, would create an extraordinary demand for coin. It is perfectly conceivable, that a sudden rush of travellers to London, to witness some extraordinary spectacle, should cause a distressing dearth of coin, reduce the banks to great straits, and almost stop travelling itself. What would be said of such an event by the theorists? Would they call a run on the banks under such circumstances, however inconvenient it may be to them as traders, a national convulsion, pregnant with monetary disturbance and ruin, and likely to land every one in distress and poverty?

France, and the Continental States generally, hold an intermediate position between England and uncivilised and insecure countries. Banking, and other expedients for economizing metallic money are but very imperfectly developed in them. They use, consequently, large quantities of coin, and absorb corresponding proportions of the produce of the mines. The explanation is simple. In the distribution of the precious metals, as of all other commodities, the quantity obtained by each nation is regulated by the extent of its own peculiar demand. Those who seek most, whether East Indians or Frenchmen, will buy and have most; those who, like Englishmen, are advanced enough to require less, will purchase and retain less of the precious metals. The

City is ever eager to get more gold; City articles of newspapers are anxious to delight the community with the tidings that gold is coming in, forgetting that this desire militates against the law of our own civilisation, against the height of commercial development to which England has attained. It is, in fact, a wish that England should descend to the mercantile and banking level of France and the East.

The extent of the demand for coin in any given country is determined by its commercial habits; and not, as is so absurdly supposed, by the quantity of gold and silver which it possesses. So long as the value of gold remains constant, and consequently general prices are unaltered, no man will carry a sovereign more in his pocket, no lady will keep at home more gold to pay her bills with, no shopkeeper or banker will retain a sovereign more in his till, because they are told that the Bank of England has half a score more millions of gold in its vaults. What is that to them? They have already as many sovereigns as are needed for carrying on their functions with ease and comfort. The accumulation of gold at the Bank, which makes the City radiant with joy, possesses no more interest for them, nay, less, than the piling up of vast stores of unused sugar, cotton, or wool, in the London and Liverpool docks. Whatever surplus they have beyond what they need for their ordinary purposes, is instantly despatched to their bankers, and speedily finds its way to Threadneedle Street. Where there are sovereigns enough in circulation to effect the amount of daily exchanges transacted by coin, every additional one is an encumbrance to its holder, and is nowhere so safely stowed away as at the Bank of England, or rather, is in no way so profitably disposed of as by exportation from England.

This analysis meets the common cry, When there is an abundance of gold, there is plenty of money; there is more for every one. When sovereigns circulate more freely, and in larger quantities, it must be good for trade. This is one of the large family of fallacies which lurk under that very equivocal word money. Money, as a part of the circulation, is not, as we have already shown, wealth or commodities; but only the instrument by which commodities are transferred from one man to another. Increase of commodities is indisputably increase of wealth; but increase of money, if not wanted for carrying out an augmented quantity of exchanges, means only a superfluous and wasteful addition of an expensive article to a stock which is already sufficient for its purposes; and it is very soon got rid of by a natural and irresistible flow into the strongholds of the Bank and the bullion-dealers. Sovereigns cannot be kept out in circulation, when the supply required for the daily wants of the

public is complete: wants, that is, not of capital or riches, for these are never satisfied, but wants for carrying on the processes of buying and selling without the agency of barter. The surplus, being returned to the Bank, is stored up there, precisely as sugar or wine is stored up in London warehouses, when not immediately wanted; but with this very characteristic and much overlooked difference, that the sugar and wine is sure to come into English consumption sooner or later, whilst there is no use for this surplus gold, but to send it abroad for the purchase of commodities which England can consume. And whilst in store at the Bank, it has precisely the same effect on the money market, as an equivalent value of sugar or wool in the Liverpool docks, and nothing more.

8. The basis of the actual amount of gold or silver required by any country is the real intrinsic worth of the metal itself. That value is determined, as for every other commodity, by the cost of the supply compared with the demand. This is a question which belongs as completely to the trade in bullion as the value of cotton belongs to the cotton trade. The world has a certain demand for gold, it is ready to pay a certain price for it: and this price ultimately determines the supply of gold from the mines. It is a commodity of irregular production, or rather discovery; and, like most mining products, it exhibits great variations in the supply; but that supply, in the long run, is regulated by the profitableness of gold mining, relatively to that of other occupations. If gold is produced more cheaply, it falls in value: in other words, more gold must be given to purchase the same commodity than before; prices rise. In that case, a larger currency would be required to perform the same work; bills would be summed up to a larger figure, and a fuller purse of sovereigns would be needed. Had not a paper currency and banking come to the rescue, an incredibly larger quantity of the precious metals would now be needed, than before the modern development of commerce; or if the stock could not have been enlarged, a serious appreciation of gold and silver must have ensued. On the other hand, it is plain, that if the supplies of gold from California and Australia exceed the expansive demand created by the opening out of new countries and new trades, it must follow the universal law and sink in value. Supposing the standard to continue unaltered, every debtor would gain, and every creditor lose by the change. Annuitants, fundholders,—all, in short, who receive fixed payments, whether of capital or interest,—would be injured: they would receive the stipulated number of pounds or sovereigns; but each pound would purchase a smaller quantity of every other commodity. Whether such an event is likely to occur, and whether, if it does, it

ought to be met by an alteration of the standard, are questions of great interest, but too large for discussion on the present occasion.

The question is often asked, What is a pound? The answer is simple: rather less than a quarter of an ounce of gold, of a determinate degree of fineness. The monetary word pound, is a purely legal definition, a mere synonym for the term sovereign; so that, where a debt of a certain number of pounds has been contracted, the law will enforce the repayment of a like number of sovereigns. All that the law does, is to call such a piece of gold a pound; but the law can prescribe nothing as to its value or power of purchasing. Every man settles for himself what amount of commodities he will give to obtain that pound; that is, the real worth of the sovereign is determined by what it can fetch, by its market price, like everything else.

But that market is not the market of any particular country, but the market of the whole world. Gold is easily transported from one country to another; so that any appreciable difference in its value—that is, in its power of purchasing other commodities—is quickly rectified by its transmission from the land in which it is cheaper and brings less, to the land in which it is dearer and procures more. Owing to the great facilities of communication in modern times, a very slight discrepancy of value is instantly corrected by a stream of exportation; so that when writers on currency talk of the depreciation of a currency by reason of excess, they speak of a fact of great practical insignificance among European nations. A military emergency, compelling a sudden export of gold to an army abroad, or very sudden and extensive orders for mercantile purchases in foreign countries, might, for the moment, produce a considerable diminution of the coin in a nation which held no reserves in bankers' hands; but the vacuum and the inconvenience would be of brief duration. Gold would flow in on every side, so long as people had commodities wherewith to buy it. The horror which the theorists inculcate of a deficiency of gold is simply preposterous; there is probably no other commodity the scarcity of which would produce so little inconvenience, or would be so rapidly remedied. A scarcity of cotton would, indeed, be a subject for grave alarm; for how could it be supplied, and how could some four millions of Englishmen be supported? But a deficiency of gold would at once cause it to pour in from the reservoir of the whole world; bankers, who have pledged themselves to pay gold, and merchants who owe debts abroad, being the only persons who would incur any real loss; and that would, at the utmost, be trifling. A small premium on the value of the metal would bring in any supply that could be wanted. In

truth, this horror of a scarcity of this particular article, above that of any other, is a mere relic of the unscientific confusion of a short supply of a commodity with the inability of an indebted banker to repay his creditors the capital which he has lost. That is an event, no doubt, creative of real distress, and in 1825, and other crises, was so general as to become a national calamity. But this is a mere affair of borrowing and lending, and can easily happen when the country is gorged with gold. To pretend that a country, which is daily accustomed to witness gigantic fluctuations in the supply and the prices of corn and cotton, should be frightened at a scarcity of one single commodity, and that commodity gold, is nothing less than ridiculous. A premium of sixpence a piece, or at the most a shilling, would draw torrents of gold upon England from all the world, and would restore the whole of the sixteen millions of gold at the Bank, if it had all taken wing, for some L.400,000, or L.800,000 at most. Why, reckoning interest at 5 per cent., it costs the nation the larger of these sums annually to keep cellars at the Bank full of gold.

What metal possesses the qualities which best fit it to be chosen as the standard of value is a question which, in strictness, does not belong to the science of currency; and we shall not enlarge on it here. What currency does say respecting it is, that the utmost attainable fixity of value is the supreme and paramount consideration. The standard determines the meaning and worth of all contracts, and is the measure of all property; and as often as the value of the standard suffers a fluctuation, so often every valuation of property expresses a different amount of wealth. An easily fluctuating standard would be a nuisance of the first order; it would introduce confusion into every man's accounts, and change into every man's position.

It follows from what we have said, that there is no universal rule for determining the proportion which the standard coin ought to bear to the other agents of currency. Mr Lushington, the secretary to the Government of India, lays down, 'that the wisest and soundest policy is to make as large a portion as possible (with reference to the convenience of the public and the government) of the medium actually circulating metallic;' and on this ground he considers that the issue of notes for less than ten rupees ought carefully to be avoided. This sentence is an example of the jumble of principles which is so common with currency doctors. 'The convenience of the public,' and the doctrine that the currency should be as much as possible metallic, is a direct and conflicting antagonism; and the latter principle is as illogical and false as the former is sound and true. To admit that paper currency is cheaper and less wasteful than a metallic

one, and then to restrict its use to the smallest limits, is exactly the same process as to prove that railways are cheap, safe, and swift, and then to rule that the old stage-coach must be used as much as possible. The only sensible rule is, to let the public have just as much metallic currency as their convenience requires, and no more; but to give them also as much paper currency as they are willing to employ. The very object of a paper currency, the one purpose of its creation, is to supersede the metallic. The question, then, how much coin there ought to be in any country, depends for its solution on local causes. In Scotland, where the machinery of notes is largely developed, coin may be almost called rare; nor is the fact followed by the slightest inconvenience. In France and Germany, notes are scarce, and coin abounds. There can be no general rule, for it is the aggregate of the personal wants of each individual man which constitutes the demand for coin. The issue of Bank of England notes of L.1 would expel an immense host of sovereigns from circulation. Ten-shilling notes would treble the exodus; yet society would not be convulsed: the total of the currency would remain unchanged; one agent would have taken the place of another. In Scotland, five one-pound notes are quite as valuable, and far more convenient, than a single five-pound Bank of England note. If general reasoning failed to convince, the example of Scotland ought to be sufficient to prove, that the man who has trust in the solvency of the banker whose note he holds will be as willing to have it as a sovereign, and will make no demand on the bank to have it converted into gold. As soon as one-pound notes had taken the place of sovereigns in England, there would be no greater demand for gold upon the Bank than there is now; the public would have gained a convenient medium of exchange, and have saved the vast amount of capital now needlessly invested in sovereigns.

9. The principles we have expounded will enable us to deal with a doctrine which is the delight of Lord Overstone and his school of theorists, and with which almost every writer on currency is more or less infected. Are there ever, can there ever be, excessive issues of currency? What is meant, we ask first, by excessive issues? No one has exactly said that there can be an over-issue of sovereigns, for that would be very like saying that there could be too much gold,—the one thing of which, like love, according to these authorities, there cannot be too much. The very word over-issue implies something wrong; but how can it be wrong to have gold? Yet it is certain that at times England has more sovereigns than she knows how to use; they accumulate in heaps at the Bank, and neither directors nor City know what to do with them. We have shown, that when a man has

as many sovereigns as suffice for his wants in buying he sends all the rest to his banker. When every one has enough, all remaining sovereigns are superfluous; they must either lie useless or be sent abroad: it is impossible to get rid of them otherwise. But sovereigns are money, cry the merchant and the Stock Exchange; everybody wants money. The Bank can lend us the coin, it can discount our bills with it; money will then be cheap, and we shall do better. There is a capital and most inveterate error in this language; it is deeply seated in the vitals of every City man. They cannot be made to understand that gold, whether in sovereigns or bullion, is a commodity which cannot be kept out beyond the demand for its use in order to obtain the special service which it renders. There is as real a limit to the use of sovereigns as to that of hats. There is no demand for them beyond their use. Every sovereign in excess of that point is got rid of by the unconscious but unfailing action of every individual who holds it. What does the analysis of facts teach? Let us suppose that the currency is entirely metallic, and that there is a large supply of sovereigns at the Bank. On hearing this, a merchant or broker hurries off with his bill to the Bank; the directors, anxious to turn the store to account, discount it. The gold is told, and tied up in a bag: is that what the merchant wanted? If the sum is heavy, a porter will be needed: would he not have preferred a cheque, which he could have placed at his banker's account at once? However, he takes away the gold: is it not plain that he will not dream of keeping it in his own house? that he will instantly pay it to the man whose goods he has bought, and for which the discount of the bill was needed? And will not the vendor be in equal haste to carry back to the Bank the gold which was drawn from it only a few hours previously? The plethora of the Bank is unrelieved; in the evening it is as gorged, as rich with gold, as it was in the morning: the sovereigns are not got out after all. A couple of cheques would have done the same thing, and have saved a quantity of trouble. Let the Bank do what it will, it cannot keep the sovereigns out in circulation, unless there are persons who require them for use. But what has happened to the Bank by the process? First of all, it has as many sovereigns as ever. Next, it owes the vendor the value of the sovereigns he brought back and deposited at the Bank. Thirdly, it has become a creditor to the drawer of the bill for the sum advanced to discount it. In other words, without adding a pound to its resources, the operation has pledged the credit of the Bank to the extent of the sovereigns taken out. Is it not perfectly obvious, first, that no manipulation of this kind can get the sovereigns out; and, secondly, that the

Bank is limited in its power of lending and discounting by the amount of its general resources? The sovereigns, when they have come back, are due to the depositor; whilst the Bank has increased its credits with the security of the bill only. The Bank cannot go on circulating the gold twenty times a day, making a fresh credit at each rotation. The gold the Bank has it must keep till it can find some one who is able to retain it, either by having some actual work for the sovereigns to do, or by exportation.

And it is further plain, that as the Bank cannot increase its loans by making use of the sovereigns, that an equal value of consols, trade warrants, Exchequer Bills, or any other securities, would have given the Bank precisely the same power of discounting as the sovereigns.

It follows irresistibly, that there can be no over-issue of sovereigns, in the sense that they should remain in circulation without being wanted for actual use; the excess of issue, as soon as it appears, being instantly corrected by the sovereigns flowing back to the Bank vaults, there to lie idle until they are sold to the foreigner, or till some accident, such as a sudden movement of travelling, or some new requirement for the payment of wages, shall have created a real demand for them by the public.

The phenomena are precisely identical with bank-notes; they repeat the same phases. No truth is more unwelcome to the theorists, for it strikes at the root of their doctrine. There is, and can be, no over-issue of bank-notes in ordinary times. No doubt, if an enemy were in the country, an excess of issue would immediately reveal itself. The public would be incapable of holding the amount of notes it held before; for many would distrust the power of the Bank to meet its promises of payment on demand. But this is an evil which is not peculiar to notes; it is inherent in all forms of credit, especially banking credit. The run on deposits, and the pressure on every kind of debtor by creditors, would be just as certain and just as embarrassing as a run upon notes. No banker, it is plain, could meet all his liabilities, if suddenly pressed upon him. It is the essence of his business to employ the capital of others; and he cannot have it out on loan and in his strong box at the same moment. A certain amount of danger of the failure of immediate payment is inseparable from all banking. Even the State, if it issued notes, with all the wealth of England pledged for their redemption, could not secure immediate convertibility in times of invasion. The arts of peace can never be made to adjust themselves exactly to the violences of anarchy and war.

We say, then, that there cannot be an over-issue of notes, any more than of sovereigns. They will return back on the banker

as certainly as the gold ; for no man keeps more notes in hand than he wants for the purposes of payment in detail. There are people in abundance who are eager to borrow of banks ; but it is not their notes which they want, but their capital or their credit. A sum passed to their account, with the power of drawing cheques against it, is all that they require. In vain would an ignorant banker insist that the loan should be taken out in his notes, for the borrower would either pay for his purchase at once, or would deposit the notes with some banker. In every case, they would travel back immediately to the issuer. Not a few of the best writers on currency have perceived this truth ; yet even Mr Mill believes that, 'at a time when there is a strong tendency to speculation, bankers have a certain power of extending their issues, and thereby fomenting that tendency.' We find no warrant for this assertion in the analysis of facts. Let us take the corn trade for an instance. Rain pours down at harvest time, and much corn is imperilled. Speculation in corn becomes extremely excited. A dealer of known solvency and good credit applies to a country bank to carry out his speculations. The banker has faith in the approaching rise of prices, and makes the advance, and in notes. The speculator hurries off with the notes to a farmer, and buys his ricks. What can the farmer do with them, but deposit them at the bank on the next market-day ? The same process would be repeated at Liverpool and Glasgow in any of the great articles of consumption. The notes cannot be kept out, and the same result recurs as with sovereigns ; the speculator obtains the corn by means of the banker's credit or capital, and the amount of his issues remains unaltered. We see no extension of issues here, no fomenting of the tendency to speculate by the help of notes ; all this can go on quite as easily without the intervention of a single note.

We do not, however, deny that a banker may be tempted by the power of issuing notes into an unwise extension of his credits, in order to get his notes out into circulation, and he may succeed in obtaining his object. But he can do this only by substituting his own notes for those of other bankers already in circulation ; for the gross amount held by the public is determined by the wants of the public alone. It is an affair of competition between two or more bankers, and it may undoubtedly lead to rash and disastrous banking. An eager banker may succeed in forcing out his notes by imprudent advances, displacing the notes of his cautious rival. The advances are not repaid, the bank breaks, and the holders of its notes lose their money. This is a great evil, but it is not one of over-issue, for the aggregate of notes in circulation is unaltered ; and its corrective will be found, not in restricting issues—which would be unavailing to discredit the

reckless banker—but in proper regulations for securing the solvency of the issuers of notes.

Those who have waded through writings on currency are familiar with the vast apparatus of figures, by which the attempt is made to establish the fact and the danger of excessive issues of notes. Nothing can look more formidable. Runs for gold, broken banks, an impoverished and infuriated people, mercantile credit destroyed, mark the ravages of that terrible calamity. A vast array of statistics sustains the proof, and the mystical language of currency is summoned to awe down the imagination. Who can venture to contradict such a display of figures? Alas! after all, it is only the old fallacy over again: *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. Bankers have stopped payment after issuing notes; therefore issuing notes ruined them. The explanations of the theorists have been misplaced; they have fastened on currency a curse which belongs to banking. They have preached that the notes were too numerous; they should have told us that the notes were not paid. The talk about over-issue, as the cause of the disasters, is beside the purpose; the bankruptcy of the bankers of itself alone accounts for everything. Excessive issue is a fiction, except in one sense only, when an issuer puts forth more promises to pay than he can make good. Excessive issues are impossible, so long as the notes may be instantly converted into cash on demand: and every note issued is in excess, when the bank is unable to meet it with gold. Nothing even approaching to a proof that any harm ever came from too many sound notes being in circulation has been brought forward. That there have been crises, and that before the crises there has often been a large circulation of notes, constitutes all the logic of these ingenious men. There may be easily too many bad notes, as too many bad shillings; but that there may be too many good notes—if only the public is willing to hold them—is the point to be proved; and that cannot be done by bare dogmatical assertion. When bankers invested their funds in coal mines and similar speculations, there could be no surprise felt at their notes being unpaid; and, on the other hand, when implicit confidence has ever been placed in the perfect solvency of the Bank of England, the fact is very natural, that at all times, even the worst—except, of course, under the Act forbidding cash payments—its notes have always been taken and held as freely as gold. Even the worst crisis which ever befell the Bank—the crisis of 1825—so far from discrediting its notes, was actually relieved by the accidental discovery of a million of unburnt one-pound notes. Commerce was probably never more severely tried than in 1847; but the merchants, in their dread of the suspension of discounts, took to hoarding, not gold, but notes. It was

not the convertibility of the bank-note, as has been so often and so groundlessly asserted by Lord Overstone and his compeers, that was felt to be endangered. Men feared that bills might cease to be discounted, or that the Bank might be unable at the moment to pay cheques drawn against deposits. In other words, the apprehension was for the banking, not the issue department of the Bank. The imminence of the suspension of cash payments by the Bank, with which Lord Overstone tried to frighten Parliament in 1857, was a pure fiction of his imagination. No man, probably not even the noble Lord himself, ever preferred gold to a Bank of England note, as being more valuable. He appeals to the extinction of runs on banks since the Act of 1844 and the restriction imposed by it on country issues; but this is again the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. The attempt to show a logical connection between these two facts has broken down; and the improvement in the practice of banking furnishes the required explanation. If the banks of issue had continued to make as bad a use of their funds as previously, there would have been runs and failures; whilst the smoothness and safety to the noteholders, with which the vast system of paper currency has always worked in Scotland, illustrate the principle, that the solvency of the issuer, guaranteeing the convertibility of the notes, is the only point of importance.

10. But for what sums ought bank-notes to be issued? We reply by the counter question—for how small an amount ought cheques to be drawn? The rule is the same in both cases—public convenience. Science prescribes no other limit. It cannot tell, *à priori*, for what sum each member of the public ought to be willing to accept a promise to pay on paper, whether note or cheque. The limitation to L.5 in England is a disgrace to monetary science and commercial practice amongst us. We have never heard an even decently plausible reason assigned for it.¹ It had its origin in the alarm created by the frequent insolvency of banks of issue, and in an ignorance of currency, which threw away the only advantage for which a paper currency was invented. Paper was designed to supersede gold, in order to escape the expense of the metal; and obviously convenience and safety of payment ought alone to restrict the use of paper. Countries far below England in commercial development have used a currency of small notes with entire safety and great economy. The success of Scotland is a standing reproof to England. The theorists, who talked of excessive issues, naturally set their faces against one-pound notes; but not one of them has ever been able to tell the world why the Bank of England should not circulate its promises to pay one pound on demand among those who trust it,

¹ We cannot treat here of possible forgery or panic.

or why a banker who is unsafe for issuing one-pound notes is not unsafe also for issuing fives. No doubt, if a bank that issues one-pound notes becomes insolvent, the poorer classes are more likely to be involved in loss; but the remedy is not the suppression of the small note, but effectual security against non-payment. A parade is made of protecting the poor; but what would be thought of the science if it was held that it was incapable of defending the rich? The public readily takes post-office orders for a few shillings, and postage stamps for a penny, and give them circulation as currency; can any plausible reason be alleged why an institution of the tried solidity of the Bank of England should not be trusted to supply the country with so very convenient an instrument of exchange as a one-pound note? Mr Mill, indeed, in his evidence in 1857, seems to suppose that an over-issue is possible in the case of one-pound notes advanced by a banker to manufacturers who paid wages. 'As long as the Bank,' he correctly remarks, 'continues its advances to merchants and general dealers, to what is called the mercantile public, people who deal in goods, but do not pay wages, its issues never originate a rise of prices, because a dealer only uses notes for the purpose of fulfilling previous engagements. Dealers never make purchases in the first instance with bank-notes. The dealers to whom bank-notes are paid usually either send them into deposit, or pay them to persons who pay them into deposit.' 'But the operation,' he argues, 'is different when advances are made to manufacturers, or others who pay wages. When that is the case, the notes do or may get into the hands of labourers and others, who expend them for consumption; and in that case the notes do constitute in themselves a demand for commodities, and may for some time tend to promote a rise of prices: and when they do so, and when there is not any other cause for the rise of prices than the issue of notes, that constitutes over-issue—that is, an issue which will be followed by revulsion.'

There is a palpable confusion here of two things of very different natures: a possible real rise of prices, caused by the circulation of the banker's capital among the labourers; and the purely imaginary rise, supposed to be caused by the circulation of a peculiar form of currency, bank-notes. The bank, by its advance, enables the manufacturers to pay wages, which in time enable the labourers to make purchases at the shops, and thus creates a demand for commodities, and possibly a consequent rise of prices within the district, which did not exist before. But this is not an affair of currency, but of capital, and could take place just as well without the intervention of notes, or even sovereigns—the employers authorizing the shops to give credit to the labourers, and undertaking to pay the debts in due time by

cheques. The pith of this operation is an advance of capital made by the shops on the credit, first, of the manufacturers, then of the bank, till payment is claimed in actual cash. There is neither over-issue nor revulsion here ; for there is no issue at all.

But a rise of prices, caused by the mere form of the payment of the wages—that is, by an issue of one-pound notes—is a pure fiction, without any reality whatever. Whether the labourers get a sovereign, twenty shillings, a note, or an authority to run up a bill, for the week's work, the result is the same—they acquire the means of purchasing, and their buying may raise prices in a given neighbourhood: capital is spent in a demand for commodities. If notes are the instruments of payment used, it will make no difference whether the notes are issued to the manufacturer or to labourers who buy for consumption. In the latter case, the shopkeeper will at once send them into deposit, whilst the purchasing power of the labourers will have proceeded wholly from the command of capital they have acquired by their wages. So able a man as Mr Mill cannot adopt the absurdity, that a simple change of the counters employed, the payment of the wages of a large mill by sovereigns or notes, instead of by cheques, can create an increased demand for commodities, and cause more buying to be made at the shops. If the wages are paid by notes, and prices rise, there can be no revulsion whilst the employment continues, except from a single cause, which does not affect the question at issue. The rise of prices, if it exists, will have been produced solely by a demand for a while locally superior to the supply. But profits soon find their level, and then, no doubt, prices will drop back again ; but the form of the currency employed has no share in this effect. The advance of the bank, we do not deny, may permanently increase the circulation, whether of sovereigns or notes, or both. But this is not an over-issue. There will be a larger number of exchanges to be made, more buying to be effected, and they will require a larger number of instruments—more currency—to do the work. It is not over-issue, because every note or sovereign will be wanted, and will be in active operation.

But, in truth, Mr Mill here stands on the old ground of the theorists. He regards the currency—meaning thereby gold and notes—as standing on one side, and all other commodities on the other ; and then supposes that prices are determined by the quantity of currency in circulation, compared with the quantity of all other commodities offered for exchange. Currency thus is a commodity which is dear when scarce, and cheap—that is, exchanges for little—when abundant. The radical fallacy of this view is, that it looks upon currency—not only the gold, but the worthless paper—as a commodity instead of a mere machine, a pure counter for exchange ; and disregards the crushing fact,

that cheques, bills, book-credits, and other things, are all equally currency, and, upon this theory, ought all to be included in the aggregate of currency seeking to be exchanged for commodities. He has not grasped the fact, that coin, notes, cheques, and the rest are counters or tokens, differing only in the value of the material of which each is made, and nothing more.

For more than a century no bank-note was ever unpaid in Scotland; and it is inexplicable how Sir R. Peel, with such a fact before his eyes, should have listened to empty theories about inflated circulation, excessive issues, and other sonorous phrases of like quality. Scotch notes have always been paid, because the Scotch have framed a sound system for securing the solvency of the issues; and, had the Bank of England gone on issuing one-pound or ten-shilling notes since the Conquest, every one would have been paid in like manner. Sir R. Peel did an immense service to our practical system of currency, when he made the Bank revert to cash payments in 1819; but, though he saw the supreme importance of a convertible currency very clearly, he knew little about the science. In this, as in so many other matters, the practical logic of the Scotch nation has been admirable. They have followed out Adam Smith's doctrine to its just conclusion. They have suffered no arbitrary line to restrict the economy and convenience of a paper currency at the dictation of shallow dogmatism and caprice.

11. Gold is the legal tender in England for all payments above two pounds: hence it is the commodity which all issuers of notes, as debtors to the holders, are bound by law to pay on demand. But, unfortunately for the science of currency, notes have always in England been issued by bankers, who are equally pledged to repay their deposits in gold: hence currency and banking have been mixed up together in hopeless confusion. No other cause wraps up currency in so much obscurity as this. A right comprehension of the Bank Act of 1844 may have some tendency to dispel it.

Lord Overstone has correctly described the issue department as no part of the Bank of England at all. It is a function which is performed on its premises, and by means of agents, who are only nominally the servants of the Bank. It is not the Bank of England which issues notes, but a self-acting machine worked under its roof, with which the Bank, except as a mere contractor to execute the mechanical part, has no more connection than Glyn's or the London and Westminster Bank. The issue department is a pure automaton; and it is greatly to be regretted that it has not its seat at Somerset House, or some other Government office. It would then be seen that the Bank is nothing but the largest, the most extensive of the bankers of England

—and that the only portion of the notes it has any control over is that which comes into its hands as a banker. The notes issued belong all to the public, and it is theoretically possible that not a single one should be in the hands of the Bank. And we may mention here incidentally, that the mercantile world would receive a benefit of no small value from such a location of the machinery of issue; for in that case the Bank would find it incalculably less easy to avail itself, for its own profit and that of the banking interest, of a low stock of gold as a pretext for raising the rate of discount upon bills. The understanding, so strangely suffered by the ignorance and timidity of merchants, that a small return of gold justifies a rise in the rate of interest, would not then be maintained.

Taking, then, the number of notes sent out by the issue department at 30 millions, 14 millions of these are given to the Bank to circulate, on the condition of being redeemed in gold on demand. The profit which is made on the employment of the capital given by the public to the Bank to obtain these notes is a concession granted to it by the State, in payment of services rendered by the Bank in the management of the national debt; and the sum was fixed at 14 millions, because the State owes that amount of money to the Bank, and is supposed to guarantee the holders of the notes from all possible loss. The remaining 16 millions are, and must be, purchased by an equal deposit of gold; and for whatever it holds of these the Bank is as much a buyer at its own issue department as Smiths or Glyns are for their share of the circulation. It is a delusion to suppose that a large store of gold at the bank gives the Bank a sovereign more to discount with than any other banker in the country. The issue department gives out notes to any man who brings it gold; and those who thus take out notes deposit them afterwards at their accounts with the Bank or any other banker, or dispose of them in any other way they please.

And now arises the critical questions, *Are bank-notes money*, in the sense of capital available for discount? *Are they an addition to the loanable capital in the money market?* *Are bank-notes money*, in the sense that an abundance of them—a large circulation, as it is called—makes money cheap, and a paucity of them makes the money market tight? We say emphatically that bank-notes are not money in this sense; they are not capital, and do not enlarge the resources of the discount-houses by a single pound. They are bits of paper, of great importance, indeed, to their holders, because they are title-deeds, certificates of ownership, and authorities for claiming payment—but nothing more. They are no more wealth than the muniments in a ducal palace. They are identical with dock-warrants and title-deeds

to estates—certificates that their owners possess wealth in the warehouses or in land. No man was ever absurd enough to say that England possesses this wealth twice over—in the wool in the docks and the warrant, in the estate and the parchment; yet how few grasp thoroughly the fact, that the bank-note, which certifies that there are five sovereigns in the cellars, is a piece of paper only, and not riches. No doubt bankers, or the public, will make advances on these notes to the full extent of their nominal value, precisely as they make advances on dock-warrants or title-deeds, or give credit—that is, supply their commodities on trust—to owners of great estates. It is ridiculous to suppose that England is one pound the richer or the poorer by these notes. These notes prove that there are sovereigns of equal amount in the stores of the Bank, just as every cargo of every vessel in the kingdom may be certified by the bills drawn against it, or the contents of every warehouse by its warrant; only the value of the total of the bills and warrants is incalculably vaster than that of the gold in the Bank's vaults. A note may be put in circulation for every acre in England or every acre in India. Would any sane man dream of saying that a single shilling had been added to the discount market by the manufacture of these notes? The manufacture, indeed, of such notes might indicate a great pressure on the money market, because they would be, in fact, petitions from the landowners to borrow capital; but the pressure would not arise from the notes themselves, but from the transfer of capital to the landowners, of whose estates the notes would be pledges.

This fact brings us into direct collision with the ordinary opinion of the City. A large stock of gold is regarded as a sign of an abundance of money; a low figure for the gold is looked on with apprehension, as threatening pressure on the money market. We assert, on the contrary, that the whole of the gold in the issue department (so far as the notes given out from it are made use of for the purchase of commodities, or to be drawn against by cheques) constitutes a demand on the money market, and is a diminution of its resources. No one would doubt for a moment, that a bill drawn against a cargo to arrive is a loan demanded from the holders of money, as it is called. The drawer of the bill asks some one to advance him capital existing in England, to be repaid when the cargo is sold. All such bills indisputably press on the money market. Many bills pressing for discount make a tight money market. The case is precisely similar with bank-notes: they may be strictly regarded as bills drawn against gold to arrive. Whilst the gold is under lock and key in Threadneedle Street, it is no more a part of the funds of the money market than if it were still in Australia; just as cotton

on the sea or in dock is no part of the actual capital of the country, though an excellent security to induce one man to lend his money to another. It can be sold and converted into capital; and similarly the gold may be drawn out, and turned into a fund for discounting with. Till it is thus taken out, gold hoarded, annihilated, that is, just as if it were buried in the ground, and bits of paper, are the only two realities; those bits of paper, however, turning their owners into borrowers of other men's capital, whether in the shops or elsewhere. A million arrives from Australia, and is exchanged for notes at the Bank; the money market does not get hold of the gold, but the owners of the notes, first, will make purchases with them: that is, obtain commodities on the credit of the notes, in other words, increase the demand for capital. In the same way, the opposite fact yields the opposite result. If 10 millions were due to America, and taken out of the issue department, by collecting 10 millions of notes issued and presenting them for payment, the effect on the money market would be identical with the discovery of a hidden treasure suddenly brought to light. The money market would get rid of 10 millions of debt and pressure with, as it were, nothing, without the loss of any of its resources. 'O yes,' the City cries, 'we should lose our notes: how are we to get discount?' Doubtless it would lose the notes. But what then? They are only pieces of paper; they are not wealth or money in the sense of capital, but only instruments for enabling wealth to change hands. A few cheques, bills, and book credits, would instantaneously fill up the vacuum.

One corollary from this truth is obvious. We may learn to value the amount of sense contained in the terror of a drain of gold felt by the City and Lord Overstone. When the merchants owe foreign debts, nothing can be more beneficial than a drain of gold, nothing happier than to have gold to drain away. If a bad harvest created a balance of trade against England of 10 millions, a drain of gold and a lowering of the Bank's stock by 10 millions would be the one thing to be desired. The gold had been bought and paid for; it was absolutely useless in the Bank's vaults; every man in the country ought to rejoice that we had it to send away; we should be buying corn with an article of no use to us, and the money market would not feel a pound's worth of pressure.

We may take the opportunity of noticing here the harm done by that *vox equivoca*, money. In its proper sense, money means the currency of the realm, whether coin or notes—the ordinary instruments of exchange. But money, in that mischievous phrase, money market, means quite a different thing: it means capital seeking loan or investment. The confusion of the two

senses introduces endless obscurity into discussions on currency. The expression, money market, has nothing but its alliteration and volubility to recommend it; for it constantly suggests the notion of a supply of gold and notes, which are not the main things it is conversant with. Loan and investment market would be a far more accurate, if a less fluent, expression. The supplies to that market consist of commodities, not of currency in any form, and its function is to sell the right to the produce of existing investments, dividends, stocks and shares; and to procure employment, that is, borrowers who will use it, for the uninvested surplus of the nation's capital. Currency, in all its forms, is only, as we have shown, title-deeds to property, the agency employed by the money market for buying and selling, and the things it passes from hand to hand. Indeed, what is banking, but a manipulation of title-deeds—*titres*, to use the sound French expression? The coin the bankers employ is most trifling: all else is registration, transfer of accounts, and paper certificates of ownership. The largest portion of the supplies in the discount market of London comes up from the country; but what is it that is sent up? Not waggon loads of coin, or boxes full of bank-notes; but bills, cheques, and often only figure-credits. When commodities are abundant, these credits or vouchers increase, and the money market grows easy; when, by a bad harvest or stoppage of trade, commodities are diminished, these vouchers also dwindle down, the London bankers get smaller credits, and less paper from the country, and the money market hardens, and interest rises. The quantity of coin and notes in England varies only by a trifle between year and year; yet the amount of wealth, capital, loanable funds, and supplies for discount, varies by gigantic sums. A bad harvest may easily reduce the supply of capital by 40 millions in a single year. In 1847, the funds of the loan market were enormously reduced by an unproductive harvest, a short crop of cotton, and, above all, by the construction of railways. The labourers employed in making them consumed vast quantities of food, clothing, and tools; and, at the end of the operation, there was not, as would have been the case with a bale of goods, a commodity replacing the expenditure; there was only an improved machine, which, in course of years, would restore it with large increase. The country was in the situation of a great landowner, who had invested a sum far exceeding his income on draining, for which he was deeply in debt, and, so to say, poor; but his estate would yield larger returns each year, and ultimately replace his outlay with accumulation. Accordingly, a terrible crisis ensued; yet the circulation of currency, whether of notes or coin, was probably as great as ever. The

savings of England have been estimated at 60 millions annually. This is the fund which feeds the money market; yet, is this a saving of sovereigns and notes, or of realities, commodities and capital? It is needless to heap up more proofs; we have said enough to show that the money market is not a collection of coin and bank-notes, and that no addition of notes, or of coin in the state of currency, constitutes the slightest increase of its means, or furnishes a single new resource for discount.

There are few things so marvellous as that extraordinary relic of the mercantile theory, that *auri sacra fames*, still flourishing in the City, which we all had imagined had received its death-blow from Adam Smith. Gold is still the cry of the City; gold is the object for which trade exists. We prosper when the vaults of the Bank are bursting with gold; we are crushed with oppressive interest, and walk on the brink of a precipice, when the yellow treasure is diminishing. Commerce flourishes when the balance of trade is in our favour, when exchanges are high, and every day announces fresh arrivals of the precious metal. City articles carefully chronicle the sums of gold taken to the Bank, and gloat over the golden freight of Australian vessels come or coming; or else wail lugubriously over the ingots which rapacious foreigners wrench from our grasp. Every week each anxious merchant watches for the report which Lord Overstone pronounces to be the beacon of expanding or declining commerce. A million or two added to the burying vaults makes the City radiant with joy and hope; a million or two dug up and sent out into the world sends every trader full of gloom to his home. A falling exchange is the alarm-note of the City; the very name of a drain throws the world into convulsions.

Such is the spectacle presented daily by civilised and intelligent England; such is the education which its merchants and its Stock Exchange have received from Lord Overstone and the economists. But wherefore this eager panting for one coveted object? Does each trader desire to possess more of it himself, to have a heavier bag of sovereigns in his pocket or his till? By no means; as quickly as he places his hands on the glorious treasure, he hurries it off to his banker. Is the banker eager to keep it? Quite the reverse; he is impatient to deposit it at the Bank of England. There, in the very heart of London city, deep under lock and key, in the recesses of its cellars, the traders of England long for their beloved treasure to rest; with what advantage to living mortal, with what prolific power not possessed by stone pebbles or unworked mine, no oracle has ever yet been able to tell. Alas! it has been bought by the ceaseless industry and expended capital of England; the mills of Manchester and the smithies of Birmingham have laboured,

but only that the porters of the Bank may sleep over ingots of yellow metal. The deposit of gold at the Bank is the annihilation of wealth.

And for what purpose is gold coveted? Man cannot eat it, nor drink it, nor clothe himself with it. A very little suffices for the arts, and a certain quantity is needed for coin; but when these wants are supplied, of what use is the surplus? 'We can buy everything else with it.' True; but so we may with any other valuable commodity, and why not rejoice equally over the wool and cotton, the silk and indigo, which enter at once into our factories and give employment to our workmen? Why this special affection for these unneeded ingots, which must be exported again before any good can be got from them? When the currency and a reasonable reserve are full, every ounce of gold imported into England is a surplusage seeking exportation. A drain of gold beyond what is required for these two purposes is the very thing to be desired. Our surplus gold is an article that we have to sell; a drain shows that foreigners are buying it of us, and giving us in exchange commodities which we can turn to better account. One might as well lament over the man who makes purchases in the shops with his gold. What did he get it for but to give it away in buying? We are not speaking of his property; it may be better for him not to part with it, only then he certainly will not keep it in gold. We speak of the metal, the actual sovereigns; and these, it is plain, every man procures for the sole object of draining his purse of them by spending. No one is such a fool as to carry a load without an object. A so-called adverse exchange and an adverse balance of trade are no evils. They indicate that we are obtaining the useful products of foreign countries, and that they are taking off our hands the unserviceable gold. It is possible, indeed—though, with our currency appliances, only just barely possible—that the payment in gold of our purchases abroad may for a moment create a deficiency of coin in England, may make gold scarce, just as silver is scarce occasionally; but infallibly some other country will send us immediately its spare gold, by meeting our demand for it, and fill up the vacuum. Of all wants, there is none which is so easily and so certainly supplied as gold. A slight increase of its value in England would make it pour in from every corner of the world. India and China obtain as much silver as they can pay for with their products: is England, England rich in every store of manufactured and universally-desired wealth, unable to do as much? Has Adam Smith taught in vain? and is the absurd doctrine of a favourable balance of trade, of the flowing in of a redundant and useless commodity, not yet exploded?

But how, then, is the existence of this strange delusion about gold to be explained? Partly by the old mercantile theory, of which it is a remnant; partly by ignorance of the science of currency; but most of all by the universal and natural feeling of the banking trade, especially of the Bank of England. It is a serious part of their business to undertake to provide gold on demand. Every banker in London, including the Bank of England, is bound by law to repay all his liabilities, whether of notes or deposits, in gold on demand. The business, therefore, of providing gold when wanted, falls on them; it is a duty annexed to the profit of their calling. No wonder, therefore, that they are always nervous as to having gold enough to meet all possible demands on them; no wonder that they preach that vast heaps of stored-up gold, it matters not how useless, constitute a very satisfactory state of things; no wonder that they abhor, with Lord Overstone, the practice of the Bank of France, to purchase gold at a premium when it is becoming scarce. This premium is a clear diminution of banking profits; they have engaged to supply the article, and naturally they do not like to pay an extra price for it. But it is a wonder that political economists should have chosen to identify the banking interest of the Bank of England with the interest of the whole community; that they should have persuaded themselves that there was any greater harm in dear gold than in dear corn, dear cotton, or dear sugar. No doubt it is unpleasant for those who have contracted to furnish a particular commodity to find the price of it raised against them; but what does that signify to the public? A few years ago, Napoleons had to be bought in France at threepence a-piece premium; a similar premium would fetch gold at any time in large quantities: if the Bank has to pay the charge, that is its own affair, and no one else's. That if there be a real deficiency of coin, a supply should be obtainable, is a fact of importance to every one; but the extra cost of that supply concerns the banking trade alone. Bankers profit by the prevailing ignorance of the science of currency, and protect their own pockets by diffusing a universal belief that there is a peculiar calamity in scarce gold, and that the efforts of the whole mercantile community should be directed to the accumulating such masses of gold as shall protect them from ever having to pay an extra cost for it. When Lord Overstone speaks of a difficulty on the part of the Bank to give sovereigns for notes as equivalent to suspension of cash payments, convulsion of trade, and every kind of mercantile calamity, he brings on the very mischief he professes to deprecate. It would mean nothing of the sort, but solely a scarcity of a particular commodity, which can be very easily and rapidly remedied. It cannot be too often

repeated, that pressure on the Bank never turned on the convertibility of the bank-note; the danger has always been felt in the banking department alone. The loud preaching on the necessity of protecting the convertibility of the paper-currency, which ushered in the Act of 1844, was absurd; it was a cry for medicine for a healthy man. No one ever felt uneasy about the payment of the notes; but many trembled at the peril of not obtaining discount for their bills. Great evils, at times, are inseparable from the very nature of banking; and if it was firmly known that the solvency of the note was safe, a temporary difficulty, supposing such an almost impossible phenomenon to arise, in obtaining cash for the note, need scarcely excite attention, so certain would all feel that relief was at hand. 'The Bank,' as Mr Mill truly remarks, 'would always know how to take care of itself; it would always be able to procure gold enough to meet any demands springing solely out of currency wants, out of a desire to render notes perfectly convertible.' If this is so, why this good-natured, but most needless, anxiety of the public to see the Bank well provided with gold? 'Why seek crutches for a strong man?' In truth, if the issue department were at Somerset House, the Bank of England would take its true place among other joint-stock banks; and few people would trouble themselves whether its stock of gold was high or low, or seek to connect its amount with the discount market and rate of interest.

The terror felt for drains of gold and low exchanges is almost too absurd to be seriously dealt with. They signify only that gold is being exported; and why not rejoice over its export as much as over that of Manchester bales? Gold is sent out only to bring in a more desirable commodity,—a serviceable in exchange for an unserviceable article. A cargo of cotton or wool is, as a general rule, an arrival far more deserving of welcome than one of gold; and City articles of the press would show more understanding of the matter, if, instead of enumerating the ounces which come from Australia to England—for the most part, too, only in transit to some other country—they would publish the supplies which are brought in of raw material for the great workshops of English industry. If these supplies were to fail, great indeed would be the ruin; but, if gold were scarce for a while, what would be the harm? Change might be difficult to get at railway stations; ladies might be puzzled how to pay small bills; but is this destructive? is this convulsion of trade? is it incapable of being helped out by endless expedients? Will bullion-dealers refuse to buy gold for us abroad? Will foreigners refuse to discount Rothschild's bills with gold? Will not an increased demand for English goods by foreigners, and a dimi-

nished demand for foreign ones by Englishmen, speedily bring up the currency again to the brim? Oh, but that means, people exclaim, that prices in England have fallen, and foreigners are getting our goods too cheaply. Doubtless; but that is only saying, in other words, that gold is scarce and dear, and, like tea, sugar, or anything else, takes more to obtain it. If tea or cotton is scarce and dear, China or America gets too much from us: it is an evil for us, certainly; but does any one pretend, as with gold, that it can be avoided, and, whilst pointing to its existence, imply that it could have been prevented by wise legislation? Scarce gold must be paid for at a high rate. Granted; but the question ultimately is this, Whether it would cost more to buy it at a dearer rate occasionally when scarce, or to invest large portions of capital uselessly, in keeping up expensive accumulations of it, for the sole purpose of preventing it from ever being scarce. This is the true issue; but it is one which neither City nor economists ever choose to grapple with. Indeed, dearth of gold may be a sign of a great benefit realized. If it proceeded from the sinking of gold ships, it would, no doubt, be a pure loss; but if the nation parted with its gold, for a time, to buy corn, for instance, to meet a deficiency of food, or to procure cotton to keep the Lancashire mills from stopping, can any rational man deny that the scarcity of gold has been the result of a most excellent and profitable export of it?

But, then, reply the City men, all this is very pretty theory; but we know, as a fact, that when gold is going out, and the stock at the Bank is low, high rates of discount and a tight money market are at hand. But is it always so? In the last spring, the very opposite fact occurred: gold was abundant, yet discount went up every week. Great was the wailing in the *Times*: old landmarks were swept away; the beacons indicated by the authorities had proved worthless: merchants, on the faith of the theorists, seeing gold abound, had given large orders, and were now met with heavy discount. A very puzzling state of things, indeed, for the theorists, and those who believe in them; but for no other man capable of reflecting on the phenomena. An enormous increase of trade had sprung up, but one that balanced itself. Increase of imports was counterpoised by increase of exports: there was no disturbance of the balance of trade, although there was a vast augmentation of transactions. There was a heavy demand for capital, but none for gold. It was only a repetition, on a small scale, of the grand fact, that in a few years the exports of England have been nearly doubled, with a large increase of employment, of profit, of demand for capital, and rate of interest, whilst the amount of gold in circulation has remained stationary.

But, further, we admit that an export of gold is frequently accompanied by a rise in the rate of interest; but the saddle must be placed on the right horse. The gold is not to be blamed for going out: the true cause of the mischief, of the augmented interest, is the loss of capital, which leads to the export of gold. The crisis of 1847 furnishes an excellent illustration of what occurs at such times. There had been a bad harvest. Farming capital had been expended, as usual, in growing the corn; but there was no grain to reproduce the expense incurred. The cost of tillage had been the same; but, in addition, a second expense had to be made to obtain from abroad the corn, which ought to have been supplied from the fields. The corn was paid for twice: once by the expense of the husbandry; secondly, by the capital given to foreigners for it. There were two payments, and one supply only of corn. The same happened with cotton. There was a bad crop: the price of cotton was about doubled; the same money went out, but only half the quantity of cotton came in: there were fewer bales manufactured, and we got less money from our customers. The deficiency caused by the diminution of manufactures was not made up by an equivalent rise of price; it had to be furnished in gold. In both these cases, then, the pressure on the money market existed concurrently with an export of gold; but it was caused by the loss of capital through diminished produce of agriculture. In itself, the export of gold was a blessing: it was the cheapest and most easily dispensable article that could be sent out for procuring supplies which must be had.

But, then, we are told, when gold leaves the country, 'paper securities cease to be negotiable, and the supply of gold becomes inadequate on demand.' The latter statement means merely, that the gold is becoming scarce for travelling, paying bills, and the like, that it is growing dearer. But there is no more harm in dear gold than in any other dear commodity; often much less. The former statement is wholly unfounded. There is no necessary connection between scarce gold and discredit of securities: bankers may have to sell, because it is the undertaking of their trade to provide gold; but no one else need do so. Under a deficiency of capital, there may be many forced sales of securities, without any disturbance whatever in the gold market, and *vice versa*. A scarcity of gold could be instantly relieved by an issue of one-pound notes; and this fact is a demonstration that dearness of gold does not mean difficulty of circulating paper. In truth, deficiency of gold only calls a larger quantity of other circulating machinery into play: book-credits, bills, cheques, are more largely used till the gap is stopped up.

There is still another kind of drain, which may be extremely

large, and yet wholly free from difficulty or danger,—the exportation, namely, of gold for military expenditure abroad. It might have been possible, that, at the breaking out of the Russian war, five or ten millions should have been suddenly wanted at Malta. Such an export would have been no diminution of the national wealth, supposing that there had been only a transfer of soldiers and sailors, who otherwise must have been maintained in England. Ought such a drain to have occasioned the slightest commotion in the commercial world? Ought it to have raised discount and created panic? The supposition is purely absurd, and only shows to what the circulation theory ultimately brings its advocates. But how is such a demand for export, such a drain, to be met? If the currency were purely metallic, and banks and notes unknown, the Government would obtain what it wanted from the payments of the taxes, or, if they were insufficient, by purchases from the dealers in bullion. No inconvenience would be felt, if, as is commonly the case, there was a surplus of bullion in the country: if there was not, the bullion would rise in price; but the bullionists would very quickly apply the remedy. There would then be an increase of expense; but it would merely be a charge on the military operations. There would be, we admit, some loss to other people besides to Government, if the military demand sprang up at a time when trade was requiring also an export of bullion: but what we maintain is, that the effect would be no worse than a sudden demand of tea or corn for military objects.

Where banks exist, the form of the process would be altered. The pressure would fall on the Bank of England, as the Government would then draw out its deposits in gold; and the Bank would have to cast about to procure it. There would be no difficulty, but there might be some premium to be paid by the Bank to bullion-dealers; but this is an affair of the Bank exclusively,—a deduction from their profits, inherent in the very nature of their business. The demand, however, might be so sudden and so large, that it could not be met at once: this is a possible, but most improbable event. But granting it to occur, what would be its effects? Nominally, it would be called a suspension of cash payments; and the theorists would go off at a full swing in denouncing its horrors: in reality, it would only be a simple delay, a deferring of the payment till there had been time for fetching gold from abroad. The military inconvenience might be large; for in war, a delay of a single day may make the difference between victory and defeat; but the commercial one would be insignificant. It might be a political, but not a mercantile disaster. It is the incurable error of Lord Overstone and the theorists, that they always speak of a possible deficiency

of gold to give on demand as a *reductio ad absurdum*, or equivalent to ruin : they never will choose to see that it is only a very brief scarcity of a single commodity. If the public had intelligence to understand the cause and its mode of operation, such a momentary failure of the Bank to give gold for its notes would not shake the credit of either the Bank or its notes, for its solvency would be known to be unaffected. The Bank might suffer loss by forced purchases of gold ; but we repeat, that would be its own affair. Stringent penalties might be required to compel the Bank to fulfil its undertaking by such forced purchases.

It would be a great improvement in the Bank Act of 1844, if power were given to the Government, under fitting regulations, when a heavy military export was required, to take it from the bullion of the issue department by a direct loan : the effect, so far as pressure on the gold and money market is concerned, would be identically the same as if the Government had suddenly discovered a hidden hoard of sovereigns of equal value, and applied it to the public service.

In judging the Act of 1844, a distinction must be carefully observed between its actual enactments, and the theories of currency by which its adoption was recommended. In itself, it is an extremely simple affair : an uncovered issue of 14 millions of notes, and a deposit of gold in the vaults for every pound-note issued beyond. The economy of substituting a paper for a metallic currency is carried to the extent of 14 millions, and no further. The country saves the capital which 14 millions of sovereigns would have cost : on the remainder of the circulation there is no gain, for the gold in store has been paid for by English capital. The line was drawn at 14 millions on no principle or theory : it was determined by an accident, by the circumstance that the State owed that sum to the Bank. It is plain, that such a regulation is nothing else than a guarantee that the Bank shall always be solvent as regards its notes,—that is, supposing, which we believe to be not the law, that, in the event of the Bank's insolvency, these 14 millions due by the State would be appropriated to the holders of bank-notes. The amount of the State's debt is certainly not a scientific rule for determining the proportion which the reserve of coin ought to bear to the amount of notes issued. A principle is still needed for judging whether 14 millions is a proper, natural, and scientific limit. That principle can be experience alone, and must be determined for each country separately, according to its circumstances. The rule must be empirical, because science cannot declare, *à priori*, within what limits the demand for gold, for both internal use and export, shall range in all commercial communities. A self-contained country, which supplied all its own wants, and

bought and sold little with foreigners, would be very steady in its demand for gold: the limit of the uncovered issue might rise to very nearly the whole circulation of notes. On the contrary, a nation which has dealings with all the world, and whose trade is exposed to all the contingencies of climate, winds, wars, crops, and the like, obviously is subject to immense variations in the gold it receives or exports, in settlement of the balance due either way; and, consequently, must make very fluctuating demands on the deposit of gold, either at the Bank or in the country. Actual experiment has established for England, that the limit of 14 millions is excessively and absurdly low; for no crisis since 1844—and in severity the crises which occurred since the Bank Act have been unequalled by any that preceded it—reduced the gold reserve to below about 8 millions. It is clear, therefore, that even Lord Overstone himself ought not to object to a change in the boundary line; for his principle carries him no further than that there should be gold enough to meet any possible demand. Beyond that, he cannot desire some 8 millions to be idly and unprofitably buried in the cellars of the Bank; for no additional strength is acquired thereby for the convertibility of the note. With the issue department at Somerset House, and the line drawn at 22 millions, there would have been no difference, either in the liquidation of notes or in public feeling, from what has occurred since 1844.

As regards the theories which floated Lord Overstone's proposal into law, it was vehemently maintained, first, that the Bank Charter must make special provision for placing the convertibility of the Bank note beyond the possibility of danger. But the answer to this requirement is crushing. The note of the Bank of England never was in the slightest danger; and, therefore, there was no call whatever for a special measure to defend it. There never was a time, except under the Bank Restriction Act, when the public would not as soon have notes as gold; and, as we have already said, in 1825, when the run on the Bank was sharpest, relief was obtained by the chance discovery of a million of unburnt one-pound notes. The whole of the outcry about securing the convertibility of the note was idle and factitious: it was as wise as a demand to render the earth more solid, by heaping up mounds upon it.

The second theory was the necessity of so regulating the issues of notes, as to prevent excess. We have already disposed of this doctrine: it would be just as pertinent to attempt to fix the amount of bills, cheques, or verbal orders, which shall be issued throughout the country. But there is one formula connected with the doctrine which deserves notice; for it is a very favourite one still with many economists. A paper currency, it is said,

ought to vary in quantity—that is the phrase—precisely in the same manner as if it were metallic. This is the grand secret for escaping the horrors of over-issue : notes shall be more or fewer, exactly as sovereigns in their place would have been more or fewer. This delightful discovery is nowhere more accurately propounded, than in Sir Charles Wood's despatch to the Governor-General of India, of March 26, 1860, in reference to Mr Wilson's proposals :—

‘The important condition is thus (namely, by the system adopted in 1844, of a paper issue founded on a fixed limit of Government securities, and a self-acting deposit of gold) realized, that the mixed currency of notes and coin should vary in quantity, exactly as if it were wholly of coin.’

This is the true faith of the great doctors ; and, with all respect to their ability and eminence, we nevertheless affirm that more ludicrous nonsense never fell from the lips of great men. Notes vary *in quantity* as coin ! They never did, for they never can. The supposition is ridiculous. What coin ? Gold, silver, or copper ? Will any one venture to assert that the three metals vary alike *in quantity* ? that the public will circulate, for the same amount of trade, a like quantity of either of these metals ? Let them try ; let them go with a cheque of L.100 to a banker, and see whether they can prevail on themselves to be indifferent whether they are paid in 100 sovereigns, 2000 shillings, or 24,000 pence ; whether they will not make desperate efforts to do without coin at all, if it is in copper ; or will not beg hard for some other mode of payment, if it is in silver. A child can see that, if gold did not exist, and payments must be made in silver or copper, the public would infallibly hold a prodigiously smaller quantity in value of coin than it does now of sovereigns. Equally so with gold compared with notes. If notes were suppressed, gold would not take their place in quantity : neither public nor bankers would endure incessant countings and weighings of sovereigns, porters and huge sacks to carry them away, no taking of numbers, no security against robbers or fire. A man may like to play the gentleman by always carrying a hundred pounds' worth of notes in his pocket ; but he never will bear the load of 100 sovereigns, much less of 2000 shillings. In other words, a heavy currency will never circulate in the same quantity as a light one ; it is against the nature of things.

There remains the practical question : Ought the reserve of gold, maintained to meet notes presented for payment, to be determined by a fixed line, beyond which all issues of notes must be covered by a storing of gold, or be left to the discretion of the issuers, subject, of course, to the legal liability of payment

on demand? The objection to the fixed limit would be greatly reduced if the voice of experience were listened to, and the line were drawn at about the lowest point which the circulation of notes was ever known to reach,—say 22 millions. The waste of capital caused by locking up useless gold would thus be reduced to the lowest sum which might be needed under the severest emergency. In such a case, a fixed limit may perhaps be as good an arrangement as any other; only, be it understood, it is no discovery, no grand formula for preventing over-issue, but a dry matter-of-fact calculation of what has been actually demanded, based on no theory, but on experience alone. The amount of wasted capital on this system would then be the difference between the average reserve required and the additional sum always kept in store to guard against the maximum of demand.

The opposite system, of a fluctuating reserve at the discretion of the issuers, has this advantage, that it would enable them to make a temporary use of that reserve—that is, of the sum not wanted at the time, but which might be called for when the demand for gold was at its maximum. It would empower them, for instance, to lend it to Government for exportation, or to employ it in the discount market, when there was a severe pressure for capital, but no special demand for gold, or to advance it to merchants compelled to pay in gold for unusual but much-needed importations of corn. The gold would be sure to return speedily; and no risk or alarm need attend the operations. But, on the other hand, this system is open to the objection that it mixes up currency with banking; and, in the event of the issuing bankers becoming insolvent, would place the holders of notes in the same position as the other creditors, and would repay them with only a fractional dividend of the value of their notes. This is a loss from which the public has a right to be protected. Those who open accounts at the Bank perform voluntary acts; they deliberately choose their bankers; but the accepting of bank-notes as currency partakes much more of an involuntary character. In truth, the perfect solvency of the note is a primary principle of a paper currency. The history of the Bank of England shows that, in the case of that institution, the danger of non-payment in full is practically null; but it might be far otherwise with less prudent bankers; and we cannot deny that the rule which enacts that there shall be an absolute certainty that there shall always be gold enough to meet every possible demand for cashing the notes, is more conformable to the spirit of monetary science.

ART. III.—*The Christian Element in Plato and the Platonic Philosophy.* By Dr C. ACKERMANN, Archdeacon at Jena. Translated from the German by SAMUEL RALPH ASBURY, B.A. Edinburgh: T. and Clark. 1861.

IN the First Book of Discipline of the Scottish Church, under the head 'Universities,' it is directed that 'the reader of the Greek shall interpret some book of Plato, together with some place of the New Testament,'—a very notable and significant direction in many ways. From this, Mr Buckle, and other shallow-clever calumniators of Scottish theology, might at least see, that if the learned divines of the sixteenth century were not always engaged in studies so sublime as those of which Plato is the great hierophant, it was not from any deliberate purpose to neglect or misprize the wisdom of the ancients, or any other true wisdom, but rather from the misfortune of the times. The conjunction of the study of Plato with that of the New Testament, was not the only grand project of the intelligent fathers of our Church, which the selfishness of false friends, and the persecution of powerful enemies, turned into a 'devout imagination.' It was intended by Knox, as we plainly see from this direction, that the study of Greek literature, and specially of the Platonic philosophy, should go hand in hand with the exposition of the New Testament in academical prelections. But this philosophic and pious purpose has either been wholly frustrated, or fulfilled in the most pitiful and paltry fashion in the letter, and not in the spirit. Certainly we do not find, at the present moment, much trace of a familiarity with the writings of Plato in the sermons or other published works of our Scottish theologians. As little show does the great idealist make in the writings of Reid and Stewart, or even of Sir William Hamilton. No doubt Hamilton knew Plato (that either Reid or Stewart did, we doubt much), and has done full justice to some of his views—as, for instance, in his discussion of the philosophy of the pleasurable, where he adopts the subtle analysis of the Philebus; but his whole cast of mind was rather Aristotelian than Platonic. On the whole, we may safely say that the interpretation of some book of Plato, so piously desired by Knox as part of our academical arrangements, has produced hitherto very scanty fruits in this part of the island. An ignorant and insolent Southern—and Englishmen are sometimes apt to be ignorant and insolent in Scottish matters—might even say, that the Scottish brain is of a structure and a texture altogether incapable of Plato: it is too square, too rough, too real, too practical, too utilitarian, too much like a dish of solid, substantial, very nutri-

tive pottage, but to which, instead of rich, mantling cream, has been added a sauce of sour Calvinistic beer. Such, at least, we conceive, is pretty much the idea of the Scottish brain entertained by not a few smart sophists of the southern division of Great Britain, who are continually favouring the public with the results of their lucubrations on the genius and character of those who inhabit the northern section. And we will be honest enough to admit that there is a certain class of Scotsmen to whom the sour simile might be applicable; but they no more represent the general character and capacities of the people, than the race of feeble, simpering ecclesiastical martinets to be found in the purlieus of some cathedral town represents the veritable John Bull. As to Calvinism, which is a common butt for every frivolous wit, every vain worldling, every hard-faced economist, and every fastidious prig,—this much-abused Calvinism, whatever harm it may do to weak wits and delicate sensibilities, certainly never has stood, and never can stand, between the Scottish mind and the lofty philosophy of Plato. There is, on the contrary, a certain high kinship and brotherhood between the Genevan interpreter of divine decrees and the Athenian expounder of divine ideas, which fully justifies the significant conjunction in which Scottish theology and Platonic philosophy are placed in the direction of the Book of Discipline. The vulgar ideas entertained about Plato, that he is a ‘transcendental dreamer,’ and so forth, will not certainly go far to establish this kinship; for, though Calvin might be ‘transcendental’ enough—as, indeed, all questions about divine decrees necessarily must be—he certainly was nothing of a ‘dreamer.’ But, in fact, to those who will take the trouble to read him, Plato is not one whit more a dreamer than Calvin. His magnificent intellect is in no wise to be compared to a grand pile of sunlit clouds, or a rich garden of the imagination, bright with all dazzling hues, fragrant with all sweet odours, fanned by all celestial breezes, and interflowed by the deep full music of all lucid streams: his coloured clouds are the beautiful background of the stately edifice of his thought; his flowers the festoons hung upon its walls. He is at bottom a granite palace, as solid as Aristotle, as severe as Calvin, as imperturbable as Goethe. What the world often talks about as Platonism, is merely a few rampant flosculosities on the massive columns of his argument, which have no more to do with the strength and sustaining power of it than the gold which gilds the horns of the sacrificial ox has to do with the ox itself—something that contributes mightily, no doubt, to the pomp of the exhibition, but not at all to the seriousness of the business. Stripped of such fantastic decorations, Platonism is, in fact, a sort of well-compacted Calvinism of reason, while Calvinism might

with equal truth be designated a Platonism of the will. Divine reason and divine decrees differ only as thought differs from purpose. They are equally necessary and eternal, immutable, stern, inflexible, inexorable. Hence the lofty position and the high attitude which both Plato and Calvin assume with regard to the world and its ways, with regard to the multitude, and the opinions of the multitude. They are both extremely one-sided in their ideas, and terribly despotic in their way of avowing them; and rightly so, because the highest truths in morals and theology, like the axioms of mathematics, admit of no compromise, and can tolerate no contradiction. Though Phaeton, the giddy boy, might not be trusted to rein the coursers of the sun, yet Pallas Athena, the only begotten daughter of the Supreme Wisdom, might, in virtue of the brain from which she sprung,

‘Alone of all who tread the Olympian halls,
Borrow Jove’s thunder.’

It is the faculty of all great minds to be despotic.

The connection between Plato and the New Testament, so distinctly indicated by Knox, has been felt and recognised by all great thinkers and theologians from the earliest ages of the Church. The first chapter of Mr Ackermann’s excellent work is devoted exclusively to this point; and contains a host of testimonies, the upshot of which is, that at no age of the Christian Church has the influence of Plato been altogether unfelt, while in all the most stirring ages we always find him in the foreground, either wisely allied as a brother champion, or blindly assailed as a dangerous friend. The Church of the first three centuries was characteristically a Greek Church; and in so far as being Greek implied participation, not merely in the use of the Greek language, but a participation in Greek culture, the early Christian Church was a Platonic Church, and not an Aristotelian Church. The dominant position afterwards assumed by Aristotle in reference to Christian culture through the whole mediæval period, has always appeared to us something quite out of keeping with the decidedly Christian character of that age. But the mediæval period, with all its religious zeal and churchly pomp, was not an age in which Christian thought was deeply moved: the revival of letters in Italy, and the Reformation, stirred the long stagnant waters; and with them we find Plato again planted in the van of speculation, and leading on the finest minds in Florence first, and afterwards in Cambridge. It appears, however, that in quiet times, not given to tempt the highest problems, the sober genius of Aristotle always resumed its sway. And with good reason; for though Plato’s ideas might be more lofty, Aristotle’s facts were

more useful. Everybody, to a certain extent, could use Aristotle : only thinkers of a certain elevated tone used, or could use, Plato. Besides, may we not say that, as the highest ideal longings of men were already satisfied by Christianity, they had the less need to go to Plato for the attainment of that satisfaction ? This feeling would certainly operate to a considerable extent in common times. But now, in the middle of this nineteenth century, we find ourselves again in the ferment of a period similar to that in which Petrarch longed for a Greek Homer, and the Grand Dukes of Florence died with sentences from Plato in their mouths. The old foundations of thought are being shaken all beneath us, and must be laid anew. In such a state of things, Plato, like a great engineer, where tunnels are to be made, was sure to be called for, and has already appeared. Professor Jowett fights from behind this Ajax shield in Oxford ; Professor Thomson and Dr Whewell in Cambridge ; the late Archer Butler in Ireland, and Dr M'Cosh in Belfast.¹ Even in Edinburgh, so long the headquarters—amid much, no doubt, that was good—of cold economy, barren logic, and twinkling sophistry, indubitable signs of some sincere recognition of Plato have appeared. In a thinking age, like the present, no man, certainly no University, and no Church, can creep into its shell, and sit ignoring the storms that are sweeping and surging about it on all sides. If we do not march out manfully, we shall be pulled out ignominiously, into the midst of the struggle ; and, being in the midst of it, we cannot do without a leader : we must either hand ourselves over bodily to J. R. McCulloch, August Comte, and Charles Darwin, or trim our wings for the old ideal flight under the eagle-captainship of Plato. There is no neutrality possible in such matters. Let us eye the alternative coolly, and make the choice with a wise deliberation : Mind or matter ; central plastic force, or circumferential accident ; wise choice, or blind law ; Plato, or Mr Buckle.

In endeavouring to present to the reader a succinct sketch of the philosophy of the great Athenian Idealist, in its points of identity or aspects of affinity to the Christian doctrine, we shall arrange our materials under the three following heads :—

1. The Divine Nature ; or the supreme causative and regulative principle.
2. The Nature of Man ; the origin, character, and value of human ideas, passions, purposes, and actions.
3. The Philosophy of Human Life ; the scheme of Providence ; future life.

¹ In his last book, on 'The Intuitions of Mind,' Dr M'Cosh has shown that, if he be not altogether a Platonist, he is at least quite willing to come more than half-way to meet all reasonable Platonists.

With regard to the Divine Nature, as the great simple principles of natural theology were first distinctly stated by Socrates in his argument with Aristodemus, the dapper little Athenian atheist, so there is no idea more essentially and pervadingly Platonic than the idea of God. The philosopher does not, indeed, give himself much trouble to lay a broad foundation of systematic theism for his intellectual system. He rather acts, like the Bible, by supposing everywhere, and asserting, as the fundamental fact of all facts, the existence of one great self-dependent Intellect and self-impulsive energy. 'In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth'—that was just as plain to Plato as it was to Moses; and in the magnificent architecture of the universe, which he constructs in the *Timæus*, he did not write upon the threshold, as Wolf did upon the title-page of the *Iliad*, 'The house of nobody:' but he thought rather with St Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews, 'Every house is builded by some man; and He that built all things is God.' We shall not attempt to enumerate here the hundred and one famous passages in the writings of Plato, where the lofty theism of the philosopher and his fine reverential piety equally shine forth. They will be found in Cudworth, Archer Butler's Lectures, and many well-known sources. On this point we think Ackermann has not overstated the truth, when he says, that 'Plato's God was to Plato greater than his philosophy;' and that 'science, in the true sense of the word, was to him inconceivable without the idea of God.' We may add, that neither is it to us conceivable. It has been the fashion, and the unhappy tendency of modern times, to separate the language of scientific research from that of theological faith, with a painful anxiety and with an unworthy fear; but as to Plato theology and philosophy were one, so to a consistent Christian thinker, as everything knowable originally came from the eternal self-existent intellect, so all true knowledge can only be a moving back to Him in whom all the various departments of human science find their central starting-point, viz., God. And thus, when the various branches of inductive research are all leading us from the diversified periphery of superficial phenomena, by one process of simplification after another, always nearer and nearer to the great central Force of which all forces are mere variations, we ought to recognise with Plato, that this force means, and can only mean, GOD; that physics is only the outer face of theology; that laws of nature are only methods of Divine operation; and that the constant changes produced by attractions of gravitation, chemical affinities, and so forth, are only the results of the sleepless energy of the Divine Being, directed by His all-embracing intelligence. If any person, living in these Christian times, does not believe this, one of two

things seems quite plain : either he is not a Christian, or he is not a thinker. And if Christian men of science and philosophers, discoursing of natural laws and forces, do not feel that these are divine, and do not call them divine, we can only express sorrow for this hollow godlessness of human speech, and wonder how men with microscopes and telescopes, and electric telegraphs, in this nineteenth century after Christ, should be so much more short-sighted in certain important matters than old Heathen Plato was without them. Those among us who do not recognise God in nature, and thus fall short of the wisdom of Plato, may be of three classes : either atheists, or men who never think at all, or mere half-thinkers, who have a morbid dread of what they call 'Pantheism.' With the first class we have nothing to do on the present occasion : on any occasion, indeed, the class of men who believe in the cook who prepared their dinner, but not in the God who prepared their stomachs, are an ungenial class, if possible, to be avoided. With the second class also we have nothing to do ; they are not likely to read this paper, nor, if they do read it, can it possibly do them good. To the third class only we shall say a single word. Plato was not a pantheist ; much less is it pantheism to believe that God is everywhere working and weaving in what we call the laws of nature, by means of what we call physical forces. Why, we ask, should the Supreme Being be considered as universally present, if not as the universal Agent ? But, furthermore, Plato would say—and Christian philosophy must say the same thing—that all force is, by its very nature, spiritual, not material ; and that all well-calculated, nicely-regulated force, such as we constantly find in nature, is intelligent and divine. This is what St Paul means, when he says, 'in whom we live, and move, and have our being.' This is like a phrase picked out from the *Timæus* ; and we may depend upon it, the apostle, who was well read in heathen theology, would never have used it, had he been governed by the same morbid fear of a so-called pantheism, which has led some overzealous moderns to find pantheism in Plato. No doubt, as Mr Ackermann well remarks, the great Attic idealist did not keep his theological doctrine always quite free from an admixture of the physical. Unquestionably, in the *Timæus*, he calls the stars gods, '*volubiles Deos*,' as the Epicurean says in Cicero ; but the *Timæus*, as a great cosmological construction of nature, is merely a sort of tentative, semi-conjectural appendage to Plato's philosophy, which was essentially political and moral. Besides, in Plato's language, to call the stars gods, is nothing more pantheistic than if he used our language and called the angels gods. Our mechanical conception of these things has, indeed, removed us very far from the habit of thinking of a round rolling fiery god, such

as the stars, without a smile. But divorced from our associations, there is nothing absurd, or irreverent, or pantheistic in the idea. Accidental pantheistic-looking phrases and fancies may occur in Plato, as perhaps in every philosopher who has lived all his life in a polytheistic atmosphere; but genuine pantheism, which has its grand pivot in the habitual identification of the 'one and the many,' and the absorption of all individualism;—of this there is no trace in Plato. They who wish to study this phase of theological speculation will search for it in vain, whether in the political gravity of the *Republic*, in the subtle analysis of the *Philebus*, or the flashing imagery of the *Phædrus*. They will find it in the *Bhagavet Geeta*, and in the *Puranas*.

But we must clear Plato's theology of another charge also; otherwise it will be very far, indeed, from deserving to take its place alongside of the sound doctrine laid down in that much calumniated Calvinistic compend called the Shorter Catechism. All persons who have been regularly indoctrinated in the theology of that compact little book, believe that God is a person; that a so-called 'impersonal God' is no God at all; is, in fact, a something or a nothing, as inconceivable as a circle without a centre, or a thought without a thinker. But the Germans, whose strange destiny it has been, in these latter days, to believe everything that no other body can believe, and disbelieve everything that every other body must believe, and to frighten the rest of the world into sense and propriety, by exhibiting every possible variety of full-length portraits of nonsense and extravagance;—the Germans, some of whom are very wise, but of whom many, with pious dusty endeavour, have well-merited that it should be said of them truly, as one said falsely of St Paul, that too much learning has made them mad; these 'intellectual moles,' as Madame de Stael called them, and operose weavers of invisible yarns, tell us with a grave face, that, 'whether Plato looked on the great First Cause as a personal Being, is a question to which it is hardly possible to give a distinct answer.'¹ On the contrary, the present writer, having been a close student of Plato for many years, is of opinion that this is a question which it is hardly possible for any person but an unreal, dreaming German, living unhealthily amid grey bloodless abstractions, to have raised. What is a person? A person is that mysterious conscious principle of unity, which, seated at the centre of any reasonable force, makes that force available for effecting reasonable ends. Now, of this mysterious, conscious, all-conceiving, all-originating, and all-unifying principle, Plato is constantly speaking under the names of *imperial mind*, *the cause inherent in Jove*, *the architect of the universe*, and so forth;

¹ ZELLER: Philosophie der Griechen. Tübingen, 1846. II. 311.

and yet we are to be told that he did not believe in its person-ality! If he did not, neither did Moses. Certainly he did not understand by his βασιλικὸς νοῦς, merely the 'absolute' of the Germans, which, to his real practical intellect, would have appeared nothing but an absolute grey vacuity, an absolute unmeaning gape. In reference to this point, not a little talk has been made, as to what Plato properly meant by the τὸ ἀγαθόν, or the IDEA OF THE GOOD, which, in the sixth book of the *Republic*, he sets up as the ultimate principle of all philosophy. Those who are haunted by a superstitious horror of a personal God, will naturally feel inclined to seize upon this τὸ ἀγαθόν as a convenient handle by which to father upon Plato the whole unfathered host of logical abstractions which float about in the grey limbo of Hegel's Berlin philosophy. But Plato's theology has too much blood in it to be sucked into mummy by a process of this kind. In the very passage where he calls the ἀγαθόν the highest principle, he assigns to it, in the intelligible world, the same position that the sun holds in the world of sense, with the remark that, as the sun is not merely a luminous and illuminating, but a plastic and creative power, as that from which all growth proceeds, so the like generative and plastic force must be assigned to the τὸ ἀγαθόν. The ἀγαθόν is therefore, in this famous passage, manifestly not a mere abstract idea, but a living power, an intellectual force, and an energizing intellect,—that is to say, in popular language, a person. Of 'impersonal intellect,' indeed, people may talk, but they don't know what it means.¹ The Bible is wise in teaching theology by familiar analogies, not by transcendental distinctions. Definitions of the infinite by the finite, as they are apt to begin with presumption, so they are pretty sure to end in absurdity.

Before leaving this part of our subject, we may as well state distinctly that the Platonic Trinity, which is sometimes talked of in theological books as if it had something to do with the Christian doctrine of three persons in the Godhead, is, notwithstanding the authority of Cudworth (in whose intellectual system it figures largely), a mere phantom of erudite imagination. No plain man, taking his notions of Plato's doctrine only from Plato, could ever stumble on such a notion. But men, unfortunately,

¹ With this view of the τὸ ἀγαθόν, we are happy to find that an able writer in the *National Review*, for April 1861, substantially agrees. He says, 'On the whole, neglecting the refinements of this or that particular passage, we are of opinion that, with Plato, MIND, CAUSE, GOD, and the IDEA OF THE GOOD, are interchangeable terms.' The real reason why the Supreme Cause appears in this passage as an *Idea*, and not as a *Person*, is because the philosopher is here talking of the μίγνυσα μαθήματα, or most important sciences, which must indoc-trinate the philosophic mind. The highest μάθημα, of course, is God; but the form of expression most natural to the context is the idea of the Good, or perfect scheme of the universe, necessarily inherent in the Divine mind.

have often taken their notions of Plato—just as they do of Christianity—at some three or four, or a dozen, removes from the original source; and it has happened to not a few in both cases, that, even when examining the original document, they have seen, by a sort of pious delusion—like the wanderers in Ariosto's enchanted castle—rather what they wished to see than what was actually to be seen.

*'A tutti par l'incantator mirando
Mirar quel che per se brama ciascuno.'*

Hence have proceeded all sorts of mist-begotten refractions, distortions, and delusions fair and foul, of which the philosopher of the Academy is as innocent as St Paul is of Popery, or St John of the Inquisition. Students of theology who wish to be well instructed on this subject—for, though fundamentally erroneous, it has interesting bearings—will do well to consult the valuable treatise of the Rev. Dr Morgan, published near the end of the last century, and lately reprinted.¹

With regard to the second grand point of philosophical doctrine, the constitution of human nature, there can be no doubt that the teaching of Plato agrees substantially with that of Moses and of the New Testament. The doctrine of Moses is contained in the famous text (Gen. i. 26), 'And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness;' an image which the Christian doctrine of the fall in no wise calls upon the Christian thinker to consider as altogether obliterated and annulled, but as obscured, overlaid, enfeebled, and distorted. To this corresponds the doctrine of Plato. The two sides of the human soul—the divine and the animal, the spirit and the flesh—are constantly before his mind; and, from the lofty elevation of a will in harmony with the will of God, he looks down with as benign a sadness as a Christian apostle on 'a world which lieth in wickedness.' He is no idolater of existing human nature; his faith in humanity in one sense is almost too weak; he saw too much of corrupting influences everywhere around him in the clever but unprincipled capital of Greece, to indulge any very fervid hope that his ideal republic would speedily be realized in Greece, or in any remote land of the barbarians. But he held, nevertheless, in the strongest possible way, that there is a divine spark in man, which, by proper appliances, may be blown up into a fine and fervid flame, and which, by its brilliant action, will prove before men and angels its essential affinity with the empyreal stuff of which the stars are made, and the vital virtue which resides in that great physical

¹ An Investigation of the Trinity of Plato and of Philo Judeus; by Caesar Morgan, D.D. Cambridge, 1853.

generator, the sun. Hereby he is at once closely allied to Christianity, and separated by a wide gulf from all those negative philosophies—of which we have had too many in these times—which seem to take a despairful pleasure in raising up an impassable barrier between the creature and the Creator, and making God—if He exist at all—the most remote idea from the familiar conception of the creature, and the most useless. Plato is not, indeed, a rash dogmatizer on the Divine nature; he always speaks on that subject with the utmost modesty and reverence: but to one point he sticks firm; the soul which rules and regulates the little world of each individual man may as certainly recognise its affinity with the soul that informs and animates the universe, as any little trembling sun on the shining expanse of mighty waters might, if it had consciousness, recognise its birth from the one great orb, the eye of day, without which all forms and all colours are impossible. Plato had no more doubt of the intimate and essential kinship of the human soul and the Divine, than a physical philosopher of the present day has of the chemical identity of a drop of water sliding down the slaty sides of Skiddaw, with the rolling currents of the Atlantic. He could not know the Christian method of restoring the Divine image in its fullness and glory, but he felt deeply that man's soul was the proper seat of that image, and that the connection might be, and should be, restored. In a certain sense, he could appeal to men,—‘Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.’ And it is not merely in reference to morals and piety, as we receive it, but in reference to the whole length and breadth of human capability and aspiration, that Plato takes his stand upon the pregnant proposition, that ‘God created man in His own image,’ and that the brightening up of that image, which now from various causes suffers obscuration, is the only proper and reasonable business of human nature, in its triple function, as cognitive, emotional, and practical. As an animal capable of knowledge, and indeed specially called to rejoice in all sorts of knowledge, man has to propose, as the grand business of his life, to rise from confused sensations to clear perceptions, from clear perceptions to probable opinions, from probable opinions to the certainty of absolute science; and this science is certain, because all true ideas or types of things—as distinguished from mere opinions about things—are necessary and eternal, proceeding from the Infinite Mind originally by a great descending process of creative construction, and recognised by each finite mind afterwards by a small ascending process of separation and combination. Knowledge of a

God-created world, is possible to man only because the soul of man is essentially godlike; hence all true ideas are, and must be, innate. We know only in so far as we carry in our bosoms an intellectual form, which, being kindred, naturally adapts itself to the intellectual form in which the external world is constructed. The controversy about 'innate ideas,' raised by the loose conceptions and vague phraseology of Locke, being in great part a mere battle of words, has now happily blown over; but what Plato meant by it is plain: and it is the germ out of which all his human philosophy grows. I drop the seed of a lily or a rose into good soil: the soil is necessary for its growth; so are all the gentle influences of solar heat, of genial breezes, and of atmospheric moisture; but the thing which makes it grow up into a lily or a rose, as the case may be, and into no other variety of flowery vegetation whatsoever, is no external arrangement, no accidental combination of extrinsic forces, but simply and essentially the God-implanted type of the plant—the divine idea of the plant. Now, the same divine type which, residing in a plant, makes it a lily and not a rose, and not the contrary, residing in a human being, makes one man a great musician, another man a great poet of a certain order—a Boiardo or a Dante,—a third man a great preacher—a Wesley or a Chalmers,—and so on; and, residing in human nature generally, makes all normally constituted men capable of true thought to a certain extent, capable of true action, on a more or less lofty platform which knowledge, and which action, in so far as they are true, and the legitimate fruit of divinely implanted capacities, or 'innate ideas,' are essentially divine. We do not know whether any thinking person at the present day will feel inclined to deny this doctrine of innate ideas: perhaps Mr Darwin may, and Mr Buckle; because these men, by a portentous inversion of the natural poles of thought, don't seem to believe in any internal plastic cause at all, but only in external modifying circumstances usurping the functions of the 'Divine idea.' But one thing is certain: whosoever believes with Darwin and Mr Buckle, is as far removed from Christianity as he is from Platonism. If all Christians, indeed, are not Platonists in this matter, it is because all Christians do not possess, and many do not care to possess, a philosophy in fine harmony and consistency with the faith which they profess. We have had very accomplished and very pious Christians in Edinburgh, for instance, who believed that Francis Jeffrey spoke oracles, when he told them that the fine effect of a Greek temple depended in no degree on the innate idea of symmetry and proportion implanted by God in the mind of the architect who raised the pile, but on some accidental bundle of associations carried about in his bosom by the smug little gen-

tleman who admired it. And yet, probed to the bottom, there is nothing more certain than that this æsthetic theory of association was only one branch of that practical atheism which the denial of innate ideas, in Plato's sense, necessarily brings into philosophy. If there are no innate ideas, there is no possible way of bridging over the immense gulf which lies between us, finite mortals, and the infinite Something, or Nothing, or All Things, which lies beyond our circumscribed province. If we will not take God to be the father of our ideas, we can have nothing better than ourselves; and though such fatherhood does, in the meantime, flatter our vanity, it may, in the day of trial, turn out to be a very sorry parentage, of which we shall have good reason to be ashamed. We shall escape from the strong grasp of divine laws only to become a prey to capricious human fancies, and a sport to all sorts of human delusions. If we will not feed quietly on the deep, old divine truths on which the wise men of all ages have fed, we shall be condemned to amuse our morbid appetite with meretricious novelties, which may stimulate us pleasantly for a season, but will soon leave us jaded, without health, and without nourishment. There is but one true philosophy of all knowledge—the philosophy of divinely-implemented ideas. It lies at the bottom of all high art, all true poetry, and all sound theology. To unspeculative natures, it is revealed principally in the practical form of conscience, as a test of the inherent divinity of certain emotions and actions. To those who have time and talent for philosophizing, the great expounder of its principles has ever been Plato.

As of our ideas generally, so the divine origin and authority of our emotions, passions, and instincts, is peculiarly characteristic of Platonism. Few philosophers have dared so decidedly to introduce into a system essentially intellectual, a certain co-ordinate action of the purely emotional; insomuch that, of the three kinds of love that are recognised amongst men, — animal or sensuous love, intellectual love, and Christian love,—the second generally goes under his name, even to the present hour. Of the first, the object is mere bodily beauty and physical bloom; the second may be defined a rapturous admiration of moral and intellectual excellence; while the third seems to be rather a highly potentiated feeling of human brotherhood, whereby the strong is generously constrained to help the weak, the wise to instruct the ignorant, and the happy to impart his happiness to the miserable. The necessary and evident product of Christian love is seen in the apostolic and missionary spirit,—a spirit which distinguishes it characteristically from love Platonic, and which has led to results in the moral world of which Plato could never have dreamt. The infinite pity and tender-

ness of an apostolic Christian soul is a thing unknown to Plato. With all its superiority to the merely animal love, of which such unblushing profession was made in Athenian society, the Platonic passion has still this in common with it, that its direct object is beauty—beauty, no doubt, in its essential character, intellectual, moral, and divine, but manifested to the mortal eye in a well-compacted frame, in well-chiselled features, and in a countenance radiant with all attractiveness. But Christian love seeks not the beauty of other men, but their benefit. It goes forth like the light of the sun, with a certain divine ray of productivity, giving every virtue to everything, and receiving nothing in return but the reflected fruits of its own benignity. This is truly a godlike function. In this Christian love we behold—what, perhaps, even Mr Buckle might be induced to admire—the very cream of the moral nature of man—luxuriant, redundant, overflowing, fertilizing and fructifying, transforming and new-creating, after a fashion to which the whole history of human society presents no parallel. But Platonic love, though achieving no wonders of this kind, is a most excellent thing, and has its distinct representation in the loveliest phases of Christian emotion. Christian joy would be a sad thing indeed, if it consisted *only and finally* in binding the wounds of the bleeding, and pouring balm on the bitterness of the broken-hearted. Even the sainted women who shed the mild lustre of divine love into the darkest dens of London and Parisian iniquity, would not have strength to go through their godlike task, if they had nothing to look on from morn to night but those scenes of moral rottenness, and loathsomeness, and sheer putrescence. Those who are to fight most successfully with devils can only do so by keeping company more assiduously with the gods. The moral nature of man requires nourishment from the rapturous contemplation of moral excellence, just as much as the æsthetical nature does from the habitual feeding of the eye on beautiful forms and colours :—

‘*Costumi santi*

Bellezza eterna ed infinita grazia

Che il cor nutrice e pasce e mai non sazia.’

This blissful vision of moral perfection is beautifully described by St John, in the well-known verses, Epist. I. iii. 1 ; and it is here that we find the exact point of contact between Platonic love and that phase of Christian emotional life which has been generally termed Mysticism. Cold, clear, square, so-called ‘practical men,’ with a hammer always in one hand and a nail in the other, ready to nail two boards together, cannot comprehend this ; but the thing nevertheless exists, and must be respected. A mill-stream, running with regular quietude in its well-defined bed, for the purpose of grinding the corn of the parish, is one

thing; a cloud, floating in the lucid blue, with a thousand and one varieties of shifting form and hue, is another thing: but they are both beautiful things, and very useful things, each in its own way, and must be received into the heart with that fine faculty of loving appreciation in which true philosophy consists.

It is somewhat curious that this element of emotional rapture, which connects Platonic with Christian devout ecstasy, is, after all, only a very small part of the Platonic philosophy, and not at all prominent in his system. The poetic beauty and attractiveness of the two dialogues, the *Banquet* and the *Phædrus*, in which the erotic philosophy is expounded, have, no doubt, served principally to circulate those ideas about 'Platonic love,' which are found floating about more or less in the atmosphere of all modern languages. But these essays, however beautiful, cannot be looked upon, in any sense, as the most serious expositions of Platonic philosophy. How essentially Platonism is based not on emotions of any kind, but on stern scientific notions, any one may convince himself by studying that wonderful work, the *Republic*;¹ and especially the cardinal sixth and seventh books, in which the proper training of a practical philosopher or finished statesman is set forth. Here, while the direct practical bearing of the whole discussion is obvious enough, the preparation for the practical result is altogether and purely intellectual. In these books, if anywhere in the classical writings, we understand how deeply St Paul saw into the matter when he wrote, '*The Greeks seek after WISDOM.*' It is wisdom, *φρόνησις*, and wisdom alone, by which Plato hopes to save human society from the corruption into which it seems to have a tendency to fall; to *φρόνησις*, and *φρόνησις* alone, he would apply the Gospel text, 'The light of the body is the eye: if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light,' etc.; whereas, from the whole tone and context of the Sermon on the Mount, it would rather appear that our Lord applied this saying to singleness of purpose and purity of motive. No doubt Christianity may be presented also, and often has been presented, under the aspect of wisdom; just as Platonism may be presented, and popularly has been presented, under the aspect of love. But the difference exists nevertheless, and is most characteristic. Christianity addresses itself at once, and with a direct imperative vehemence, to the moral and passionate nature of man. 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!' 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' 'Woe unto you, scribes, Phari-

¹ The English reader will take care to procure the excellent translation of this work, published by Macmillan of Cambridge, which has now reached a second edition. The translation by Davies, in Bohn's Collection, is detestable.

sees, hypocrites !' In this direct moral appeal, indeed, the grand power of Christian preaching lies at the present day. No logic, no dialectic, no breadth of comprehensive induction. With Plato it is quite otherwise. He preaches the necessity of conversion, indeed, as much as any apostle ; for he tells you in plain words, that you are like persons chained in a dark cave, with their backs to the entrance, and looking upon the shadows projected upon the back wall of your prison, from bodies walking in the light without, as the only real existences: unless in this case your bonds be loosed, and your stiffened joints made to turn round, and your purblind vision, accustomed to deal with darkness, be brought to look on the light, there is no hope for you.¹ You may be a clever talker, a brilliant wit, a trenchant critic, a powerful demagogue ; but till you are converted to seek for wisdom, as the one thing needful, you are still 'in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity,'—with all your sounding pretensions, only a blind leader of the blind, a captain of puppets, a hero in a battle of shadows. All this sounds very evangelical, and so, unquestionably, in the upshot, it is intended; for moral regeneration is the great object of all Plato's philosophy ; but in the meantime it sounds passing strange to us, that, in order to achieve this moral excellence, the first thing to be done is to study arithmetic, then solid geometry, and then scientific music ; last of all, as the great crowning process by which the knowledge of the *τὸ ἀγαθόν* is to be reached, the dialectic process, *ἡ διαλεκτική*. Strange, we say, at first blush ; but the explanation is at hand. The man who held that virtue was practical reason, and whose peculiar and national instrument of spiritual action was reason, could hardly act otherwise. It was not in Greece, where the intellects of cultivated men were as clear, and as firm, and as stable as the piles of pillared beauty where they worshipped, that the moral teaching of any thoughtful man, not claiming any special divine mission, could proceed on any other than a strictly logical and scientific basis. The first thing, therefore, to be done, according to this Greek method, was to cultivate the habit of abstracting from the particular case, and dealing with general rules and universal principles. Arithmetic and geometry presented the most obvious means of breaking ground in this direction. Morality, or practical wisdom, was merely the application of the most general principles of social order and harmony to the life of some particular individual, or the government of some distinct society. These general principles of moral order could be reached by the dialectic exercise of the mind on the great facts of

¹ The beautiful and eloquent passage about the cave occurs in the opening chapter of the seventh book of the *Republic*.

moral existence, only in the same way that the great deductions of mathematics are reached by a careful consideration of the necessary consequences of certain given limitations of space. Therefore the study of mathematics is the best preparation for virtue, if virtue is to be founded on science; and if it is not founded on science, a proper Greek will have nothing to do with it.

So far we have proceeded in endeavouring to sketch the Platonic doctrine of the individual reason and its connection with the supreme reason. But when we touch on the third point, and inquire into the significance and destiny of human life—the explanation of the present state of human society, from past inheritance and future prospect—in this region, where the human intellect has always felt itself most in want of a supernatural interpreter, we find that Plato walks with much more uncertain tread. At the same time, it is true that here also he exhibits an affinity with Christian tendencies and aspirations, sufficient to mark him out as generically distinct from Aristotle, the Epicureans, the Stoics, and the other most famous sects of Greek philosophy. On the subject of a previous state of existence, as on our prospects of a future state, a grave, severe, analytic, and thoroughly scientific mind like Aristotle's had naturally little or nothing to say. But Plato, notwithstanding the polemical position which, in the *Republic*, he assumes to the whole bardic fraternity, being a born poet, and a poet of a high order, as the *Banquet* alone sufficiently testifies, could not confine the sweep of his grand imagination within the limited bounds of what was exactly knowable; he indulges also in grand theories and constructions both of the moral and physical world, which, from their curious composition and luxuriant garniture, have generally attracted more notice than the solid kernel of his speculations. But we must not allow ourselves to be deceived in regard to this matter. Beyond the single point of the immortality of the individual soul, which is distinctly and seriously asserted,¹ and supported by various subtle arguments, we must not suppose that the splendid descriptions of a previous and a future state, which are given in the *Phædrus* and the last books of the *Republic*, are anything more than magnificent draperies, hung over those parts of the building where the prospect was black, and where Dialectic would toil in vain to open out effective windows. It is notable that Plato is always most fertile in myth, and most luxuriant in imagery, where his scientific footing is least secure. Nevertheless, his confident assertion of that one point, the immortality of the individual soul (for there is not a shadow of the Brahminic doctrine of absorption in his books), serves sufficiently to mark him out,

¹ See particularly the last book of the *Republic*.

among all the Greeks, as a 'schoolmaster who should bring the Gentiles to Christ, even as Moses did the Jews.'¹ That it 'brought life and immortality to light,' was evidently, in St Paul's eyes, the great glory of the Gospel; and those who are best acquainted with the history of heathen sentiment on this point, will be the first to admit that the distinctness with which he asserts the immortality of the soul, if not a more subtle and profound, is certainly a more obvious and tangible bond of connection between Plato and Christianity than his grand doctrine of the character and origin of ideas. The mass of the people in Greek and Roman times entertained the most vague and nubilous notions with regard to the state of souls after death. The *Dix Manibus* on the tombstone was a pious phrase, which practically, in most cases, had perhaps as much meaning as 'your humble servant' written by a proud Briton at the bottom of a supercilious letter in which he rails at all foreigners. The Greeks had a blissful heaven only for heroes and demigods, and a baneful hell only for murderers and other red criminals: all the rest was limbo. As for the philosophers, it is certain, both from their own writings, so far as they are extant, and from the manner in which the point is discussed in Plato, that the generality of them had no sort of notion whatsoever of the continued separate existence of human souls after death. Plato, therefore, stands, on this point, quite singularly prominent, and ought to receive heartily the right hand of fellowship from every sincere and generous Christian. As to the explanation of the present state of man, from previous events in his moral history, Plato is not so far from the Christian doctrine as might at first appear. For though he does not distinctly adopt Hesiod's myth of the four ages, and the gradual deterioration of the species from an original high position, which is substantially the Christian doctrine of the fall, he alludes casually, in not a few places, to an early age in the history of the world, when, as Pausanias and most pious heathens believed,² a pure and just race of mortals had familiar intercourse with the gods; and, besides this, he holds generally the great doctrine of the Hindoos, that the sins and miseries of the present state are to be explained as the fruit of sins committed in a previous state of existence. Now, this doctrine, though usually called by another name,—being, in fact, a part of the great doctrine of metempsychosis, which Plato adopted from the East,—is in principle substantially one with the Christian doctrine of the fall. Both imply that the present state of man is not normal,

¹ A phrase used by one of the fathers, Clemens of Alexandria, we think, in reference to the Greek philosophers generally, but specially applicable to Plato.

² Pausan. viii. 2: οἱ γὰρ δὴ τότε ἄνθρωποι ζῆνοι καὶ ἀμοιβάσσειζον θεοῖς ἥσαν ὑπὸ δίκῃ οὐρανῇ καὶ ἰουσιβείας.

and both conclude that its abnormal phenomena are to be explained by reference to the previous existence of sin in manifestations either of the individual or of the race.

In the above remarks, in which we have confined ourselves strictly to the title of Dr Ackermann's book, we have not taken any account of his particular doctrine on the subject which we were handling. This we will now do in a single sentence. In his chapter entitled, 'That which is clearly Christian in Plato and his philosophy,' the learned German Archdeacon states the proposition, that, '*the Christian element in Plato and Platonism presents itself in the conception of a SAVING PURPOSE.*' Now, divesting this phrase 'salvation' of all the peculiarities with which it appears stamped in the Christian scheme, and taking it only in the general sense of the redemption of human life from moral pollution, and the elevation of man's moral nature by repentance, and conformity to the Divine will, there cannot be the slightest doubt that, in this sense, there is a saving element in the Platonic philosophy. Whosoever denies this, is extremely ignorant of the actual moral power of philosophy in ancient life. Our modern notion of philosophy is apt to lead us astray in the estimate which we form of an ancient Plato or Zeno. Our modern philosopher is a speculator; either like the transcendental German, trying to gauge the Infinite, or, like the practical Briton, to analyse the Finite. With reference to them, no man would talk of the saving power of Hamilton's Lectures, for instance, or Combe's organology of the brain, or Comte's theory of human progression without God, or Buckle's explanation of the phenomena of man without the soul of man. But we might talk reasonably of the saving power of Bishop Butler's sermons. And why? Because these sermons have a directly practical object, and, even when dealing with questions of a metaphysical nature, are intended to save men from that monstrous abuse of reason which delights in proving that a man is not a man, but a beast, and that whatsoever the best types of our race have rejoiced in, as most characteristically human, is a puerile delusion, which, like the belief in ghosts, and ogres, and fairies, ought to be deliberately abandoned by all men of adult intellect. Now, in this sense, the philosophy of Plato, like that of his master Socrates, has distinctly both a saving purpose and a saving power. It was by extraordinary sanctity of life, as much as by remarkable subtlety of speculation, that the great successors of Plato in the Academy were principally known. Xenocrates, the second in descent from Plato—'that severe Xenocrates,' as the Italian poet calls him—showed the depth of his moral earnestness by the famous saying, so thoroughly evangelic in its spirit, that 'it comes to the same thing in a moral point of view, whether one casts longing eyes or invasive hands upon the property of an-

other.¹ And his illustrious disciple Polemon was converted from a life of debauchery to one of severe sanctitude, in a manner and with results of which there can be no more reason to doubt, than there is of the sincerity and moral value of the most notable conversions of modern times.² Plato, therefore, we shall say, was, like Noah, 'a preacher of righteousness;' and Socrates was a city missionary. But the same can be said of Zeno, and even of Aristotle to a certain extent;³ perhaps of some of the better class of Epicureans also. We do not see, therefore, with what propriety Dr Ackermann gives such a prominent place to this 'saving purpose' in his characteristic of the philosophy of Plato. We have, accordingly, taken the liberty to let this point drop altogether, and attempted a sketch of 'the Christian element in Plato,' from our own independent point of view. The reader will, of course, understand that we have only given the grand lines of the points of resemblance, neither concerning ourselves with accessory details, nor constantly putting in those small caveats and qualifications which all general statements more or less require. Much less will any reasonable person imagine that we had the most remote intention of exhausting the contents of Christianity, while we were presenting its points of identity with Platonism, as distinguished both from heathenism and other philosophies. Those points of Christianity which are *not* to be found in Plato, and which embrace some of its most distinctive truths, the Christian reader will easily supply.

In conclusion, we have to remark that Dr Ackermann's work, with the exception of a very few inelegant words,⁴ has been translated with remarkable taste and judgment; and though we do not think it will suit the English atmosphere so well as Butler's lectures, it is yet a valuable book, full of sound learning, suggestive thought, and moral elevation. It will assert an honourable place in every well-furnished philosophical or theological library.

¹ Aelian. V. II. xiv. 42. Compare Matt. v. 28.

² Valerius Maximus, vi. 9.

³ Of the saving power of Aristotle's *Ethics*, the great text-book of moral philosophy in Oxford, we think there can be no doubt.

⁴ 'Concretization' is one. P. 247.

ART. IV.—1. *Annuaire des Deux Mondes*. 1860.

2. *Miscellaneous Papers published by the Spanish Government*.

THERE has suddenly arisen, almost throughout Europe, a deep interest concerning Spain. All men—for Mr Buckle and his theories may be left out of account—regard her as a rising, or rather as a reviving, state. They see her developing herself more stealthily and slowly, but not less surely, than Italy. Many, more sanguine than the rest, or whose watches, as Talleyrand would say, go faster than those of others, declare that she is about to become a Great Power. This may be an exaggerated expectation; but it has a substantial basis of truth. Forty years ago, Byron's saying, 'There is no hope for nations,' was deemed trite enough to be a truism. Now, on the contrary in 1861, the revival of nations has become too common a fact to allow the theory of their new birth to remain a paradox. National resurrection has thus become a leading article of the faith political.

Spain, then, is a clear instance of the operation of this principle. 'This great, and now at last free people,' says Mr Mill in his *Representative Government*, 'are entering into the general movement of European progress with a vigour which bids fair to make up rapidly the ground they have lost. No one can doubt what Spanish intellect and energy are capable of; and their faults, as a people, are chiefly those for which freedom and industrial ardour are a real specific.'

The civil government of Spain, till lately long tyrannical, has become comparatively free. Her ecclesiastical tyranny, the last bondage to be relaxed, is growing less and less severe. Her disorganized bandits, who never lost the name of an army, are regaining some show of discipline and military science. Ships of war of considerable magnitude are being built both in Spanish dockyards, and in English dockyards for the Spanish flag. The foreign trade of the country is fast increasing. The domestic production and the domestic consumption of the country are also increasing, and at much the same pace. The want of money for improvements has been supplied in part by the sale of Church and Crown lands. Roads are thus being bestowed on a country which, until lately, possessed few, and railways on a country which had none. Productive mines are being worked meanwhile chiefly by English capital, as railways are being constructed in great measure with French capital. In addition to this, Spain has, for the first time, a strong administration under a representative polity.

The 'rise of Spain,' of which we now hear so much, is but a deduction from these facts. Much as the result has startled Europe, it would have been more surprising if such a result had not taken place. Yet Spain used to be called a doomed country, as the unfortunate wits of Vienna were wont to call Italy a geographical expression. But why? Apparently for no other reason than that Spain experienced during this century, first an era of foreign rapine, next an era of domestic tyranny by both State and Church, and finally an era of civil war. But as revolution was the natural result of tyranny, and civil war of revolution, so the cause for which the civil war began tended to wear out the civil war itself, and to institute in place of it a system reflecting its own principles. Hesiod's Erebus and Night, which sprang from Chaos, produced Air and Day in their turn.

The truth is, that Spain has never required anything but good government to render her one of the first nations of the earth. A national legend shows that this has long been a general notion in the country itself. When Santiago presented Ferdinand III. to the Virgin after his death, the spirit of the sainted king pleaded various requests on behalf of his country. These were freely conceded, until the soul of Ferdinand at length prayed that Spain might enjoy a good administration. But the Virgin peremptorily refused this demand, alleging that, if it were granted, 'not one angel would remain a day longer in heaven.' This tradition, so consolatory to the egotism of the national mind, has its mixture of truth. In Spain, while there exists everything to constitute at any rate a Mohammedan's paradise, there is everything to develop material prosperity. The elements of wealth lie everywhere profusely around the steps of a traveller. But he sees either the elements only, as in some parts of Spain, or the elements half applied, as in others. The country is, however, though differing greatly in different provinces, on the whole the most productive by nature—that is to say, the most susceptible of production—in Europe. The soil is commonly as fertile as in the Christian principalities of European Turkey, which have fed Europe in nearly all ages of her history. It is more amply intersected by navigable rivers, running into different seas, than any other country of the same area and configuration. Its shores command the Bay of Biscay, the immediate Atlantic, the channel which divides it from Morocco, and the Tyrrhene Sea which divides it from Italy. Here are all the elements for great power of production, for great recklessness of consumption, for extensive foreign commerce by sea, both in its yieldings and in its wants, for a great commercial navy, and for a great military navy. But these results, nevertheless, have not been attained for want of industry

and due administrative direction. God made seas and rivers, but man makes roads and railways.

This is more or less true of every age of Spanish history. Spain, as every one knows, once had a considerable navy of both sorts; and both, during this century, pretty nearly disappeared. But she never possessed a great trade in her own productions and consumptions. On the contrary, the interchange between Spanish and foreign shores was comparatively insignificant. The chief wealth of Spain was obtained by her as a maritime carrier for other nations. Thus, when such nations began to compete for the carriage which Spain was for a while monopolizing, and she had no intrinsic wealth of her own to support her commerce on the sea, it was quite as likely that they would rob her of it as not. This may be taken as some indication of the truth, that the commerce of Spain in former periods, which a superficial glance seems to detect as magnificent, rested all the while on a precarious basis, and was almost altogether extrinsic.

No reader can require that we should trace historically the fact, that the normal condition of Spain has been a warlike condition. That country has been so continually harassed by hostilities, that any great development of industry had become impossible. Wars between the Christian princes and the Moors—wars between the different kingdoms of which Spain long consisted—wars with foreign powers, waged in the name of the Spanish succession on the Spanish soil—domestic wars waged on the same principle, or for the same pretext—have followed each other much too quickly for either confidence to be restored, capital applied, or reforms worked out. This is the simple explanation of the fact, that while the cities and open country of France and England have advanced so rapidly, the condition of the interior of Spain has been more or less stationary. Meantime prosperity was confined to the sea-board; and as there was little sent from the interior to be exported, the enterprising inhabitants of maritime cities sought to be carriers of the wealth which their own country neither produced nor required.

If, then, the Government of Spain long continue as firm and as peaceful as it now is, it is likely that the country will become intrinsically more wealthy and prosperous than it ever has yet been. Spain may never regain that maritime monopoly which she once wrested from the backwardness of other states; but she may accumulate far greater domestic wealth than she possessed in the greatest periods of her seafaring history. All this now depends on her possession of a Government at once intelligent and strong—one which will adopt the most expansive policy, and is able to carry out its own will. The O'Donnell Administration

bears some promise of fulfilling this double condition. Its campaign in Morocco has given it a prestige, which places it in a position altogether distinct from every previous administration of Isabella. The Prime Minister of Spain was the victor in the field of battle, and the captor of Tetuan. O'Donnell is now apparently beyond the reach of hostile majorities in the Chambers, and of hostile camarillas at the Palace. The country has imbibed enthusiasm from the result of the campaign, and entertains every disposition to confide the future of the State to the Marshal Duke of Tetuan. An important reacquisition of the Spanish Crown has since been made: one-half of St Domingo has fallen again to the House of Castile. And what does it propose now to do in Mexico?

But it will be very long before Spain can return to the position of one of the Great Powers of Europe. In order to stand upon even a conventional equality with Great Britain, France, Prussia, Austria, or Russia, she must be a great maritime state. Her fleets must be at least equal to those which she possessed before the battle of Trafalgar. The reason is obvious, for it is simply a geographical one. Her configuration cuts her off from all territorial communication with the rest of Europe excepting through France. And the French military power is so great, and the frontier afforded by the Pyrenees so strong, as nearly to destroy the political influence of any military force that it would be possible for Spain to acquire, except, indeed, in the improbable event of a European coalition against France. Spain is nearly as much isolated by the Pyrenees as England is by the German Ocean. Spain could be no more influential in Europe from her military organization, without a navy, than England. With a powerful fleet, on the other hand, she might not only threaten every coast by sea, but land her armies wherever she had an injury to avenge. But without such a navy, those armies, let them be what they may, would be liable to be cooped up in her own dominions during any war that she might wage. The time must be distant before Spain can rebuild the fleets which she has lost. But the sea is the theatre of her contingent strength; and no military armaments will ever afford her even one-half of the European position that is now held by the cabinet of Turin.

There is another and more solid cause, at present unnoticed, of the long want of prosperity in Spain. Wars and revolutions have been rather effects than causes. The want of union, the want of nationality, or, more correctly, of a nationality co-extensive with Spain, have produced the disorders, which in turn have borne adversity as their fruit. The truth is that in order to form a due conception of what Spain has always been in her

internal relations, we must look upon her as a cluster of petty nations. Regard Spain from what point of view you will, and the same conclusion substantially presents itself. In a national sense, a Spain has never—or never hitherto at least—existed. A presumptive instance of this may be taken in the fact, that nowhere is there any national capital of Spain. Russia has her Moscow, France her Paris, Italy her Rome, Poland has her Warsaw. But Madrid is a modern city, without traditions, without veneration, without being popularly recognised as a capital even in Castile. Nor is there any city to supply, as it were, the wants of Madrid, as Moscow supplies the wants of St Petersburg. The national capitals of Spain are the chief cities of so many provinces. They are centres of nationality, but the nationality not of Spaniards, but of Catalonians, of Valencians, of Andalusians, and of Gallicians.

Indeed political union has long existed amid the most marked social and national disunion. The polity of the State has been too comprehensive for the public feeling. Spain has been no more a homogeneous state than Austria herself. The provinces have resented their bondage under a common monarchy. They have continually endeavoured to break in upon the centralization of the Spanish Government, and to be ruled by a king in Navarre, a king in Arragon, and a republic in Catalonia. This state of feeling in the different provinces of Spain simply represents the fact, that intercommunication has not advanced far enough to lay the basis of an effective centralization. In France, very much the same state of things once obtained that we have in our own day witnessed in Spain. But in the former country, intercourse has worn out these distinctions; and France has long been essentially the one and indivisible nation, which even she was not during the Middle Ages. But the provinces of Spain have meanwhile been separated from one another by mountains, by a want of roads, by an inverse prevalence of robbers, which have together nursed all their social idiosyncrasies and their historical antipathies. Hence the disunion, the domestic wars, and the incapacity to resist their common opponents, which have transformed modern Spanish history into a calendar of revolutions.

But there are already signs that these rigid social and national demarcations between the different provinces are slowly passing away. The civil war itself, without effacing them, certainly did much to reduce their importance. There was one party to acknowledge the Carlists, and another to acknowledge the Queenites, in almost every province. The partisans of each cause found allies beyond the limits of their particular province.

Besides this active sympathy while the war continued, the Governments of Queen Isabella afterwards established throughout the country a uniform system of polity, which violated historical traditions, and assimilated political idiosyncrasies. Even in Spain, too, education has done something. It has tended to lessen national intolerance as well as religious intolerance. The centralization of the Government is now contributing to the same result; and the increase of roads and railways, which present the labour of the last few years, is working out the same aggregating influence which it presents elsewhere.

The picture, therefore, of government and of nationalities which we have drawn, must now be regarded as having undergone considerable modification. Spain certainly is not yet a homogeneous nation; but the component nationalities of that kingdom no longer present the sharp contradistinction which existed between them twenty years ago. The progress of the country has since been conspicuous enough to warrant a belief that, in the lifetime of some of the present generation, the inhabitants will find themselves one people. It would at this day be a fair comparison to describe Spain as a country that has advanced, in point of national unity, midway between the Austrian empire, on the one hand, and the Italian kingdom, on the other. The Spaniards are no longer marked by the violent international antipathies that exist in the former state, while they have not yet arrived at that spirit of common patriotism and desire for fusion into one nation, as well as into one government, that already marks the other. If Andalusia deemed the Court of Madrid slighted by a foreign power, jointly with Castile, she would make common cause with Castile; but a large proportion of her inhabitants would still desire a Parliament of their own.

Our object hitherto has been to trace the course by which Spain has risen from her revolutionary degradation to the comparatively dignified position which she now holds. The political system established by the termination of the civil war was widely different in practice from what it was in theory. What we commonly understand by the very inaccurate term, Constitutional Government, was nominally recognised; and the different constitutions already experienced during the reign of Isabella have not been wanting, like the mock representations of the Bonapartes, the Hapsburgs, and the Hohenzollerns, either in the scope of the constituency or the freedom of their choice. It was scarcely, therefore, the direct agency of the Crown which so often debarred the Spanish representatives of the free exercise of their rights. The chief source of political insecurity was to be found in the army and in its leaders. The victorious generals who had subdued the Carlists aimed next to conquer the revolution itself. Each

military leader who could rely upon a considerable body of troops—and the whole Spanish army, until lately, did not exceed 80,000 men, this being considerably less than the army of Belgium is now—aspired to effect a loyal usurpation, to dissolve the existing administration by a dash at the capital, to become President of the Council, and to rule in the name of the Queen. No sooner had these generals achieved in turn this sort of subordinate revolution, than they bribed a majority of the Chambers—some with offices, and some in cash. Or, if the Assemblies were either more truculent or less venal than the usurper of the hour had anticipated, he cut the Gordian knot by the rough expedient of a dissolution. There could be no national progress while the Government was in the hands of an army who were perhaps neither filibusters, banditti, nor pirates, but something between the three.

The recital of a very few figures will suffice to afford a pretty clear view of the revolutionary state of the country, even where the throne of Isabella was not in dispute. Since the establishment of the present dynasty in 1834, there have been four constitutions and twenty-eight Parliaments. There have been in the same period, 47 Prime Ministers, 529 Departmental Ministers, and 78 Ministers of the Interior alone. These changes serve as an earnest of the truth, that the history of Spain during our own day has been a history of intrigue, military revolt, factionous opposition, factionous triumph, political insecurity, and moral degradation.

Thus far we have described the changes that have taken place at the capital, and the relations of the provinces towards the ruling power, if the phrase be not altogether a misnomer. But, at the same time, an equally important change was slowly and silently taking place in the social character of the people themselves. The soil was being subdivided into infinitesimal estates, much as the French soil had been subdivided a generation or two before. The same mania for what continental nations term proprietorship, that was prevailing in France and Prussia, began to prevail in Spain also. It would, however, be impossible to attempt to state the number of landowners with accuracy, although Spanish statistics are not wanting for the purpose. These statistics fix the number at five millions; but as the population of Spain, according to the census of 1857, amounts to barely fifteen millions and a half, the ratio of landowners would be greater than the ratio of the adult male population to the total population. Such figures are obviously absurd; but it is just possible that the returns of proprietorships may have been furnished by the *alcalde* of each village, and that the careless statisticians of Madrid may have published the total of these

returns of separate proprietorships as equivalent to the total number of proprietors. But, be this as it may, it is certain that the number of the peasantry in possession of the fee-simple of the Spanish soil is already immense, and is still increasing.

While, however, Spain has thus followed the example of France, she still possesses a considerable landed aristocracy, almost unknown to France. Towards this body, her successive Governments, inconsistent with each other in almost everything else, have acted with consistent impolicy. They have studiously withheld from them nearly all the great offices of State. No doubt, a considerable portion of the landed and entitled aristocracy were compromised by participation in the Carlist cause. But many, again, were on the side of the Queen. Yet the offices which our own Government reserves for the leading members of our aristocracy, the Spanish Government almost invariably conferred on the most noisy delegates in Chambers of Deputies. Territorial influence in the provinces ceased to be a qualification for what we term the lord-lieutenancies of counties; but political influence in the Chambers was a certain one. The office of *Gefe Politico*, or political chief of a province, fell to the lot of the most clamorous Republican—perhaps without an acre of land in his possession—that such cities as Cadiz or Barcelona could send to represent them in the Chambers. To suppose Mr Bright Lord-Lieutenant of Lancashire, or Mr William Williams Lord-Lieutenant of Surrey, would be to institute an imaginary comparison that would fall far short of the mark. British parliamentary democrats (if we except the gentlemen of the Brass Band) are commonly men of capital—let them agitate as much as they may. But the *Gefe Politico* was commonly, not only an agitating democrat, but a man of straw into the bargain.

This cardinal error of Spanish administration is closely connected with the absence of the large landowners, of which we have heard much. The successive ministries of Spain have defended their choice of *Gefes* on this fact; and if the plea could be sustained, their defence would, no doubt, be satisfactory and complete. But, except as regards the exiles of the revolution, they simply put the cart before the horse. That portion of the Spanish landed aristocracy that were not affected to the Carlist cause, never ceased to have their choice whether they would live upon their estates or not. There can be no doubt that, if they had been treated with the consideration which they regarded as due to their position, they would have had every reason to remain in the country, and to divide their year between Madrid and the province in which their lands lay. But they were too proud to witness poor and corrupt demagogues placed in the viceregal positions that their order had before filled.

They accordingly expatriated themselves, and a great proportion of them lived in foreign capitals. They surrendered their country to what they deemed the orgies of a revolution that they could not stay; but, at the same time, they took care to draw their revenues from their land. Thus they became known in the provinces only by the exactions committed by their agents in their names. An absent landlord, too, rarely thinks of expending any portion of his income on the improvement of his property; and thus, while the tenants were ground down, the land deteriorated. As the landlord, through his agent, grew more rapacious, the tenant grew poorer. In this way, of course, the very principle of aristocracy became hateful to the people.

But a few years ago we returned from a visit to Spain with the deliberate conviction, that that country had yet to become the scene of the great French Revolution. Nothing then struck us as more probable. The peasantry seemed about to rise against the common pressure of a present Government and an absent aristocracy. The towns, meanwhile, were growing apparently more and more democratic. Taxation rose and wealth declined. Honest men detested the Government for crimes that were as true of one administration as of another. Men who cared only for their mercantile gains were equally opposed to a system which destroyed confidence in commercial transactions. We believe that if it had been possible for Spain to have possessed the communications that France possesses now, or even her roads without her railways, and yet to have remained otherwise in the same social and political condition, the event referred to must have happened before the recent reforming policy of the Government had begun. The sympathy between the provinces and the great cities wanted only the development of rapid unity of action; and that unity of action was defeated only by a want of rapid communications. In this way the provinces and the great cities continued to be isolated; and the Government contrived to defeat a hostility that had no national organization.

We have already glanced at the change of public life that has defeated this expectation. The moment of reform was a critical one for the existence of monarchical institutions; but we believe that the danger of revolution has principally passed away; and it is now a more apposite, as well as a more grateful task, to trace the capabilities than the dangers of the country.

We must clear the way by a word touching territory and population, which rank among the main conditions of all national development. The area of Spain is little inferior to that of France; and the soil, as we have already indicated, is commonly more fertile, almost beyond comparison; although there is in the

former country an extent of mountain and other waste land unknown to the latter. But with all this approach to equality of Spain in point of area, and this general superiority in point of fertility, the Spanish population continues to be less than one-half of the French. Indeed, Spain is remarkable for having been one of the most stationary of countries in the number of her inhabitants. It appears from tolerably authoritative figures, that the Spanish population in 1768—now ninety-three years ago—was 9,151,999; and some twenty years afterwards, in 1786, it had risen to 10,268,150. Yet, during the sixty years that followed, 1787-1846, the numerical increase was less than twenty per cent. In the latter year it had reached only 12,162,000; and, indeed, this census is less by one hundred thousand than that which was returned before the civil war began. The losses in battle, and the pauperizing influence of civil commotion, may in some degree account for this result. But in 1857, the census, as we have said, was returned at 15,464,000; and, though strict accuracy cannot be insisted upon in these documents, they may be taken to indicate pretty nearly the gradual increase of the population.

But the Spanish soil, if well cultivated, would probably find itself able to support four times these numbers. Were Spain as populous as Belgium in proportion to her area, her inhabitants would number 70,000,000. Nor can any one doubt that the Spanish soil is commonly quite as fertile as the Belgian; while both the indigenous and imported products are quite as conducive to agricultural and manufacturing industry. We may, therefore, assume that the only intrinsic limit to the growth of the Spanish population within those figures is to be found in the conduct of the people and the Government; and that, so far, the national activity must be the measure of the increase. We must not forget, however, that the French population presents at this moment a remarkable exception to the commonly accurate doctrine, that the population of a country tends to be regulated by its means of support for them.

Spain and Portugal are at this day the two most imperfectly peopled countries in the west of Europe. They together contain fully the area of France; yet they possess together barely half her population. The area of Spain alone is far larger than that of Italy and Sicily, yet it contains but three-fifths of their population. The Low Countries, without one-sixth of the area of Spain, possess two-thirds of her population. It is quite conceivable that Spain may yet become a formidable nation in point of numbers, as well as of production, commerce, and armaments.

We shall here offer some analysis of these fifteen millions and a half, so far as figures are reliable. The clergy, in the first

place, have been greatly reduced by successive enactments—some of them long previous to the Carlist Revolution. It appears that, a century ago, the regulars and seculars together amounted to not less than 209,000. This almost incredible number was reduced at the period of the French Revolution to 180,000; yet, whatever were the further reductions during the French invasion of Spain, the numbers were soon restored under the superstitious reign of Ferdinand VII. But the anti-Carlist Revolution gradually uncloistered the regulars and diminished the seculars, until the Spanish Concordat of 1858 with the Papal See more or less precisely fixed their future number. Since that time there are computed to be about 42,000 ecclesiastics of all classes.

It is laid down in the statistics which we have already challenged, that there are two million and a half owners of land in country districts, and two million owners of house-property in the towns. But, for reasons already stated, we believe these numbers to be fully double of the truth; and the total number of proprietors to fall short of two millions. Probably among them the computation of 800,000 owners of flocks is not exaggerated; and the number of peasantry who are not possessed of the fee-simple of the land, which has been reckoned at no more than 600,000, amounts more nearly to 1,000,000. The merchants of all classes amount, we believe, to as many as 120,000; but in this generic description we must include that undignified class who are little above the rank of pedlars. The skilled artisans may be some 60,000; and the factory men, engaged either in Barcelona or other cities of Catalonia, may number 150,000.

The nobility have undergone much the same modification as the clergy. Formerly they numbered one-twelfth of the whole population. They were exempt from taxation, and held other privileges. Imagine a country in which one man in twelve was a noble—he being probably the only rich man among the twelve,—and he alone exempt from the public burdens! It appears that at the period at which the clergy exceeded 200,000, the privileged laity amounted to 844,000. Of these, some 90,000 were free of taxation on account of their offices in the State, and a few more as the servants of the Inquisition; but there were not less than 750,000 free from taxation on the ground of nobility. At this day, however, the number of entitled nobles is in no great disproportion with those of the United Kingdom. This number, erroneously computed by the number of titles extant, has been stated to be 1456; and to consist of 81 Dukes, 675 Marquesses, 539 Counts, 73 Viscounts, and 61 Barons. But, as many of these peers hold several titles each, it is probable that the Spanish entitled aristocracy does not exceed 500, or at the utmost 600. Privilege in respect of taxation is now extinct.

This rapid view of the social constitution of Spain at the present day gives us the picture of a half-aristocratic, half-republican society, which has realized one great condition of freedom by destroying the unjust exemptions of particular classes, and has advanced even towards democracy by parting out the bulk of the fee-simple among the peasantry. But although the territorial subdivision, which has formed a large part of the change of which we now speak, has been carried to a degree injurious to the interests of agriculture, there can be no doubt that there results from these reforms an immense balance of advantage; and now that government at once firm and free has been in great measure established, the question of the immediate future of Spain is more than ever a financial one. Money is the great want of the hour. Whatever is done, must be done more or less by the State. The poverty of the landowners compels the State to assume a large part in the agricultural improvement of the day, as though it were joint-tenant as well as lord paramount. The primarily unremunerative character of railway enterprise requires the State to give either guarantees of interest or capital for construction. Even the roads—which are such that Queen Isabella, who left Madrid last year for Burgos to see the eclipse, was compelled to turn back and relinquish her intention—are only to be adequately repaired by public aid.

Finance, being thus the axis of further reform, next invites consideration. The commercial improvement of the country can hardly be said to find a reflex in the financial situation of the Government. The ordinary expenditure is continually, and even largely, in excess of the revenue. It is not that the revenue has declined; on the contrary, it inevitably follows, from the increase of national wealth, that the same scale of taxation which prevailed in 1850 would yield a considerably larger revenue in 1860. But the expenditure increases more rapidly than the revenue. Thus there is an annually augmenting deficit. This state of things impairs the credit of the Government, while the general credit of men of capital in the leading marts of Spain is improving. We will take M. Salaverria's budget for 1859 as an example. The later budget of 1860 would hardly serve the purpose of comparison with the expenditure; for 1860 was the principal year of the Moorish war. In 1859, then, M. Salaverria successively brought forward two budgets—an original and a supplementary one. The former was accompanied by a table of estimated receipts; and, according to the transparent artifice of nearly all continental Ministers of Finance, a small balance to the treasury was made out on paper. The expenditure was computed at 1,786,000,000 reals, and the revenue at 1,794,000,000. A balance of eight million reals, or

about L.80,000 of our money, was thus shown. Now, even of the original truthfulness of such figures we are extremely suspicious. Whether we turn to the French Government, to the Austrian, to the Prussian, or to the Russian, we find this invariable petty balance in favour of the revenue. Yet we have the best reason to believe that all these Governments are largely overspending their revenue, and we all know that Austria is bankrupt. The temptation to the Minister of Finance under a continental Government appears to be irresistible: both ends must be made to meet. M. Salaverria, however, was more unfortunate than M. de Forcade at Paris, or even than M. Bruck at Vienna; for the original Spanish budget of 1859 had not long appeared when he was compelled to submit to the Chambers a supplementary one to the extent of 265,000,000 reals, or something more than L.2,000,000 sterling.

If we were to measure the expenditure of the Spanish Government by the expenditure of the French, or even by our own, it would at first sight appear comparatively moderate. Both the original and the supplementary budgets of expenditure do not together amount to more than L.20,000,000 sterling, whereas the French expenditure exceeds L.70,000,000, while the British falls not far short of it; and the Spanish population now amounts to nearly one-half of the amount of the French. It is, however, not only more than the Spanish Government can afford; but it does not comprehend the whole of the annual payments for what are commonly regarded as ordinary objects of public expenditure. We shall presently refer in some detail to the yieldings of the Church and Crown lands that are still in process of sale. The nominal application of the money thus obtained is to 'public works and material reforms;' and under this head we commonly class railways, roads, drainage, etc. But the Spanish Government thinks its navy also a 'public work,' and shipbuilding a 'material reform;' and its shipbuilding expenditure is mainly or largely defrayed by the sales of land. At this rate, a considerable addition to the current expenditure must be allowed for.

The Spanish budget, however, both presents the gross expenditure, and includes the interest on a heavy debt. Between the expenses of collection and the dividends of the bondholders, nearly one-half of the two millards of reals constituting the annual expenditure disappears. The interest on the debt amounts to 551,000,000 reals, or L.5,300,000; and the expense of the Ministry of Finance to 420,000,000 reals, or L.4,000,000. But between ten and eleven millions sterling are thus left for the ordinary expenses of Government. Of these, the army costs somewhat over L.3,000,000, and the navy rather less than

L.1,000,000. The remainder is absorbed in expenses of civil administration (exclusively of revenue charges). Here, however, we are dealing only with the original budget; and, although we have not the details of the supplementary budget of L.2,000,000 before us, there can be little doubt that it refers, like the supplementary budgets of most countries, to naval and military expenditure. It is to be observed that the civil charges to which we have just referred do not include either Education or Public Worship. The Church is in part supported by the *culto y clero* tax—a local charge levied by the parochial alcalde, and in part by a payment from the Government, which, through a singular process, falls under the head of interest on the public debt. For when the State impropriated and sold the lands of the Church, it engaged to pay the Church a three per cent. interest on the sums which should be realized; or, at any rate, it entered into such an engagement in respect of the lands of the secular clergy, and of so many of the convents of the regular orders as it permitted to survive. The State thus theoretically accepted the proceeds as a debt; and even if it did not pay this interest in full, which there is good reason to doubt, the burden of the Church Establishment would partially fall upon it, as the whole burden of a Church Establishment devolves on the Government in France.

It is of some importance to compare the charges in the original budget for the navy with the activity evinced by the Government in building ships of war, at a juncture of European affairs in which our own maritime ascendant is threatened by the rise of several naval powers. Both in French and English dockyards, as well as in the Spanish, ships of war are now being built for the service of the Spanish Government; and it is acknowledged that the proceeds of the sales in question have been largely applied to this object. It is now becoming a political question of growing importance to this country, whether our superiority in the construction of ships of war and marine engines ought not to be jealously reserved for our own benefit. The expediency of protection may linger in the affairs of war when it has been long exploded in commerce.

But to return to the financial question. We have seen that there exists no equilibrium between revenue and expenditure; and this fact will in itself explain the necessity under which the Government has acted, in obtaining the sums demanded by its public works from the sales of property rather than by loans. The credit of Government, but just now firmly established, and continually overspending its income, would have been incompatible with the contraction of a loan in the requisite degree, except at a ruinous rate of interest; indeed, it would probably

have proved impossible to float such a loan at any time in any foreign market. One of the first ministries of Christina, therefore, in 1835, hit upon the expedient of sequestering the lands of the Church as well as of the Crown, and of establishing, by enactment of the *Estatuto Real*, the title of the Executive to their possession and sale, in trust for the advancement of the country. Subsequent legislative enactments and orders in council alternately developed or suspended this policy, according to the predominance of Liberal or Ultramontane interests at Madrid. But the measure with which we are now chiefly concerned is the law of 1st April 1859, the project of the O'Donnell Ministry. In addition to the original and supplementary budget of that year, a scheme was propounded, early in the session of 1859, for the raising of 2,000,000,000 reals, or something less than £20,000,000 sterling, to be expended on public works in the course of the eight following years, terminating in 1867. The lands in mortmain were to be sold during this period; and, pending the liquidation, the Treasury was authorized to issue bonds, for which a public subscription was opened, to whatever amount might be necessary. These bonds were issued in a manner similar to those which have in the meantime been brought forward by the French Government, though they have been subject to the important distinction, that the latter were issued on the credit of the borrowers alone.

The two milliards of reals, for which the acceptance of this measure gave the Executive a vote for a period of eight years, was to be applied in the following proportions. One-half of it was to be assigned to the Ministry of Public Works, with especial reference to the construction of railways. The remaining half was chiefly to be divided between fortification and ship-building. A sum of 350,000,000 reals were assigned to the Ministry of War, and a further sum of 450,000,000 reals to the Ministry of Marine. The remaining 200,000,000 reals were to be divided between the three Civil Ministries of Justice, Interior, and Finance. A resort to such means for the establishment of national armaments, as well as for the furtherance of reproductive works, carries a significance which no foreign Government can ignore; but the nearly equal distribution between army and navy of the amount set apart for the former object, entitles us to assume that the Spanish Government has here acted according to its own sense of independence, and not under that French dictation to which many believe it to be subject. If Spain were under the control of France, her armaments would be promoted exclusively by sea. The increase of her military fortifications would certainly form no part of her public policy.

Spain has for a long period been constructing additional

roads. It is calculated that during the last half century the Government has expended, on an average, L.160,000 a-year upon them. Yet Spain is even at this day a country but half intersected with means of communication, and those that exist are, as we have already said, with but few exceptions, of the worst description. The roads radiating from the capital amount to 4500 miles, the transverse roads to another 1000, and what Spanish statisticians distinguish as 'local roads,' to about 800 more. In addition to this, there are roads to the extent of 4000 miles either in course of construction or in design. But the distinctions drawn in respect of these additional 4000 miles of road are ludicrous enough. We are told that there are so many miles 'in construction,' so many 'in project,' so many 'in course of design,' and, finally, so many 'not yet in course of design!' It may be assumed, therefore, that a long period will expire before the whole of this addition to Spanish communications will be complete. The estimated expenditure for the 4000 miles is 650 millions of reals, or about L.6,000,000 sterling; but a great proportion of the charge is to be defrayed by local charges, the Executive apparently not being at present responsible to the extent of more than one-third of the whole.

Meanwhile, however, the railway movement has altogether surpassed the progress of the new roads. But a few years ago, there was scarcely a single railway throughout the Spanish dominions. We now find, however, that at the beginning of this year there were fully 1500 miles of railway in actual working, and nearly 800 more in course of construction. Over and above these 2300 miles, concessions had been made by the Government to the extent of 1600 miles. The estimated expense of this total of some 4000 miles of railway, in working, in construction, and in design, is nearly five milliards of reals, or five times the amount which the Spanish Government have set apart under the sale of the lands in mortmain. Judging, moreover, from the history of nearly all railway enterprises, there is reason to apprehend that the actual expenditure will largely exceed the estimate. Railway construction is, for obvious reasons, unusually expensive in Spain. That country is probably more intersected by mountains than any other in Europe. If the original system of railway construction, which required a uniform level, had not been now exploded, long and uninterrupted lines, in that country, would have been impracticable. It is now, however, found possible to work railways at inclines equal to those common in many mail-coach roads; and the line between Vienna and Trieste is a remarkable instance of the degree of incline of which railway communication is susceptible. But the majority of the great continental railways with which our coun-

trymen are familiar pass through flat countries. France and Germany, generally speaking, possess a nearly level surface. From Ostend or from Calais, for instance, you may travel to Berlin, or even into Poland, almost without encountering an appreciable undulation in the soil. We anticipate, therefore, that the railway network now in course of weaving in the Spanish peninsula will involve a cost far more than proportionate to the ordinary cost of continental railways, although labour is cheap and timber abundant.

These railways have, for the most part, been devised by companies, which have undertaken to construct them on the condition of receiving certain payments from the State. These payments are not in any case designed as equivalents, or even approximate equivalents, to the expense of construction; neither has the Spanish Government acted generally on the principle of our Indian Government, which has given the shareholders of the Indian railways a guarantee of a five per cent. interest. The assistance of the Spanish Government is lent apparently in four distinct modes. In some cases, the Government has paid what is termed a 'lump sum' on account of a particular line; in some, it promises so much annually to a company; in others, it has paid in a given ratio per kilomètre; and again, in a few instances, it has guaranteed a rate of interest to the shareholders.

The highest mileage subvention granted by the Government is at a rate of 444,000 reals per kilomètre: this is equivalent to about L.6000 per mile; and it applies in the case only of the railways traversing the most mountainous districts. In more level districts, this subvention falls as low as L.1500 per mile. It will be seen at a glance that such a degree of assistance would still leave the bulk of the expenditure to be defrayed by the companies.—The highest 'lump sum' paid to a company is 228 millions of reals, and applies in the case of the Manzanarès and Granada railway.

It is, however, a highly satisfactory indication of the confidence now prevailing in Spain, that several lines of railway are in construction, and one or two actually in working without any assistance from the State. Of either class, there are eleven thus brought into existence wholly by private enterprise. They are short lines, extending in all to 240 miles; and of this proportion fully 70 miles are now in daily working.

It is probable that extensive demands will yet be made both upon private speculation and upon the Government of the country, to fill the hiatus which every man must anticipate between the estimate and the actual expenditure. The State cannot

permit these great projects, on which it has entered with so much energy, to fail for want of adequate resources ; and yet we venture to predict that the present resources are altogether insufficient.

It is needless for us, in turning to the counterpart of this great project of 'material reform,' to discuss the question of Spanish fortification. But the sum designed for the reconstruction of the navy is thus set apart. It is intended to build two ships of 100 guns, eight 60-gun frigates, twenty-three corvettes of 30 guns, and thirty smaller vessels. At present Spain possesses but two ships-of-the-line, eight frigates, five corvettes, and nine brigs. Probably, in the course of two more years, the Spanish fleet will have been increased to this extent. But it is obvious that very many years must elapse before Spain can arrive at such authority on the sea as to exert a voice of her own in the maritime councils of Europe. At an intervening and less remote period, her policy may perhaps become an object of consideration as the auxiliary of France ; and in view of that contingency, it must be the duty of this country jealously to watch the armaments even of so inconsiderable a naval Power as Spain now is.

Meanwhile, taxation is being stretched to the utmost practicable limit. It may be doubted whether the people are in a situation to bear an annual charge of seventeen or eighteen millions sterling. But the increasing expenditure, even at this rate of taxation, leaves the revenue considerably in the rear of the public charge ; and unless the reform shall begin at that point, it cannot be carried out. We can incomparably better afford to be taxed at our own present rate of forty-six shillings a-head, than the Spaniards to be taxed at their present rate of twenty-three shillings. Nor is the Spanish Government under any urgent necessity of restoring naval and military establishments which it has learned so long to do without. But, apart from the aggregate return of this taxation in Spain, its scope and principles appear to be of very doubtful expediency. The present system of taxation is essentially a modern one : it dates from the year 1845 ; and, although some incidents of an older system yet remain, the reconstruction at that period was sweeping enough to justify the presumption, that whatever it retained of an older system, it retained on the ground of modern expediency, and not of conservative tradition. The taxes established by the financial system of 1845 are, in one or two instances, peculiar in character to Spain. The largest single tax enforced in that country is the land-tax. The amount which this property charge yields at this day presents a remarkable instance of the growing burdens of the country. It now reaches 475,000,000 reals, or some L.4,500,000 annually. Yet, in 1845, on the introduction of the tax, it was

fixed as low as 300,000,000 reals; and so excessive was this impost deemed to be at that moment, that the Government were compelled in the following year to reduce it to 250,000,000 reals. Yet, during the intervening fifteen years, as we have seen, it has gradually mounted to nearly double that amount. The oppressive character of such a charge may be inferred from the computations, which we have before us, of the value of the agricultural and urban subjects of this tax. Its annual income is estimated at considerably less than three millions of reals, or some L.27,000,000 sterling. The staple of this income, as would be expected in such a country, is rural. Three-fourths of it is represented by land and flocks; and the remaining fourth by taxable objects in the cities. This territorial tax falls therefore in a ratio of about one in six, or of something more than eighteen per cent.; and the burden is obviously intolerable.

Apart, however, from the monstrosity of the imposition of a tax amounting to eighteen per cent. on the produce upon which it falls, other circumstances render it peculiarly severe. There is no such exemption in favour of poor men as has hitherto prevailed in the property and income taxes of this country. And in consequence of the subdivision of the soil among peasant landholders, the poor farmer is himself the person charged with the tax (for he is his own landlord), while he has more often no superior to expend capital for him on the improvement of his land. Two circumstances, therefore, render the position of the Spanish farmer, in reference to this tax, peculiarly hard; although it may be alleged indeed, as a set-off, that he commonly farms his land free of a landlord's rent. According to the extravagant statistics of territorial subdivision which we have already disputed, the number of farms in Spain is estimated at more than three millions; but we may, perhaps, assume the number of farmers in possession of their fee-simple to be one million and a half; and we believe that the bulk of these farms may be fairly estimated at under the value of one hundred reals a-year. It appears, indeed, that there are but twelve hundred estates in Spain of the value of 10,000 reals, or less than L.100 a-year each; and probably the greater number of these fall short of 20,000 reals, or L.200.

Thus the Spanish Government appears to be on the verge of lapsing into the Oriental barbarism of virtually asserting its own title to be landholder, and of imposing a species of land-revenue indifferently upon the noble and the landowning peasant, upon the zemindar and the ryot. It is clear that a tax which operates in this direction must at last assail the desire for free ownership which is a characteristic of the whole Spanish people; because it associates ownership with obligations which render the most

cherished prize of the peasant a burden of which he cannot acquit himself, without losing what he thinks to carry with it, his *status* and his freedom. It is, in our belief, chiefly among the landholding peasantry that whatever republican desires, or desires for provincial government, may now exist in Spain are to be found. The agriculturists are necessarily much slower than the townsmen to benefit by the growth of trade. They are less content and more republican, because they are less prosperous.

There are four other sources of revenue in Spain: the tax on articles of consumption; the tax levied on incomes arising from trade and industry; the custom duties; and the State monopolies, such as tobacco, salt, and gunpowder. The former of these dates, like the land-tax, from the year 1845; with this difference, however, that this territorial charge was then newly imposed, whereas the tax in question had long been in vogue in Spain, but had been abolished during the regency of Maria Christina. The re-imposition of such a tax was a manifest reaction from the free-trading principles that Spain had been one of the first nations to adopt, at all events in articles of home production. No doubt we are not entirely free from the imputation of clogging our own productions by State duties: indeed, before we could obtain such an exemption we must see our way largely to reduce our expenditure. But the Spanish taxation of things consumable applies in the most impolitic, and even irrational manner. We find that it extends not only to wine, vinegar, spirits, and game (in some analogy to our own charges), but to meat, fish, coal, and wood. Our own malt-tax deters us from criticising an impost on the produce of the vine; but here are taxes levied upon articles of the first necessity, and upon articles such as by their very nature have a title to go free. This tax, too, is rapidly increasing, and far more than in proportion to the increasing production and consumption of the country. In the year after its first imposition, 1846, it yielded 187,000,000 reals, but in 1859 it had risen to 280,000,000 reals. The produce of the tax is divided between municipal and imperial exigencies; for Spain, in spite of her general centralization, still leaves much to be effected by local authority, as we have already seen in the case of ecclesiastical revenues.

In this increasing impost the Spaniards clearly have another cause of dissatisfaction with their Government. Certainly, it would be hard to determine why the objects of taxation, apart from the question of the total amount which they together produce, should apparently be more directly connected with loyalty and popular satisfaction in these days than they were formerly. Taxes on meat are now peculiarly obnoxious. Whether mankind in past ages were wont to be more graminivorous than they are

now, there is no historian to relate. But eating and drinking do certainly appear to enter more largely into human happiness and public policy than they did formerly. In old countries, with dense and increasing populations, such as our own, the fact is in part, if not wholly, to be explained by the corresponding increase in the task of providing for an inevitably increasing consumption. But this is hardly a consideration applicable to such a population as the Spanish, who possess also an area and a fertility of soil naturally capable, as we have said, of supporting fully four times its present amount.

This tax, however, on consumable articles of domestic produce would seem light, even in its present amount, in comparison with our own; for it does not yield more than two-thirds of the gross receipts of our malt-tax. But what renders such a comparison inapplicable, is not simply the broad difference between a prosperous and a poor country, but the fact that our own corresponding taxation is in a great measure fixed and limited. Farmers and brewers in this country can estimate the malt-tax five years hence with tolerable certainty; but no vine-grower in Spain can even assume in 1861 what the wine-tax in 1862 will amount to. There is, therefore, in this kind of taxation of home products, not only a levying of imposts upon articles which it is most politic to set free, but an active tendency to indispose the Spanish people to encounter their proper burdens.

We shall say little of the custom duties, in which foreign treaties and foreign relations have in great degree restrained the Government from frequent alterations in their tariff. This revenue is increasing only under the just influence of increasing trade. But its total amount even now is but about 220,000,000 reals, or something over L.2,000,000 sterling. The Spanish custom duties are certainly not exorbitant; but the apparent insignificance of the custom revenue is to be accounted for chiefly by two other considerations. In the first place, the provisions against smuggling are very inefficient; and in the second, the Spanish trade is more valuable to foreign countries for the produce which they obtain than for that which they export. Wine, cattle, sheep, and even the produce of certain mines in Asturias and Galicia, are largely exported. But Spain is a country naturally so fertile, that, with the exception of what she receives from her own colonies, she can usually produce the fruits of the earth more cheaply than other nations can import them into her; and our own cotton manufactories are in great degree forestalled by those of Catalonia.

The amazing increase which, if we are to believe implicitly in official figures, has taken place during the last ten years in the external trade of the country, is more than sufficient to explain

the simultaneous increase in the revenue of the customs, even consistently with a reduction meanwhile in the tariff. Between the years 1850 and 1860, the Spanish foreign trade more than doubled. In the former year, we find the exports and imports together yielding about 1,200,000,000 reals; in the latter, we see them amounting to 2,700,000,000 reals. These figures represent an increase which the foreign trade of no other country meanwhile exhibits; and, assuming that they are generally to be trusted, they may be fairly taken as an indication that Spain is likely to re-assert her former commercial rivalry with the leading maritime states of the world.

Stamp duties, the services and monopolies of the State, on the one hand, and the charge levied on commerce and industry in the towns on the other, together make up the remainder of the Spanish revenue. The former now reaches 480,000,000 reals; the latter, about 90,000,000. A slight analysis of these taxes affords a further view into the productive activity of the nation at this day. The tobacco revenue, for instance, has increased from 170,000,000 to 270,000,000 reals during the ten years to which we last referred; nor has the tax, to the best of our knowledge, been meanwhile augmented in ratio. So the miscellaneous revenue has, in the same time, increased from 18,000,000 to 40,000,000 reals. But, as in Germany, among the subjects of increasing revenue falling within this category, lotteries have a place. The revenue which they yield is increasing at least equally fast with the revenue arising from other imposts.

Such is the public income of Spain; and thus the State is drawing a revenue of L.18,000,000 sterling towards the discharge of an expenditure exceeding L.20,000,000,—both revenue and expenditure fast increasing. And, since Spain has chosen to be both a naval and a military power, there can be no doubt that her expenditure will prove to be a perpetually increasing one. Five years ago, the Spanish army did not exceed 80,000 men; now, it amounts to nearly double that number. The country has now a remarkable opportunity for the restoration of her lost financial credit. But, unhappily, the Government appears to be as reckless through its good prospects as the Austrian Government is through its despair. On much of the public debt of Spain no interest is now paid, and the debt itself is annually increasing. The credit even of the most prosperous country cannot be restored in such circumstances as these.

It is a distinctive characteristic of commercial transactions in Spain, that they are principally conducted by joint-stock companies. To whatever branch of industry or speculation we turn, we find the same indisposition or inability of individuals singly to carry on great trading enterprises. We say ‘indisposi-

tion or inability,' for it may be one or the other: either individuals have not the requisite capital for large enterprises, or they have not yet the political confidence to embark their all in single transactions. We take it that this trait presents the measure of the wealth and confidence which a country possesses. Great Britain is less addicted to companies than France, as France, again, is less addicted to them than Spain. Here we find private firms conducting the largest banking houses, and even a single individual, such as Mr Brassey, here and there working a railway fifty miles in length. The larger railways (if we except the experimental great ship) appear to be the only transactions too large for individual capital and confidence to sustain. We believe that there is no example in this country of a joint-stock company of cotton manufacturers. But in Spain there is hardly a cotton manufactory of importance that is not conducted by a joint-stock company. This fact applies not simply to the cotton manufactories of Barcelona, but to the silk manufactories, too, of Valencia, Seville, and Madrid.

The joint-stock system, thus made applicable to manufactories, of course extends to banks, railways, and to companies of credit, which are legitimate subjects of joint-stock enterprise. Spain has imported the latter institutions from France. She has already a company of '*Crédit Mobilier Espagnol*,' a company of '*Crédit Mobilier Barcelonais*,' a company of '*Crédit Valencien*,' and several others of the same character, some provincial and some imperial. It is estimated that the aggregate nominal capital of these societies of credit amounts to about £15,000,000 sterling. Within the last few years the largest of the existing banks have been established, such as those of Saragossa, Valladolid, Cadiz, and Barcelona. Meanwhile, a corresponding movement has taken place in the enterprises of fire and life assurance, — Spain having now 17 companies concerned in these objects. Figures relative to the total capital of these and other such establishments are before us; but they are evidently incomplete, inaccurate, and even contradictory.

Spain is still greatly restricted in commercial enterprise by two leading circumstances: the still exorbitant tariff which it imposes; and the indisposition of the better classes in most provinces to engage in trade. The Catalonians, the Valencians, and the Gallicians, are the only really enterprising nations of the country. The former, it is well known, are the cotton manufacturers of Spain; and the high duties still imposed on Lancashire produce, are dictated by the same protective illusion with that which we have just seen dissipated in France. But the higher the duty, the more remunerative the smuggling; and Spain is of all countries the least adapted to restrain illicit trad-

ing. It is commonly believed that, independently of professed importations from Liverpool, Spaniards annually buy, as Barcelonese cotton goods, three times the manufacture of all Catalonia. A similar impolicy of the State restrains the cloth and silk manufacture, though Spanish wool is the finest in Europe, and the indigenous silk crops are very large. The long cloth cloak which almost every Spaniard wears more often comes from Yorkshire than from his own manufactories, and much silk is imported from Italy and elsewhere. It must be remembered, however, that these Spanish manufactures are yearly sharing the general improvement; but they are too much restricted by bad laws to advance *pari passu* with other objects of industry.

Public attention has lately been called to the colonial empire of Spain by two circumstances, neither of which do credit to her Government. We allude to her reacquisition of one-half of St Domingo, and to the increasing encouragement she has given in Cuba to the slave trade, which she had contracted with ourselves and with other countries to abolish. No one now believes for a moment that the Spanish Dominicans recalled the Spanish authority by their own deliberate act. There was, no doubt, a party in Domingo for the restoration of the Spanish Bourbons, as there is at this moment even a party in Calabria for the restoration of the Angévine branch of the same House. But whether that party even acted spontaneously in the movement which they made for this object, or whether they were the paid emissaries of the viceregal government at Havannah, is by no means clear. What, however, is now morally certain is, that they represented the views of an insignificant minority. And it is equally clear that the Cuban Government were convinced of it; for they at once despatched a considerable military force, the commander of which, on effecting a landing, immediately established a military despotism. It is hardly less certain that the authorities at Havannah would not have ventured on a course which might have brought the Court of Madrid into collision with other Governments, without instructions from their superiors; and there can be no doubt that such instructions, if sent to Havannah at all, must have anticipated the alleged popular revolution in St Domingo itself; for the interval between the revolution and the landing of the troops did not admit of a reference to Madrid. We look, therefore, upon the acquisition of Spanish Domingo as sheer filibustering, such as the Spaniards themselves have long been deprecating at the hands of the Americans. It is needless to multiply arguments where the presumption is already strong; but it would seem that the issue of the Moroccan war gave the Spaniards the requisite courage, and that the American civil war gave them the opportunity. The

three other Powers chiefly interested in this question are Great Britain, France, and the States of North America. But the latter are otherwise engaged; France is disinclined to resent an acquisition that offers to her a pretext for the seizure of the other half of the island, which she before possessed and colonized, as Spain colonized the half which she has now reacquired; and the British Government is probably unwilling to interfere alone between the Spaniards and the Dominicans, whom, on a fair ground of non-intervention, to which international law is growing more and more attached, she leaves to settle their own disputes, however convinced that the weaker party must go to the wall.

The sufferance of this country, however, yet depends on the fulfilment by the Spanish Government of the pledge which they have given, that they will not introduce slavery into St Domingo. In support of this pledge, they have advanced the plausible but callous argument, that the extent of free labour at the command of planters renders such a course unnecessary. Otherwise, the pledge would be worth no more than the treaty which they are openly violating in Cuba. But it is not in Cuba alone that the Spanish Government maintains slavery. There, indeed, they have a population of 373,000 black slaves, or one-third of the whole population of that island, which does not exceed 1,100,000 in all, white and black, slave and free. But in Porto Rico also there are not less than 50,000 slaves; and we know of no reason for their inutility in St Domingo that is not equally applicable to Porto Rico.

It is as remarkable as it is deplorable, that a country which certainly cherishes the principle of political liberty at home, should exhibit the bigotry and intolerance, in matters of religion, that have provoked so strong and so just a condemnation in our own Parliament. It is a striking example, on a broad view, of the remaining influence of the Papacy, that the country in which all Church property is being fast alienated, is the country in which the most intolerant principles still prevail, and in which alone, of all the states of Europe, they who do not conform to the Established faith are liable to be denied the right of Christian burial. Between the increasing numbers of foreigners whom the increasing trade of the country is attracting to its shores, and the zealous exertions of Protestant societies (which, however, the priesthood, through the Government, is doing its utmost to repress), the number either of Spanish converts or of foreign residents, professing another form of Christianity, is gradually but surely augmenting. But it appears to be almost as hard to extort from the Spanish Government the slightest concessions in favour of Protestant worship or Protestant interment, as it would be to prevail upon them to relinquish slavery in Cuba or

Porto Rico. We trust that the exertions of the British Government will be directed to this object until they shall have attained it. The illiberality of Spain towards the country which relieved her from French military rule, is, after the system of slavery which she has re-established, the greatest blot upon her civilisation.

There is no other country with which we have been at once in longer rivalry by sea and in more active alliance by land. From the beginning of this century almost so far back as into the Middle Ages, we find the record of perpetual reactions from peace into maritime war. Two leading causes of this state of things, as applying to two different ages, may readily be assigned. There was long between this country and Spain a great rivalry in the carrying trade; for though we did not carry for other nations in the same proportion, we at least aspired to carry for ourselves. There was a rivalry in colonization, though the Spanish colonization preceded our own; there was a rivalry, too, in pretension to maritime dominion; the papal concession of the Atlantic within certain latitudes to Spain may be taken as an example of the one, and Selden's *Mare Clausum* as an instance of the other. Maritime war was but the exponent of such commercial and political relations. Even the marriage of Philip and Mary was but a preliminary to the designed subjugation of this country to Spain. And yet a generation further back, the alliance concerted by the Emperor Charles V., when he visited England, had simply for its aim to tie the hands of Henry VIII., while he pursued his policy against Francis I. So long as Spain continued a great or even an independent Power, so long she waged war, as became such a state, upon grounds of her own choice. But when Spain contracted that famous marriage which the transcendental fiction of the courtiers of Versailles designated as the abolition of the Pyrenees, her maritime policy became very much the maritime policy of France. We need not pursue the motives of France in her maritime wars with this country; but, from the peace of the Pyrenees until after the battle of Trafalgar, Spain appeared against us in arms much more as the unwilling ally of France than as our own predetermined enemy. Indeed, the conduct of Dumanoir to the Spaniards after Trafalgar had been fought, was but the unrestrained exhibition of the feelings of the French for the ally whom they had dragged as their ignominious contributory into so many wars.

Hence we assume that the sentiment of hostility to Great Britain, as well as the principle of alliance with France, were dying out in Spain even before the commencement of that final struggle which annihilated her naval power. When, therefore, only two years after the battle of Trafalgar, her nominal ally

crossed the Pyrenees as her undisguised enemy and oppressor, the reaction of alliances which threw Spain into the arms of England was but the completion of a change for which events had long been preparing the way. Thus far we trace three distinct eras of Spanish external history: a period of independence, in which Spain waged war indifferently against France and England; a period in which Spain warred against England as the auxiliary of France; and a period in which she warred against France as the ally of England. We pass over, as almost without significance, both the reign of Ferdinand VII. and the civil war which succeeded it. They both presented abnormal and necessarily transient conditions. The one attempted to establish a state of government in violation of the first principles of the age; and the other existed simply so long as the chances of war gave the mastery to neither party in the contest.

But the foreign policy which is at this day identified with the name of Marshal O'Donnell is certainly entitled to this distinction—that it aims to render Spain at once independent in its external relations and prosperous at home. This independence in foreign policy has been nearly unknown to Spain since the age of Philip II.; and even that latest period of Spanish authority abroad was an age of poverty and tyranny at home. The present policy of the rulers of Spain carries with it, therefore, the originality of possessing no antecedent in the history even of the last two centuries and a half. In what degree the name of the Duke of Tetuan ought to be associated with the great changes that are now going on, it seems impossible to determine; but he is certainly the master-mind of the country as well as the real chief of the Government; and such a combination of official and intellectual authority seems to justify the identification of his name with much that has happened during his administration. But be the real authors of these various movements who they may, a fixed resolution has been arrived at, and steadily pursued, to place the country in such a position as to render it no more amenable to the undue influence of France than of England. An impression has certainly been current, that the O'Donnell Ministry has acted under French dictation in its present vigorous exertions to rebuild a navy. But when we look to the interior of the country itself, and perceive the direction of a corresponding energy to its military defence, more especially in the development of the modern system of fortification, we can but conclude that, if the Spanish Government aim to resume their old authority at sea, they are equally resolved that the French shall not recross the Pyrenees.

The reappearance of Spain as a military power is, as we have said, of much less significance to Europe than her reappearance

as a naval one. No military organization of which she is susceptible can ever (without a navy) render her arms important otherwise than as defensive weapons, or as allies in some general crusade that Germany and Italy might enter upon with the view of repressing encroachments which we will not anticipate. But, open as she is to several seas, her naval position in Europe is by nature fully equal to that of Great Britain. A state in possession of a steam-fleet at Cadiz and at Ferrol, at Carthage and at Barcelona, must possess an extensive command at once over the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; and, distant as the day may be, we cannot shut our eyes to the contingency of its occurrence.

The Spanish alliance ought henceforth to be quite as much within our reach as within the reach of the French Government. France has done Spain much more injury than England has done her; and England has scarcely greater interests than France in opposition to those of Spain. It is true we destroyed her navy, and we acknowledged the independence of the colonies that she was endeavouring to subjugate anew. But the loss of her fleet was the result of her own declarations of war against ourselves; and her colonies in South America had freed themselves by their own act. It was France which led her into her maritime disasters, and France which afterwards trampled out that domestic independence that it was our military credit to re-establish. Nor is it apposite to argue from past experience to future probabilities, if we correctly assume that the Spanish Government is resolved by fortifications, as well as mountains, to keep out the arms, and therefore, by implication, the undue influence of France.

The French Directory defeated Pitt in policy, though Pitt afterwards defeated at once the French Directory, its successors, and its allies in arms. He lost and France acquired the alliance of all other maritime powers. It must henceforward be our care that we are not compelled to atone for such diplomatic disasters again, by the success of our military and naval administration, and by the glory of our military and naval arms. The maritime Powers of continental Europe bid fair to be relatively as powerful, some five or ten years hence, as they were when the French revolutionary war began. It is now one of the most important problems of our foreign policy, in anticipation (possibly it may be in prevention) of that rupture between Great Britain and France which yearly increasing numbers hold to be some day inevitable, to detach from the Continent the elements of a maritime confederacy for ourselves. Russia, anti-Turkish and generally aggressive, is more likely, in several respects, to fall into a French than into a British alliance; but Spain has obviously to choose between an ally that would again degrade her into an auxiliary, and an ally that wishes to see her independent. The

ratio of our jealousy of Spain is proportioned, not to her armaments, but to her dependence upon a third Power.

While we have been writing, the condition of another Spain has become a European question. The Cabinets of London, Paris, and Madrid, have resolved upon an expedition to the coast of Mexico, in order to redress the grievances of which the three governments have had cause to complain. There will be few to question the justice of such an expedition, so far, at least, as France and Great Britain are concerned. But Spain stands in the invidious predicament of having been more or less an accomplice in the policy for which she is quite as eager to chastise the Mexicans, as either the British or the French Government. Our own grievances against Mexico may be ranged into two cardinal divisions. We claim the payment of interest, which has been in arrear during the last seven years, on a three per cent. loan of more than L.10,000,000 sterling; and we demand indemnities for the past maltreatment of our countrymen, and provision for their future safety. The Government of the country robbed our bondholders of the money they had entrusted to the British Legation; and alienated from their benefit the share of the custom revenue which they had hypothecated to them as a mortgage for the payment of their dividends. Here arose a clear case of dishonesty and spoliation. The Mexican government, moreover, afforded no protection to British subjects, who have been plundered and murdered by the inhabitants of the country, possibly with the tacit acquiescence of the Mexican government itself; and we are at liberty to contend, that every foreign government shall be responsible for the misconduct of its citizens towards subjects of the British crown.

The Spanish Government, so far as the personal insecurity of its own subjects trading in Mexico is concerned, has no doubt a similar grievance; although Spain may reciprocally be a country not very safe for Mexicans. But when we pass to financial transactions between Spain and Mexico, we find the former State quite as ready to repudiate her obligations as the latter. The Spanish debt to our own country, for example, may be divided into three classes. There is, first, the debt on which a diminished rate of interest has been paid; secondly, there is that which has been thrown into what has been termed a 'deferred,' or 'passive' stock, and pays (like our own Mexican loan) no interest whatever; and, thirdly, there is the stock which Spain has openly repudiated. The latter class is represented by a fictitious description of property known as 'Spanish Certificates.' These are certificates issued, not by the Spanish Government, but by

the committee of Spanish bondholders in London, in nominal representation of a debt ignored by the borrowing Government, which has made as much default as Mexico herself.

When we view these circumstances in relation to the eagerness exhibited by the Court of Madrid to despatch an independent expedition from Cuba against Vera Cruz and Tampico, and to its recent seizure of San Domingo, we may fairly anticipate that a fresh territorial annexation will be attempted under cover of an indignation which it ill becomes the Spanish Government to assume. Whether the Mexicans would again recognise in name the sovereignty of the House of Bourbon, we have no means of forming an opinion, beyond the practical revolt against authority which marks the conduct of the whole people. To overrun Mexico would be very different from overrunning San Domingo, and would, we believe, be impossible. So rich and extensive a country could not be transferred from independence into subordination to another power, without involving a European question. We may be at ease, therefore, in regard to a surreptitious resumption of Spanish sovereignty in Mexico; but the conduct of the Spanish Government in this question, as well as in reference to Morocco and San Domingo, serves to imply, that in addition to its desire for domestic prosperity, it is haunted again by the phantasmagoria of its ancient conquests, and aspires, at some day, to restore the dominion that was once known as Spain and the Indies.

- ART. V.—1. *Literary and Historical Essays.* By THOMAS DAVIS. Dublin: Duffy.
2. *The Poems of Thomas Davis.* Dublin: Duffy.
3. *Poems.* By JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN. London: Simpkin and Co. 1859.
4. *Poems.* By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. London: Bell and Daldy. 1860.
5. *The Poets and Poetry of Munster.* Dublin: O'Daly. 1851.
6. *The Songs of Ireland.* Dublin: Duffy. 1846.
7. *The Book of Irish Ballads.* Edited by D. F. MACCARTHY. Dublin: Duffy.
8. *The Ballads of Ireland.* Collected by EDWARD HAYES. Fullarton and Co. 1855.
9. *The Lyrics of Ireland.* Edited by SAMUEL LOVER. Houlston and Wright. 1858.
10. *The Bell-Founder, and other Poems.* By D. F. MACCARTHY. London: Bogue. 1857.
11. *Underglimpes, and other Poems.* London: Bogue.
12. *The Ballad-Poetry of Ireland.* Edited by C. G. DUFFY. Dublin: Duffy.
13. *Poems.* By JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D. Dublin: M'Glashan. 1854.
14. *Poems.* By the DRENNANS, Father and Sons. Dublin: Robertson.
15. *Versicles.* By THOMAS IRWIN. Dublin: Hennessy. 1856.
16. *Dunboy, and other Poems.* By T. D. O'Sullivan. Dublin: Fowler. 1861.

AMONGST all the elements that have mixed and worked together to quicken and kindle the ancient British and Anglo-Saxon into the present English race, nothing is more remarkable than the influence of the Norsemen. They come into the world at a time when the old races are fast decaying, for they have reached their dark ages. The storehouses of rude strength are opened up in the North, and nature goes back to the primal elements for a fresh vigour that shall vitalize the world. A new race is wanted, who have had hardship for their teacher, and whose thews and sinews have been developed to wrestle with difficulty,—a race that shall conquer such rough facts as the Greeks have shunned, and become the world's greatest workers; a race of builders as well as battlers, who can plant as well as plunder, colonize as well as conquer, and triumph where the Romans failed; a race that shall start up into Protestant attitude in the presence of all oppression and wrong, and live and breathe only under such

national laws as give room for evolving the noblest nature of the individual. It was from the cold and stormy north that the Creator called forth the kindling energy of a robust race. These Norsemen came to infuse their Scandinavian blood into our veins, tingling with electric fire, such as the fiercest glow of the East can never match. They were the ocean-born children of Liberty; and to this day, in whatever race the Norse influence works, in whatever blood it quickens, that race will be found true to the ancient mother, fighting for liberty still. The Norsemen were born Protestants—haters of the Romish Church—hated it almost as soon as they heard of it. They were known to us in our boyhood as the ‘Bloody Danes,’ ever since they were so painted by the Anglo-Saxon monks who saw their terrible warships hovering round the shores, and their faces gleaming in the red light of burning monasteries. This Norse power, then, after innumerable endeavours to open the doors which were held and defended against it with desperate tenacity, passed into the English race, with its indomitable pluck, its enduring hardihood, and all its hunger for enterprise, lust of danger, and longing for new fields of action. It did the same with the Lowland Scotch. And we look upon this Norse Conquest as one of the great wedding influences of the two peoples. It ranges us on the same side of the world in politics and religion; it gives us the same delight in the sea, and brotherhood in battling; gives us a mutual feeling so strong that it fuses us into one. The Celtic race in Ireland fought strenuously to resist the infusion of Norse influence, and were more successful in their efforts to keep it out. The older brother, already and for long in possession of the land, and priding himself on his direct lineage, looked with dark suspicion on this younger, ruddy, blue-eyed, and fair-haired fellow, who had been to sea, and who came with courage and daring to set his sea-king’s throne high over all the thrones of the earth. The Norsemen who came to stir the plodding Anglo-Saxon, and make him lift up his brow in the light of a new dawn, and quicken his footsteps in the onward march of national life, was utterly rejected by the Celt; rejected with all his might in battle, and by his strongest predilections of race. The Norse spirit swam to the shores of Ireland, was continually driven to sea again, but effected a landing in England and Scotland. There was no such wide difference betwixt the Anglo-Saxons and the Irish before the Norse blood got into the British race. The Anglo-Saxons were over-ridden by the Romish Church, and the people were degenerating in the stifling shadow that crept over them, in place of the pure light that shone when Christ was born. These men asserted in their life and looks, their thoughts and deeds, that great principle which was after-

wards identified with the name of Luther. They maintained the right of private judgment in religion, and the right of representation in government; and whereas the Celtic affection is most successfully appealed to in fighting for a person, the Norse ambition is to fight for a principle. This illustration alone is sufficient to show how far the Norse influence must have differentiated the Anglo-Saxon in England from the Celtic race as found in Ireland.

We derive from the Norsemen many of those characteristics which we now call 'so English.' Our love of the sea; our aptitude for self-government; the large, clear sincerity of men who have been accustomed to look stern realities full in the face; the open-air freshness of look, flesh-and-blood warmth of grip; the frankness and simplicity as of sailors; and a resolute earnestness of being and doing,—were all traits of our Scandinavian ancestors. There was a heartiness in the Norse nature, a breadth in the Norse imagination, which out-distance anything we can find in the Celt. In giving honour, let us also do justice. Our Irish friends have so often done injustice to the inoffensive Anglo-Saxons, so much have they nursed a mistaken feeling of hatred, that the term 'Saxon' has become a sufficient mark for the wormwood bitterness of their blackest blood. It is the Norsemen they mean. It was the Norsemen who were their born enemies and natural antagonists. It was the Norsemen and Anglo-Normans who so often attempted the conquest of Ireland. We are not aware that history makes mention of more than one national raid under an Anglo-Saxon king, and that is apocryphal. But the poor 'Saxon' has had to suffer in the Irish imagination for all that the Norsemen and the Normans have done.

It was the Norsemen who first ravaged the shores of Ireland in their many Viking expeditions. In the middle of the ninth century, a king of Norway, proud and fierce, had made himself master of half Ireland. From that time the spirit of the country was kept continually insurgent against the Norsemen. And yet to this day it is the name of the peaceable, home-loving Saxon that erects the porcupine feeling at a thousand points.

The Irish race appears to us to lack many elements of that new force which the Norsemen came to supply,—that tempering influence and balancing power which sets an Englishman more firmly on his feet, gives him a good grip of the bridle-hand over the horse-power within him, and strength to keep the caloric of temperament shut up at will in a granite calm. One would think that there was also a defect in the Irish mind which incapacitates it for taking a real possession of the present, and working out of the present a better future. It puts the future first, when

in the hopeful mood, and whilst trying to climb up into its lofty and spreading shelter to make its nest there, it will carelessly trample down all those lowly and quiet undergrowths about its feet, those compensations of the present which might fill the heart with comforting thoughts, and life with some sweet satisfaction and peace of possession. Or, if in the mournful mood, it invariably turns to the past, when, according to the natural order of things, it should be looking to a cheerier and brighter future. It turns to some far past, and its poets sing of the bygone days, as though they belonged to a race which has a splendid past, but a hopeless future. Their true possessions appear to remain in a far-off land that lies near the dawn, and is only visible in all its glory when looked at across a sea of tears. They turn to the proud old houses, and the great old times; their chiefs of long and lofty line, and all the fields of victory they 'thrill to name,' whose memories are the stars that light long nights of shame.' And while the colours of dawn bloom in the distance, and the glowing reflection flushes their faces, the shadow of sorrow lengthens and darkens, as though all the visionary splendour was only that of a setting sun going down for ever. And the voice of the singer has a sound of tears, and is sad as a wind that wails in a graveyard at night over the desolate dead. In the midst of the bleakest and most shivering present, they will turn to warm the chilled heart at the glory of their golden time, and find warmth and solace in the pictures of their poetry.

While the Ireland of the present may be all dark, as the wings of the famine-fiend overshadow it, and pestilence breathes in the face of the people till they turn blue and ghastly, and the land is a wilderness of graves, and only the last groan of breaking hearts, or the wild cry of rebel men, startles the more horrible stillness of despair,—they will fly to some realm of fancy, or region of whisky-world, and find a land where they can walk entranced in the light of a sun that shines on lustrous fields of harvest gold, and ruddy fruits that come up out of the earth without planting, because the clime is so balmy; and the princes have a loving, noble aspect, the people are radiant with a happy look, plenty reigns, and content rejoices, because the time is so blessed. Poor Mangan's vision of the past was undoubtedly seen in whisky-world. But Irish poetry has more authentic, if not less amazing, reports of a splendid past. In 'Prince Aldfrid's Itinerary through Ireland,' a poem still extant in the Irish language, and attributed to Prince Aldfrid, afterwards king of the Northumbrian Saxons, we have a glowing account of Ireland in the seventh century. Unless we look upon the Prince merely as a 'finder,' in the sense of the Mediævals, who called the poet by that name, it must have been a wonderful time of day indeed

for Ireland, and we cannot marvel that it should yet dazzle the native imagination. He tells us that he 'travelled its fruitful provinces round,' and he found plenty of gold and silver, food in abundance, apparel in plenty. He found God's people rich in pity.

'I also found in Armagh, the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended.'

What a different version Irish representatives give now-a-days!

'I found the good lay monks and brothers
Ever beseeching help for others,
And in their keeping the holy word
Pure as it came from Jesus the Lord.
I found in Munster unfettered of any,
Kings and queens, and poets a-many.'

This will, perhaps, account for the numbers that claim royal descent, still 'unfettered of any' misgivings in making their claim, or scruples in putting it forward.

'I found strict morals in age and youth,
I found historians recording truth.'

Can testimony to national veracity go further, or say more? The writer could not have known what force that statement would acquire for us. But, as though he had a fear lest he might not be believed in after times, he tells us that he did find all these things 'I have written sooth.'

Another bard gives us a pleasant picture of Ireland in the past. How much of its light-heartedness, happy health, and generous nationality, comes from the heart of its translator, Mr Ferguson, and how much may be found in the original Irish, we know not; but it is as richly stored with delightfulness as a breast full of milk for a babe, gracious and satisfying as Spencer's description of 'Charity':—

'A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear;
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs in the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

'Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground;
The butter and the cream do wond'rously abound;
The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests grand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.'

In all this turning back to the past, we are continually reminded

of a race that has seen better days. There is a total want of the fine old Norse spirit of self-reliance, and of making the best possible of the present. On the contrary, among the Irish bards we find a wild wailing set up continually for the expected Deliverer who is to come and restore this golden time. Ireland is sleeping, and her people are dreaming, with all things in a general state of pause, awaiting for the coming-to of Cathaleen Ni Houlahan. Or Ireland is cowering underground,

‘Neath the sod lying low,
Expecting King James with the crown on his brow.’

Ireland is mostly represented allegorically. The poet often wanders abroad in the purple of dawn, the gold of evening, or green of the day, and he sees in splendid vision a maiden wondrously fair, meek as a vestal, yet grand as a queen. Her eyes are as the stars of heaven, her teeth are smiling pearls, her gold tresses are ringleted and reaching to the knee; but never mortal kissed the lily hand, never did mortal brow rest on the beautiful bosom. This is Ireland, as she sits, perhaps, on the sea-shore, looking wistfully with her wide blue eyes to see if her Deliverer is coming over the sea to free her where she is bound, like another Andromeda, mourning melodiously.

One of these bards sings :—

‘We love the antique and the olden,
We gladly glance back to the golden
And valourful times of our sages and heroes,
But those shall no more be beholden.’

His conclusion is, indeed, a settler, and startlingly literal :—

‘The armies of Britain wield ample
Resources to vanquish and trample;
Charles Stuart’s o’erthrow, should he venture o’er hither,
Will be *dreadful beyond all example.*’

One of the most familiar of Irish legends relates that a troop of O’Neill’s horse lies in magic sleep in a cave under a hill. There they only wait to have the spell broken by courage, in order that they may rise to help their country, and overthrow her oppressors. The legend tells us how one man wandered into the cave, and saw the men lying beside their horses, bridle in one hand, and broadsword in the other. One of the troopers raised his head, and asked, ‘Is the time come?’ The man was too frightened to reply; and so the soldier, receiving no answer, fell once more into the charmed slumber.

Nearly twenty years ago, there arose in Ireland a band of young men, passionate lovers of their country, and zealous guardians of her proudest traditions. They conceived the idea of awakening this deliverer, who should stretch forth his hand

and take the sword they would forge ready for his clutch. They would breathe a new breath of life into Ireland. 'Ireland for the Irish' was the motto on their banner. Around this banner thronged eager spirits, burning high with hope and ardour, who set about fighting the battle of nationality by press and pen, picture and speech, with all the fervour of those three hundred Spartans who sold their lives so dearly in the red pass of Thermopylæ. Among them was the usual mixture of human dross, but there was also immortal metal. They strove to put a new soul into the great body of the people through the opening eyes, the listening ears, or, if need were, the tingling finger-tips that clasped the sword-hilt, and in every way inspire them to lift up the bended brow, and walk erect, straight through some gate of glory into their new kingdom of liberty and light. Some hearts were broken, some lives were wasted, many waves of strength dashed on the wrong shore, failed and fell back worn out and weary. For one thing, they sought what is known in Scotland as the 'Good Man's Croft,' or the 'Devil's Acre.' This is that portion of a farm or estate which will never repay the cost of cultivation. Yet it appears to be satanically endowed with power to tempt the unlucky victim into a wilful determination of conquering its stubbornness, until he wastes his time, money, strength, life, and will spend all the profit yielded by the rest of the land in this mad endeavour to overcome natural sterility. 'Repeal of the Union' was the 'Good Man's Croft' or 'Devil's Acre' of these young, enthusiastic, and wilful Irishmen.

Thomas Davis was the great man of the Young Ireland party. His name is one not often heard in England. It finds no record in Scotland, to judge by the new 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' in which no mention of him can be found. Even Ireland does not yet know what a true lover and faithful son she lost in him. Ten years ago a complete edition of the works of Thomas Davis was proposed by Mr Duffy, a publisher, of whom his country should be proud; but it was never called for, and has not been issued. Yet the name of Thomas Davis is one never to be forgotten when ballad poetry is spoken of, no matter in what country. And it is a name for Ireland to cherish in her heart of hearts. Countries as well as writers often do not know when they have produced their best. We hold that Ireland, the nation of many sorrows, suffered one of her greatest bereavements when she lost him. The reader may recollect, in a note of Lord Jeffrey to Mrs Empson, to be found in Lord Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey*, that the critic says he has just read,

'A very interesting little volume of "Irish Ballad Poetry," published by that poor Duffy of the *Nation*, who died so prematurely the

other day. There are some most pathetic and many spirited pieces, and all, with scarcely an exception, so entirely national. Do get the book and read it. I am most struck with "Soggarth Aroon," and a long, racy, authentic sounding dirge for the Tyrconnel Princes. But you had better begin with the "Irish Emigrant" and the "Girl of Loch Dan," which will break you in more gently to the wilder and more impassioned parts.'

The 'poor Duffy of the *Nation*' should have been written Thomas Davis. Davis was pre-eminent amongst his fellows for his large-heartedness, his capacity for work, his loveableness, his chivalry, invincible as that of the knights of old. He was one of those gallant spirits that start in the race of life with the proudest hopes and aspirations, eager to do, daring to suffer, and mighty to overcome, a martyr and hero in one, but who never accomplish a third of the work that was in them; and so, when we hear the report of friends, who stood about them in a pleasant glow and hush of expectation, and who speak to us of them after they are gone, the report appears extravagant. But, high over a heart as warm as the youngest and most passionate patriot, a heart like a 'holy well,' running over with waters of life, Thomas Davis bore the clear head of a calm statesman. He was no mere hot-brained fighting man; no mere madcap and feather-triumph patriot. He was as kingly in council as fervid in song. We may differ with him, as we do, about the supposed benefit of a repeal of the Union—for one reason, that we have lived to see more than he saw. But, right or wrong in object, he set about using the right means. His advice was, to cease wailing and begin working. Any one can destroy; let us see if we cannot create. Study the nation's history, and train up men who shall be worthy of wearing what we are toiling to win. Look no longer to France or Spain for hope and succour, or to any Utopia whatever for the deliverer, but trust to your own heads, hearts, and hands. Educate, that you may be free. Give the little ones in schools the best available knowledge of literature, art, and science. Everything must be Irish—everything done for Ireland by the Irish. He would have the dull made thoughtful, the thoughtful made studious, the studious wise, and the wise crowned with power. He would have every parish penetrated and permeated with a knowledge of what Ireland had been, was, and might yet become. He would have the people turned on the land in small proprietorships; the bogs drained, and set on fire in the shape of fuel; railways on the land, mills on the streams, and fisheries on the sea. He was as eloquent on the nature of soils as of races, on duties as on rights, on national commerce as on national song.

Among other schemes, he planned the publication of one hun-

dred shilling books, to be printed in Duffy's Library for Ireland, and to consist of history, biographies, etc., the materials for which were to be sought in the State Paper Office, London, the MSS. Trin. Col. Library, and the valuable papers still preserved in Irish convents at Rome, Salamanca, and other places. To infuse a larger spirit of nationality into the people, it was proposed to commence the *Nation* newspaper, and the projectors determined to make use of popular poetry as an agent. There being none at hand suited to their purpose, they had to set about making their own poetry for themselves. This was the origin of most of that beautiful rebel verse, now known as the 'Spirit of the Nation.'

Such was the patriotic heat of the time glowing at the heart of each and all, acting and reacting on one another, that men stood for the moment transfigured in the brightness of faculties new found. Brains formed for solid work, and stiffened into shapes that should be able to wrestle with figure and fact, became fluent at a touch, and poetry flowed from them in vital streams. To refer to one example: we believe that the following poem was the first and last attempt at verse-making on the part of the writer, but it is the most perfect gem of all the Young Ireland verse—an epitome of Irish history—a picture of Ireland the exile—a poem that is anonymous so long as its author lives, but a poem that will make known his name for ever after:—

'THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

- ' Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?
 Who blushes at the name?
 When cowards mock the Patriot's fate,
 Who hangs his head for shame?
 He's all a knave, or half a slave,
 Who slights his country thus;
 But a true man, like you, man,
 Will fill your glass with us.
- ' We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few;
 Some lie far off beyond the wave,
 Some sleep in Ireland too.
 All—all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died;
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.
- ' Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made.

But tho' their clay be far away
 Beyond the Atlantic foam,
 In true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

'The dust of some is Irish earth,
 Among their own they rest;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast.
 And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

'They rose in dark and evil days,
 To right their native land;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
 They fell and passed away;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

'Then, here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite!
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Tho' sad as theirs your fate;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.'

One marvels whether that shaft hit the mark by accident, like the boy's in the Persian legend. The king's archers were all shooting at the ring, and not one could send the shaft through. A boy, sitting on a house-top near, tried with his bow, and by accident the arrow went through the ring. Wonderful marksman! cried the soldiers; come down and do that again. But the boy was wise, and would not risk his fame. Is this ungracious, Mr Nameless? Well, you who can write *so*, ought to have written more!

Up to the time of starting the *Nation* newspaper, in conjunction with Mr Duffy, Thomas Davis is said to have never written poetry. He tried, and produced a ballad, full of Irish pathos, on the death of Owen Roe O'Neill. All of a sudden it seemed that a national lyricist had, aloe-like, burst into full bloom. There was a genuine lyrical leap of the soul into song in Thomas Davis' ballads; more so than could have been anticipated from one

who was a late beginner, and who began to write verse from external necessity to teach, rather than from internal necessity to sing. He sang at the call of his country, rather than at the voice of his own soul. It was Pegasus in historical harness, helping to draw the people along a heavy road, full of ruts and furrows, rather than proudly bearing a poet up the steep of Parnassus. But it matters little whence the incentive comes, so that it quickens a fruitful nature. Possibly, if Davis had lived, the politician might have killed out the poet; but he had only written verse for three years, when the chords of his Irish harp were stilled by the dull hand of Death. He died also when only a few volumes of the projected Library of Ireland had been printed. He died of fever, in September 1845, most probably from over-work,—died at his post, and with his armour on, but without getting a glimpse of the better times that have dawned for Ireland. But Thomas Davis did not live or die in vain. The movement into which he flung his life as an impulse, did not end in a cabbage-garden. After the chief was gone, the soldiers fought, rashly, wildly, and ended lamentably. But the spirit of inquiry that Davis woke has not died out. His own spirit is with Ireland still. His words—when speaking of Ireland's wants—still work on, and the men who remember them.

‘It is not a gambling fortune made at Imperial play that Ireland wants. It is the pious and stern cultivation of her faculties and her virtues, the acquisition of faithful and exact habits, and the self-respect that rewards a dutiful and sincere life. To get her peasants into snug homesteads, with well-tilled fields and placid hearths—to develop the ingenuity of her artists, and the docile industry of her artisans—to make for her own instruction a literature wherein our climate, history, and passion shall breathe—to gain conscious strength and integrity, and the high post of holy freedom;—these are Ireland's wants.’

We quote a few lines from a poem on the death of Thomas Davis, written by Samuel Ferguson to a music peculiarly national. The poem is not to be met with in the usual collections of Irish poetry:—

‘And, alas! to think but now and thou art lying,
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee;
And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,
That face on earth shall never see!
I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming—
I may lie and try to say, “Thy will be done!”
But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
For the loss of the noble son.

‘But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
 That He will not suffer those right hands,
 Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock,
 To draw opposing brands.
 Oh ! many a tuneful tongue that thou mad’st vocal
 Would lie cold and silent then ;
 And songless long once more should often-widowed Erin
 Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

‘Oh, brave young men ! my love, my pride, my promise,
 ’Tis on you my hopes are set,
 In manliness, in kindness, in justice,
 To make Erin a nation yet :
 Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
 In union, or in severance, free and strong.
 And if God grant this, then, under God, to **Thomas Davis**
 Let the greater praise belong.’

The life of Thomas Davis has not been written. His correspondence was to have been given to the world by Owen Maddyn, if he had lived. Alas ! how many grand promises made to Ireland have depended on such an ‘if !’ We have not many facts of the biographic kind, and we do not feel very generous about giving what we have to those encyclopædists who ought to have collected them for us. Thomas Davis was born at Mallow, Ireland, in the year 1814. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1835 ; was called to the Irish bar in 1838, made his first essay in political writing in 1840, helped to start the *Nation* in 1842, died in 1845, and numbered 30 or 31 years on his coffin lid. He was a sincere Protestant, but beloved in both camps. He was not married. His intellect was solid, as his life was brief and brilliant. His poems are collected in a little shilling book. His essays are the merest sparks struck out of the grindstone of hard daily toil ; but there is in them a touch of the true Promethean fire—ample proof that here was a good and a great man. We give but one specimen of his poetry ; but it is a model of ballad verse : in its way, it is perfect as one of Campbell’s battle-ballads, although written with the more numerous detail as of our pre-Raphælite painters, whereas Campbell used the brush more after the manner of the old masters. It is the ‘Battle of Fontenoy,’ where, as the old Scottish song says, the French for ‘ance won the day.’ It was the day of the famous English column, whose rolling fire, the French courtier wrote, was ‘really infernal,’ and the English officers laid their canes across the muskets to make the men fire low ; and so fatal was their fire, that the one English volley on the hill-top cost the desperate Irish brigade one-fourth of their officers, and one-third of their men. George II., on hearing how the Irish

fought, is said to have uttered that imprecation on the penal code: 'Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects.'

'Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column failed,
And twice the lines of St Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary,
As vainly, thro' De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

'Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step adown the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as thro' a furnace blast,
Thro' rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked at hostile force,
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grew their ranks,
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee thro' Holland's ocean banks.

'More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore; still on they marched
and fired—

Fast from each volley grenadier and voltigeur retired.

"Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried:
To death they rush, but rude the shock—not unavenged they died.
On thro' the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain:"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not those exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

' "Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon
foes!"

The Marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes.

How fierce the look those exiles wear, who're won't to be so gay!

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—

The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,

Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's part-
ing cry;

Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country over-
thrown,—

Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,

Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

'O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands—
 "Fix bayonets"—charge!—like mountain-storm, rush on those
 fiery bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
 Yet, mustering all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
 They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
 Their bayonets the breakers' foam, like rocks the men behind.
 One volley crashes from their line, when, thro' the surging smoke,
 With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
 "Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sassenagh!"

'Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
 Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:
 Bright was their steel, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
 Thro' shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore.
 The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
 The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead;
 Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
 While Cavalier and Fantassin dash in upon their track.
 On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
 With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won.'

This poetry of the *Nation* school could not be of the highest kind; poetry written for political purposes never can be: the highest can only be struck from the eternal strings of the human heart. Nor did it come as the natural crown that blossoms out of great national action, for life must be lived before a literature can be written. The spoken word may incite to action. The minstrel Tallifer may help to win a battle of Hastings, but the greatest actions must be accomplished before the greatest song will be sung. Only out of a strong and healthy national life can a national literature spring; only out of the lion of this strength cometh the full sweetness of poetry. Still, they did some true things in poetry; and one of the very best things done by these young men was the very memorable one of breaking up that huge and foolish swindle, the 'Repeal Association.' Poor O'Connell was their bitter enemy, for he felt they had shortened his days in the land, and found that they were too much for him.

We have now to speak of other Irish poets not necessarily connected with the *Nation* school. These do not properly come under the title of our article, but may be embraced in the same view, as belonging to the last twenty or thirty years of Irish poetry. The name and fame of Clarence Mangan and Samuel Ferguson were made before the rise of the 'Young Ireland' school. The father and founder of an earlier and more purely

literary school of Irish writers was Dr Petrie. In 1832, four very remarkable young men might be found working in his study in Dublin, and, under his instruction and inspiration, working, we believe, on the 'Ordnance Survey Memoir of Ireland' (a great work nipped in the bud, for fear of exciting too strong a feeling of nationality). These were, O'Donovan, Curry, O'Keefe, and Mangan. Petrie was at this time editing the *Dublin Penny Journal*, the first two volumes of which contain writings of great elegance, and include some of Mangan's best earlier translations. At the same time, or probably a little earlier, the Rev. George Fox (now the Principal of an English College in Demerara) had gathered about him a little band of devoted young disciples in Belfast, and amongst these were Hogan, M'Clean, and Samuel Ferguson. These young men owed much to their teachers, to whom they looked up with love and gratitude. It was Dr Petrie who corrected, by the influence of a refinement of mind and sentiment acting insidiously, the early faults of Mangan's style. The chief fault which Petrie corrected for the time was poor Mangan's affectation of a *gamin*-like jauntiness and knowingness. He also conquered his repugnance to Irish material. For Mangan had to work on literal translations from the original language, and could with difficulty be brought to melt into music the bald, disjointed English which Curry and his other companions put before him.

James Clarence Mangan was born in Dublin in 1803, of poor parents. His father is said to have been of a restless disposition, and unfortunate in business. His boyhood was most probably spent in the streets, where the precocious child would be an industrious sweep-up of peculiar information respecting the world in general, and that of poverty in particular. Before he was fifteen, he obtained a situation in a scrivener's office, which he kept for seven years, and was then a solicitor's clerk for three years. Those who knew him in after years speak of his mother, sister, and brother as still living; and these must for long have partly lived on Mangan's scanty earnings. He himself has written of his early days in the lawyer's office:—

'I was obliged to work seven years of the ten from five in the morning, winter and summer, to eleven at night; and during the three remaining years, nothing but a special providence could have saved me from suicide. The misery of my own mind; my natural tendency to loneliness, poetry, and self-analysis; the disgusting obscenities and horrible blasphemies of those associated with me; the persecutions I was obliged to endure, and which I never avenged but by acts of kindness; the close air of the room, and the perpetual smoke of the chimney,—all these destroyed my constitution. No! I am wrong; it was not even all these that destroyed me. In seeking

to escape from this misery, I had laid the foundation of that evil habit which has proved my ruin.'

He must have wrought at weaving the web of his wonderful knowledge, assiduously and secretly as any old spider, hid up in the dark of those early years. It is said that he loved some cold and careless coquette, and that a good deal of his life's lustre was run off in tears, which only served to make her triumph more brilliant. But all this was suffered in his own shy, sensitive, uncomplaining way. One who knew him, speaks of there being a gap in his life here; 'an obscure gulf, which no eye has fathomed, into which he entered a bright-haired youth, and emerged a withered and stricken man.'

By the aid of Drs Petrie and Todd, Mangan obtained employment in the great University Library. The book-worm feasted richly, and then burst into wings of rare splendour. A strange figure he must have been, with the white halo of bleached hair round his head, the dark halo round his eyes—eyes of weird blue, as of one who could see spirits; a lighted corpse-like face, with that faint lavender shadow which they wear who eat opium, and dream its dreams. A strange figure, and yet not startling: a child would not have feared to pull the old brown carmelite coat, climb the offered knee, and kiss the face where queer humour and quaint pathos mingled with an expression such as Cruikshank alone could have figured; and over all was the affecting touch of a weak will in the mildness of his look, that pained you like the crack in the laugh of age.

One of the most pathetic things in all the mortal life of our Saviour, is His weeping over the doomed city of Jerusalem. There it lies, full of all uncleanness. It has persecuted the saints, slain the prophets, and stoned the martyrs. It spurns the Saviour, and hurries on to meet its day of doom and desolation. Yet, looking on it, the heart yearns over it, the eyes grow tearful; there comes a wave of feeling that would wash out all its sins in forgiveness, followed by the heart-aching, lip-quivering tenderness of the words, 'O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and *ye would not.*' There are spirits over whom we yearn in like manner, as far as our nature can follow the feeling of the Divine Master. We long to embrace them and shelter them from the coming doom, and in our utter helplessness we cannot.

Even so did good and true friends yearn over poor Mangan in his later days, and tried to save him, and he would not. There was no bravado, no loud recklessness in his fall. It seemed to be rather from sheer want of will. When set on his legs, there was no power to stand, and down he went, till the image of

God was almost wholly battered out of the poor human face. When sinking lower and lower beyond the reach of help, friends still clung to him as near as they could get. His kindest friend, the Rev. C. P. Meehan, was with him to the end, trying to smooth the sad pillow where he lay. With last words, Mangan requested that one of the Catholic penitential hymns might be read; and when it was ended, his spirit had passed. He died on the 20th of June, 1849, in the Meath Hospital, Dublin.

Mangan has been compared to Poe. There was some likeness at first sight, but this lay more in the outer facts of his life, and in external characteristics. If we can get at the inmost spirit of the man, we find the likeness only negative. In weakness of will, in carrying out a good resolution, he was powerless as Poe. But then he had none of the fierce defiant determination to be bad, and thrust the very worst into the faces of lookers-on, calling aloud to those who would have pityingly passed by the sad sight. He never gloried in his gutter as Poe did, or played the madman on purpose to mock humanity and delight the devil. He had not the same ghoulish fondness for digging with lean fingers, and tearing up the secrets of the grave, nor the same morbid lust for creating a creeping horror in the blood of his readers. Poe showed a *malice prepense* against himself, and went the way to perdition with a wicked wilfulness. Poor Mangan slipped down the back way with a shy weakness. Poe seemed to enjoy making your heart ache for him, but Mangan would not have willingly cost you a tear for all his misery. Poe was possessed and torn by seven devils of self, whereas it was one cause of Mangan's sad fate, when all had gone wrong, that he had not a thought about himself. As his best friend says of him briefly and pathetically, Mangan 'had no vice but *the one*.' Both died in public hospitals in the same year, and within ten weeks of each other.

Another likeness between these two poets opens up a curious subject for speculation on psychical phenomena. Shakespeare speaks of method in madness: we think there must be strange music in it too—music that is often unfathomably subtle, or recklessly splendid. We have seen the insane listening to it, trying to catch it, dancing to it, and breaking off in mournful failure. Think of the music of Coleridge, of Poe, of Mangan! We cannot help associating it with the opiate and the stimulant. Coleridge's is the healthiest of the three—he can work the real miracle. Poe's is the most unhealthy, and in him we can detect the conjurer. There is strange music in Mangan, with a sudden breaking in at times of the spirit-world. Now it is a playful prank of Ariel in the air; now the tiny tinkling music of fairies,

their notes formed from water dropping; now a sudden cry as of a lost soul, warbled instead of wailed, or a horrible laugh thrills through; now some harbinger of death is going overhead in a cold blood-curdling air; now there hurries up a swarm of wild ululant discords, like a chorus of evil spirits hovering round a doomed suicide, as he sits at midnight with white face by a dark water, urging the despairing soul over the last ledge of hope, down—down—down!

The real Clarence Mangan is only to be found in his poems, although here it is difficult at times to know when you have him. It is as though the soul of the man had gone out of him into his books when in Trinity College Library, and the souls of four-and-twenty poets dead and gone, all of different nations, had made use of him. He was master of a prodigious number of languages, but his translations were sometimes translations only in name. It is said, that, on being questioned by a friend respecting the genuineness of an ode from the great Persian lyrist, he admitted that it was only 'half his.' In some alleged autobiographical memoranda which he left behind him, he is stated to have confessed that he frequently fathered on other writers the offspring of his own brain. And he told a friend of ours, that in German translations he often attributed poems to the poet 'Selber,' meaning himself. Here is a specimen from the Persian:—

'Thus writeth Meer Djafirit—
"I hate thee, Djaun Bool,
Worse than Marid or Afrit,
Or corpse-eating ghool.
I hate thee like sin,
For thy mop-head of hair,
Snub nose, and bald chin,
And thy turkey-cock air.
Thou vile Ferindjee!
That thou shouldst disturb an
Old Moslim like me,
With my Khizzilbash turban!
Old foggy like me,
With my Khizzilbash turban.

"I spit on thy clothing,
That garb for baboons!
I eye with deep loathing
Thy tight pantaloons!
I curse the cravat
That encircles thy throat,
And thy cooking-pot hat,
And thy swallow-tailed coat!

Go, hide thy thick sconce
 In some hovel suburban,
 Or else don at once
 The red Moosleman turban ;
 Thou dog, don at once
 The grand Khizzilbash turban.”’

He published a series of poems in the *Dublin University Magazine*, between September 1837 and January 1846, under the title of ‘*Literæ Orientales*.’ These were mostly original poems, disguised by various so-called Persian, Turkish, and other Oriental names, phrases, and choruses ; but the mystification is thrown off at times almost derisively, as if in contempt of any one who could be deceived. In running through these, we have noted here and there an illustrative and characteristic stanza of poems that have never yet been collected. In the number for September 1837, is a fine poem, full of music, in eleven stanzas, called ‘*The Time of the Roses*.’ Here is one :—

‘ See the young lilies, their scymitar-petals
 Glancing like silver mid earthlier metals,
 Dew of the brightest in life-giving showers,
 Fall all the night on these luminous flowers :
 Each of them sparkles afar like a gem,
 Wouldst thou be happy and smiling like them ?
 Oh, follow all counsel that Pleasure proposes—
 It dies, it flies, the Time of the Roses.’

The second number, March 1838, contains, besides other pieces, a fine lyric ‘*To Mihri*,’ of which this is the first stanza :—

‘ My starlight, my moonlight, my midnight, my moonlight,
 Unveil not, unveil not, or millions must pine :
 Ah, didst thou lay bare
 Those dark tresses of thine,
 Even Night would seem bright
 To the hue of thy hair, which is black as despair.
 My starlight, my moonlight, my midnight, my moonlight,
 Unveil not, unveil not, or millions must pine.’

In the third number, September 1838, ‘*The Hundred-leaved Rose*’ is another of Mangan’s curiously versified poems, the one rhyme being kept up all through :—

‘ O give her the gardens of Peristan,
 Where only the musk-wind blows,
 And where she need fear nor storm nor man,
 The Hundred-leaved Rose.
 For the Summer’s hand of love and light,
 In the luminous flowers it strews
 Earth’s valleys withal, drops none so bright
 As the Hundred-leaved Rose.’

There are several good poems in the fourth number, April 1840 ; one that flows on very sweetly into its mournful echo—

‘ All things vanish after brief careering,
Down one gulf life’s myriad barks are steering.
Headlong mortal ! hast thou ears for hearing ?
Pause ! believe ! the Night, thy Night, is nearing !
Night is nearing.’

Mangan wrote another series in the same magazine, entitled ‘Lays from many Lands,’ containing translations (so-called) from Irish, Welsh, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Swiss, Servian, Romaic, Persian, Russian, Danish, Icelandic, and other languages. It is as difficult to tell what Mangan did not know, as to identify what he did. The editor of his poems, however, is wrong in placing the ‘Mariner’s Bride’ in the ‘Apocrypha,’ it being an exquisite and faithful rendering of one of Camoens’ Spanish Songs (for he wrote in Spanish as well as Portuguese), beginning, ‘Irme quiero, Madre, a aquella galera.’ In his translations proper—his German Anthology, for example—Mangan does not abide by the literal text. But he frequently does what Coleridge did for Schiller. When his mind kindles and emits a further flash, he gives it, and it is often the finest in the poem. An instance of this occurs in his translation of Freiligrath’s ‘Spectre-Caravan,’ where he strikes out the magnificent thought—

‘Never quail before the shadows ! You are children of the sun !’

He concludes Rueckert’s ‘Ride round the Parapet’ with an amplification of the humour into rich grotesque :—

‘And wrinkled Eld crept on, and still her lot was maidenhood ;
And woe ! her end was tragic : she was changed, at length, by magic,
To an ugly wooden image they maintain ;
She, the Lady Eleanora,
She, the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.
And now, before the gate, in sight of all, transmogrified,
Stands Lady Eleanora von Alleyne,
Before her castle gate, in sight of all transmogrified ;
And he that wont salute her must be fined in foaming pewter,
If a boor ; but if a burgher, in champagne,
For the Lady Eleanora,
Wooden Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

The genius of Mangan was often remarkably happy in the continuation and climax of an author’s thought. Readers who may first read some of these German poems in Mangan’s rendering, will find the original faint in colour and languid in music by comparison. In many of his poems from the Irish he has re-created them successfully as Tennyson has reproduced the

beautiful mythology of Arthur, and the poetry of his 'Round Table.' 'Dark Rosaleen' is an instance in kind. The passionate emphasis of the music would of itself have made a new poem. We quote four of its stanzas :—

'Over hills and thro' dales
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, . . . at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened thro' my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen.

'Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet . . . will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen! etc.

'I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills!
And one . . . beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen, etc.

'Oh! the Erne shall run red
With redundancy of blood;
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood;
And gun-peal, and slogan-cry,
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!'

Mangan had the true temperament of the Celt; exaggerated in his case by his own misfortune, just as it has been in his people

by ages of national misfortune. He had the key of the Celtic heart. He was the natural born of a race whose sorrows and joys seem to have a keener birth-pang of pain and of pleasure; a sharper cry and a lighter laugh. He had their tenderness, tremulous to tears—the fire of their warful mood—the music that thrills to the marrow—the sudden, sharp, short intensity of feeling that goes to the heart with a fire-flash and fills the eyes with tears—the frolicking and rollicking, the pathos and humour that brighten a storm-gloom with sunburst. We find the natural antithesis to his earlier Oriental gaieties, the other extreme of a nature lacking balance and perfecting power, in some of his later pieces, which have a dreariness of desolation, a dark hopelessness that is absolutely frightful. In his version of ‘O’Hussey’s Ode to the Maguire,’ he has painted a picture of tragic woe made splendid by lightning, to match that of poor old mad Lear appealing to the pitiless heavens with his bare white head and broken heart. But it is in reference to himself, and his blighted life, that he reaches the blackness of darkness. How terrible is this from a ballad called the ‘Nameless One:’—

‘Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for *him*, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

‘Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove.

‘And he fell far thro’ that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil’s dismal
Stock of returns.

‘Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! there let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here, and in hell.’

In another piece, called the ‘Saw-Mill,’ he heard the saw and the ‘song of the tree that the saw sawed through,’ and this was the burden,—

“‘In a few days more, most Lonely One!
Shall I, as a narrow ark, veil
Thine eyes from the glare of the world and sun
’Mong the urns in yonder dark vale,
In the cold and dim
Recesses of yonder dark vale.

‘“For this grieve not! thou know’st what thanks
 The Weary-souled and the Meek owe
 To death!” I awoke, and heard four planks
 Fall down with a saddening echo.
*I heard four planks
 Fall down with a hollow echo.’*

Another piece concludes still more mournfully, from the touch of ghastly humour in it. The poor dreamer sits at midnight amidst the ashes of wasted life:—

‘Tick-tick, tick-tick!—not a sound save Time’s,
 And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
 Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
 Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain!
 Sleep!—no more the dupe of hopes and schemes,
 Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow:
 Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
 Twenty golden years ago!’

Alas, what a change from the glow and grace, and musical sweetness of his carols in the Dawn! He sleeps now where the thistles blow, and no stone marks his nameless grave. Drop a kindly tear, gentle reader, for the sad fate of poor Clarence Mangan.

The questions of Race and Religion, the continual beating of each other black and blue for the sake of Orange and Green, or indeed on any other colourable pretext, must put many an Irishman into a similar state of perplexity to that of the poor English peasant, who had lived to see all his old associations uprooted, and the firm ground on which he had fixed himself take life and move off into unknown seas; the few thoughts he had were all entangled in the revolving wheels of change, and his last words were these: ‘What wi’ faith and what wi’ works, and what wi’ the engines a-buzzin and a-fuzzin, and what wi’ one thing and what wi’ another, I’m clean astonied and fairly bet.’ We fancy that it was Mr Ferguson, writing some lines to Clarence Mangan in the *Dublin University Magazine*, May 1847, who gave good-humoured expression to something of this feeling of perplexity in regard to the numerous points of divergence with which Ireland bristles all over:—

‘I sometimes doubt if I have Irish blood in me,
 So often in these mazes do I lose my clue,
 Mixing Danes with Milesians, and the clear-faced Saxon
 With the hairy-dirty children of Boru.
 I have small faith in Punic etymologies,
 I sometimes fancy Petrie and St Patrick are the same:
 I doubt that Betham knows all the tongues of Babel,
 Or that William Smith O’Brien is a Hebrew name.

I don't care a button for "Young Ireland" or "Old Ireland,"
 But as between the two I rather like Old Dan;
 And I wish the *Nation* would let the agitation
 Die out a humbug as it first began.'

Be this as it may, Mr Ferguson has won a success of a peculiar kind in his happy way of writing Anglo-Irish character, phraseology, and imagery. The greatest of living Irish poets, and one of the finest lyrists that ever lived, he has made it possible to unite the Irish heart and English tongue: his own heart being large enough, his love catholic enough, to appreciate England without lessening his feeling for Ireland.

Mr Ferguson has been reviled by the more violent of the *Nation* school, because he was not national enough in their way. But Ireland has no living poet more truly national, nor one of whom she has more reason to be proud. His early efforts were directed to the formation of a sound literary taste. His mind, like that of Davis, is richly objective, strong and eager to take that grasp of outward things which has often saved poetry from decay; often broke up new ground in which to plant the immortal flower. His ballads are simple, sensuous, and passionate; poems to quote and get by heart, but not inviting to any critical disquisition. We would far rather have written his 'Forging of the Anchor,' than many a long and magniloquent blank verse poem that might employ a whole academy of critics without ever being licked into living shape. Here is the brave opening burst!

'Come see the Dolphin's Anchor forged—'tis at a white-heat now:
 The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though on the forge's
 brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
 And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
 All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare,—
 Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

'The windlass strains the tackle-chains, the black mound heaves
 below,

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe:
 It rises, roars, rends all outright. O, Vulcan, what a glow!
 'Tis blinding white! 'tis blasting bright! the high sun shines not so!
 The high sun sees not on the earth such fiery fearful show;
 The roof-ribs swarth, the candent-hearth, the ruddy lurid row
 Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe,
 As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow
 Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow.
 "Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;" bang, bang the
 sledges go:

Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low—

A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow,
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strew
The ground around : at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho!"

'Leap out, leap out, my masters ; leap out and lay on load !
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad ;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow I bode,
And I see the good ship riding all in a perilous road—
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea : the mainmast by the board ;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains !
But courage still, brave mariners, the bower yet remains,
And not an inch he deigns to flinch, save when ye pitch sky-high ;
Then moves his head as though he said, "Fear nothing—here
am I."'

Mr Ferguson has more of the Norse spirit in him than any other Irish poet. The absence of the sea-feeling in Irish poetry is remarkable. This must be a matter of race, because other conditions are the same as in England, the sea embracing all round. The sea has never been a national sentiment with the Irish as it is with us. This makes the 'Boatman's Hymn,' one of Mr Ferguson's translations from the Irish, all the more noticeable. Somehow the soul of an old Norse sagaman has got embodiment here ! It is full of the salt and sparkle, the motion and burst of the bounding wave. The expression, however, in the last stanza betrays the warm Celtic fancy. A Norseman would have taken it a little more coolly. The appeal to the rock, and its answer, are also exceedingly characteristic. Wave-motion rocks you to wave-music on that 'tide-top, the tide-top :

'BOATMAN'S HYMN.

'Bark that bears me through foam and squall,
You in the storm are my castle wall ;
Though the sea should redden from bottom to top,
From tiller to mast she takes no drop.

On the tide-top, the tide-top,
Wherry aroon, my land and store !
On the tide-top, the tide-top,
She is the boat can sail *go-leor*.

'She dresses herself, and goes gliding on,
Like a dame in her robes of Indian lawn ;
For God has blessed her gunnel and wale,
And, oh, if you saw her stretch out to the gale,
On the tide-top, the tide-top !

'Whillan, ahoy ! old heart of stone,
Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,

Answer me well. On the bursting brine

Saw you ever a bark like mine ?

On the tide-top, the tide-top !

'Says Whillan, since first I was made of stone,

I have looked abroad o'er the beach alone—

But till to-day on the bursting brine,

Saw I never a bark like thine !

On the tide-top, the tide-top.

'God of the air !' the seamen shout

When they see us tossing the brine about :

'Give us the shelter of strand or rock,

Or through and through us she goes with a shock !'

On the tide-top, the tide-top, etc.

We look to see the seed sown by Mr Ferguson yet bear fruit in Irish poetry, and an extension take place in the direction in which he was going, when, to our great regret, he paused by the way. The Young Irelanders have discovered that the feat of the rams' horns before Jericho is not to be repeated, and that verse of the declamatory kind is useless without listeners, and not of much avail even with them. Ireland has set to work in a heartier, healthier way than heretofore, and will lift up a cheerier, nobler song at her labour, no longer satisfied with *having been*—determined now *to be*.

William Allingham is another of the Anglo-Irish poets, whose poems deserve greater fame than they have yet won. Some half-dozen of his ballads have never been surpassed. They have the pulse of the Irish heart, the idiom of its speech, the colour of the country. The worst of Mr Allingham is, that he has given up to an over-refined poetic English culture what was meant for the people of his own land. In his great admiration of Tennyson, he seems to prefer serving in England to reigning in Ireland. There has always been a lack of heroic fibre in his poetry ; but in his range he has the real touch of hearts, and is often exquisitely natural, and thoroughly national. A little more reliance on the gifts of birth, and a little less on English acquirements, will make a greater poet of him yet. Nothing can be more delightful in its *naïveté*, earnest gallantry, and homely pathos, than his 'Mary Donnelly':—

'Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best !

If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see the rest.

Be what it may the time of day, the place be where it will,

Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me still.

'Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows lifted up ;

Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a china cup,

Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine :

It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a twine.

- 'The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all before,
No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the floor;
But Mary kept the bel: of love, and O but she was gay!
She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart away.
- 'When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so complete,
The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet;
The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her so much praised,
But bless'd himself he wasn't deaf when once her voice she raised.
- 'And evermore I'm whistling or liltin' what you sung;
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside my tongue;
But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger stands.
- 'Oh, you're the flower o' womankind in country or in town;
The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way, and see your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady, I'd own it was but right.
- 'Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my mistress;
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish it less.
The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor and low;
But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go.'

On recurring to the list of books that head our article, we find that our space will not permit us to do any justice to the deep feeling and stately verse of M'Ghee; the descriptive power and southern richness of Mr Irwin's poetry; the dash and sparkle of Dr Waller; the cleverness, especially in French translation, of the younger Dr Drennan; or the vigour of a bard of the *Nation*, Mr Sullivan.

Amongst the collections of Irish ballad poetry, Mr Duffy's little volume is the best, so far as it goes. Mr Hayes' collection is more complete and ample, but it needs a careful weeding of a great deal of rubbish, and some ballads remain to be added. Mr Mitchell's American edition of Mangan's Poems is disappointing to us, when compared with what it might have been. But, with all its shortcomings, it is one of the richest and most enjoyable books of lyric poetry in the English language.

Mr Lover proves himself to have been both naturally and artificially unfitted to edit the *Lyrics of Ireland*. He is unable to reach any depth of real Irish feeling, and is full of paltry shallow prejudices against those who were amongst the far truer lovers of Ireland. Thomas Davis, when living and writing in his sincere and hearty way, had told the young verse writers to get at the original melodies of Ireland, for Moore's version of them was corrupt, and this was even more true of Lover's tunes. Now, this was a fact patent, even notorious, and very mildly stated. Thirteen years after Thomas Davis was laid in his early

grave, Mr Lover gets his first great chance of wreaking revenge for the slight. He does it in the meanest spirit. He quotes Thomas Davis falsely; he perverts his meaning, and retorts on the dead man by calling him the 'Bed-maker of the Young Ireland College of Criticism.' We would laugh if we could, but it is too pitiable. Further, Mr Lover excludes Thomas Davis' best ballads from the *Lyrics of Ireland*. Many of the finest Irish ballads are missing, and these mainly belong to the poetry of Young Ireland. We do not find a single piece of William Allingham's; and, in his great ignorance of his subject, the editor has ascribed the following lyric to Clarence Mangan, and extolled it as possessing that poet's rarest qualities:—

‘SUMMER LONGINGS.

‘Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May—
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
 Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
 With the woodbine alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May.

‘Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May—
 Longing to escape from study,
 To the fair young face and ruddy,
 And the thousand charms belonging
 To the summer day :
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May.

‘Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May—
 Sighing for their sure returning,
 When the summer beams are burning,
 Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
 All the winter lay :
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May.

‘Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May—
 Throbbing for the seaside billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows,
 Where in laughing and in sobbing,
 Glides the stream away :
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May.

'Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May—
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlight evenings, sunbright mornings :
Summer comes, yet, dark and dreary,
Life still ebbs away :
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.'

A lovely lyric, and one that will make the reader wish to know more about the author of it; but it is not Mangan's. It has a sweetness of breath that comes from a sounder health than his. It was written by D. Florence MacCarthy, a young Irish poet, whose acquaintance is well worth making, for his genuine musical faculty and lyrical aptitude. Mr Lover has filled up the place of better men with lyrics of his own; but they are not the real thing, only imitations of the true emerald cut in green glass. No amount of them will compensate for the omission of those which he has left out, any more than the gain of a hundred Samuel Lovers could repay Ireland for the loss of one Thomas Davis.

We do not feel much more affection for the nationality of Mr Lover, than he himself feels for the 'Young Irelanders.' It is not much in advance of the old 'Teddy my Jewel,' and 'Paddy my Joy' style of representation. We like an Irishman to be an Irishman, a Scotchman to be a Scotchman; but an Irish Cockney, or a Scotchman turned London snob, is to us a mortal abomination. Be a hot-hearted Repealer, or a hot-headed 'Scottish Rights' man, if you please; but don't think to win the favour of a true Englishman by caricaturing your own country for sport in song, or abusing the land you have left in renegade leading articles. We respect patriotism, even if in the wrong; we do not respect flunkeyism, even if it tries to serve in the right. Mr Lover cannot sound the depths of the Irish nature; cannot touch it to the quick. Neither can Lady Dufferin. The 'Irish Emigrant' is an affecting, sentimental ballad, but very far from the real thing. Let the reader compare it with the poetry of John Keegan, to see the difference. We know nothing of this author, except that he was a poor man, born and bred amongst the people, that he wrote for his bread, did not need it long, and died in 1849. But the reader, if he have any skill in feeling the Irish pulse, will find the Irish heart beating in some of Keegan's ballads, with an intense tenderness and warmth of nearness to be found in few. In Lady Dufferin's 'Terence's Farewell,' there is an elaborate Irish blunder about England being 'a beautiful city,' but it fails to make the poem genuine. Further, Thomas Davis was quite right in stating

that Thomas Moore was 'often deficient in vehemence, did not speak the sterner passions, spoiled some of his finest songs by pretty images, and was too refined and subtle in dialect.' Moore was an exquisite lyrist, and wrote many melodious songs, but they might all have been written by an Englishman. He does not bring out of the Irish harp that piercing pathos which can work so weirdly in Celtic blood. He has none of those 'gushes of feeling that smite the heart like the cry of a woman.' His poetry does not weep the bitter tears that fall within, hot and hissing on the heart, nor reach the utter gloriousness of Irish joy. There are flashes of tenderness in Irish poetry almost equal to the pathos of Scottish ballads. When the flash lightens from the fancy, it is often a splendid extravagance, as when a lover, praising the sweetness of his mistress' voice, asserts that the cattle listening to it 'milked over two-thirds more than was their wont,'—which is rather *strained*; but when it comes through the feeling, and gets simple expression, the endearment is often ineffable.

'Ellen Bawn, O Ellen Bawn, you darling, darling dear you,
Sit awhile beside me here, I'll die unless I'm near you.'

That is Irish.

'No aid, bright beloved, can reach me, save God above,
For a blood-lake is formed of the light of my eyes with love.'

That too is Irish. So are the following :

'Who in the winter's night,
When the cold blast did bite,
Came to my cabin door,
And, on my earthen flure,
Knelt by me sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon?'

'Her lips are like roses, her mouth much the same,
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in crame.'

'The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet.'

'But O'Kelly still remains to defy and to toil,
He has memories that hell won't permit him to forget.'

'Tho' it break my heart to hear say again the bitter words.'

All these are Irish. Many more instances as apt we might quote, and yet fail to catch the subtle spirit of nationality, which is as evasive as it is felicitous. We cannot help thinking that very happy things have yet to be done for Irish poetry, in worship of that muse unknown to the Greeks, the muse of the household: the divinities of home, weans, and wife, ought yet to make their noblest appeal to its power of passionate endearment.

ART. VI.—*History of the Life and Times of Edmund Burke.*
By THOMAS MACKNIGHT. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.
1858–1860.

WE think it is Sir James Mackintosh who praises the Irish writers previous to the end of the eighteenth century, for their elegance and simplicity, and specially alludes to Swift, Berkeley, and Goldsmith in illustration of his remark. It is not proposed at present to hold up Edmund Burke as a model of chastity in style, or, indeed, as excelling in any of the minor arts of a great writer's calling. No man could write more pithily or more elegantly than Burke when he chose; but, for the most part, his writings and speeches are distinguished by entirely different excellences, and charm much more from their total effect than from isolated beauties.

It is gradually becoming admitted by all writers of eminence, that Burke, during his century, was without a rival. His understanding was singularly capacious; his sensibility was exquisite; and his imagination truly regal. None of his contemporaries could come near him as an orator; when he began to speak, he seemed lifted up into an angelic sphere. At times his audience could only wonder; they dared not say they appreciated. His oratory often outran the slow march of his hearers, as far as his intellect soared in grandeur beyond them. The Parliament of his day could admire the dignified rhetoric of Chatham, the fervent logic of Fox, the solid eloquence of Pitt, the brilliant fervour of Sheridan, the subtle refinement of Windham, and the forensic elocution of Erskine; but in what category they were to place the oratory of Burke, was a question which no candid contemporary cared to answer. All they could say was, that he was the most extraordinary man they had ever heard.

No doubt, in the bitterness of political animosity, petty jealousies were generated and narrow strifes were fomented, so that a speaker in the grave House of Commons would occasionally be treated almost as rudely as if he had lifted up his voice in a bear-garden. Yet strife does not always last: party must give place to humanity, and politics to wisdom. The age of chivalry is not yet gone, although, in Burke's day, it was very nearly so. Chatham can sometimes admire Burke, though Burke is a sworn foe to the great statesman; and Burke can pay a noble tribute to Chatham's memory, though he declined doing so while he lived. Fox does not always contend with Lord North; nor this eccentric statesman with Lord Rockingham. Men must all occasionally play the Stoic, and say, ἀνεχου

καὶ ἀνέχου, bear and forbear. Though Burke, in his declining years, renounced the friendship of Fox, of Sheridan, and of Erskine, this did not prevent Fox from pronouncing a glowing eulogium on the merits of his great friend and master, when he lay dead.

It is well to survey occasionally the great deeds of the great men who have gone from among us, if for no better purpose, to keep alive our faith in the perpetual energy of the great mother of us all, who has as fresh power to-day as she had thousands of years ago; and, like the light, is noiseless and strong as she was at the beginning.

Mr Macknight's is, without doubt, the best biography of Edmund Burke which has yet appeared. It is much fuller than the hasty and incomplete one of Bisset, and surpasses, by many degrees, the painfully laborious but slow-footed performance of Prior, not only in ability, but in warmth and glow. The plan of this writer, besides, is much larger, and in all ways more adequate. The private history of the man and of his works are here viewed in the light of his time. No man, of any time, it may be safely affirmed, reflected more entirely the mind of his age, or was in all ways so completely mixed up with nearly every question of importance, both in England and out of it, as Edmund Burke. And this arose as much from the vast capacity and range of his mind, as from his place as leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Another rare accident likewise contributed to enlarge his sympathies with his race. It is the universal testimony of all who had the privilege of closely associating with him, that in point of knowledge he was a moving Encyclopædia. Not that his faculties merely moved under the ideas of other men, as is too often the case with men of stupendous erudition: he kept his knowledge securely packed away in the chambers of his brain, without in the least degree affecting its power of spontaneous work, or in any way repressing or enfeebling the outgrowth of its faculties. This assiduous and many-sided culture rather advanced than checked the growth of his mind. There is no overgrowing the oak when once it has fairly got hold of the soil, and has won for itself a place in the forest; but in its soft youth the stronger vegetation of the parasite might strangle it, and men would be deprived of its shade for a thousand years. So it was with Burke. That which, in his unripe years, might, in careless hands, have kept down the native vigour of his mind, in his maturity was skilfully directed to its adornment. So is it with every mind of great power. There is in such men a strong, ceaseless, unquenchable thirst, which all the waters of Deucalion and Pyrrha's flood cannot quench; and because of this burning thirst—not, be it observed, by reason

of the habit of acquirement—one may infer the nature of the raging fire which burns always within. It smoulders and smokes far down, but the cunning hand of the furnace-maker still prevents the fire from triumphing. It is bound down by bars unknown to any forge; it is clinched by rivets that bear no maker's name; and yet how strong and enduring!

It is the strength and native vigour of such a mind as Aristotle's, as the elder Scaliger's, as Erasmus's, as Leibnitz's, as Burke's, as Hegel's, as Hamilton's, that should astonish us more perhaps than their prodigious acquirements. To walk is easy; but to walk gracefully under an enormous load tries the strength of a man. Yet this is what Burke did. Not that he was merely content to be a great reflector of the lights, brilliant and dusky, which shone around him. He strove likewise, with what effect we shall see, to send forth an illumination brighter and more extensive than all of those luminaries put together.

Perhaps the very first condition that one would lay down towards the successful treatment of so eminently simple a life as Burke's, would be the possession in the biographer of supreme candour—absolute indifference as to which side the truth might lie. This is a severe test for any man, but an absolutely necessary one for the man who would set himself to write down, without the semblance of trickery or deception, even of himself, the exact state of the case, as it stood between Burke and truth. The power is wanted of seeing morally as well as intellectually into the bad side as well as into the good one of a man's disposition; of being able to detach his character, and leisurely survey it on every side; to turn it over as industriously as if it were the features of an adversary; to stand near it, and apart from it; to get above it, and beneath it; to put it in every imaginable light which it could have worn among men; and having done so, to say candidly what sort of man he was, not heeding whether certain foolish persons may find him much of a hero, or whether the tongue of scandal may be let loose by the disclosure. Tried by this standard, Mr Macknight, as a biographer of Burke, must be found wanting. Not that the verdict could be brought home to his own convictions; for his admiration, not of Burke merely, but of everything about Burke, is as sincere as it is often blind and indiscriminate. He can see nothing in his hero to apologize for; only a deal of rubbish to be swept away, the accumulated droppings of previous biographers, who wanted the sense and judgment with which he has been privileged.

It is much easier to make an impression on a great number of vulgar people, than to attract the interest of persons of real cultivation. If Mr Macknight had laid this seriously to heart, we should, doubtless, to-day have been without his three volumes

on Burke ; for we are firmly of opinion that he has given us his best, and no counsel of ours could have made his work other than it is. It is told of La Motte, who had lost his sight, that being one day in a crowd, he accidentally trode on the foot of a young buck, who immediately struck him on the face. 'Ah, sire,' said La Motte, 'you will be sorry for what you have done, when I tell you that I am blind.' We would receive a caution from this anecdote, with its modicum of humour and pathos, as to dealing harsh blows simply when one treads on our corns or the robes of the damsel we fight for. This is why we are so lenient to Mr Macknight, who tells us in his preface, 'I have written in the spirit of love and reverence for a great and good man.' Not a doubt of it, say we ; yet it is surely high time that we had done with all apologies for the deeds of a great man, and with all labour except what is spent in putting his actions in their true light before the eyes of his fellows. When that is done, it is at *their* peril if they misinterpret his character ; we, at least, have performed our small part, and we may challenge the world to say that we have done it ill.

It is curious, now that the name of Burke has become so famous, to note how industriously one and another have thumbed the 'Peerage,' if perchance they might alight on some nobleman, gifted or otherwise, from whose patrician loins the great plebeian might be supposed to have sprung. Burke himself was much too great and good a man to give any heed to such silly folly. He had much too clear an eye not to see how ridiculous a man would appear, who should industriously lay claim to a higher lineage than he was fairly entitled to.

Mr Macknight is a less aspiring genealogist than many. He finds that the gaunt De Burghs are too impalpable on their misty heights for him to chase them. He accordingly pounces down on the trading town of Limerick, and there, with swift glance, observes a certain important citizen, John Bourke by name, who was elected Mayor of the city in 1645, and who now finds all his authority will be needed to quell the fierce mob, maddened by priestly exhortations, and by the fears of their own wild hearts. It is the Marquis of Ormond's peace proclamation ; and it is the duty of the Mayor to see it read in the market-place by the king-at-arms. It is received with hisses, and groans, and savage yells by the rabble : stones fly thick and fast : the poor Mayor is 'knocked down,' with all his civic pride, and is summarily forced to yield up his office. And so this 'stony Thursday,' and the swift down-setting the Mayor received, still stand out in grim picturesqueness on the old chronicles of Limerick. But what connection has this Limerick Mayor with Edmund Burke ? None in the world, that we can perceive. Edmund Burke's father, it is said, came

from Limerick; and that is, in substance, all that Mr Mac-knight tells us about his relationship with that unlucky Mayor.

King George I. had hardly gone to his account when Edmund Burke was born. The young Irishman had, accordingly, to get through his poetry, and fight his way to recognition in London, under the rule of George I.'s dapper successor, who was nearly as gross in his tastes as his father, with a much worse temper. Arran Quay, in the city of Dublin, was Edmund Burke's birth-place, but accounts differ as to the year in which his birth occurred. The record in Trinity College, Dublin, has it 1728, while his tombstone bears the date of 1730. The curious will not fail to note that 1728 was the year of Oliver Goldsmith's birth also. His father was an attorney in good practice, and of course a Protestant; and his mother, who was a Nagle, of Castletown Roche, in Cork, was a mild, rather melancholy woman, with weak nerves and ill health. His father was a choleric man, whose temper time did not improve; and from him, it is said, Burke inherited part of the irritability and sudden bursts of passion which did not adorn his declining years. Burke had two brothers and one sister, who reached the years of maturity—Garret, Richard, and Juliana—he being himself the second son. In his youth, his health was not good, and at six years of age he was removed to the care of his mother's relations, in Castletown Roche. Here he was brought under a double set of influences, which had, doubtless, their effect in moulding his opinions and in ripening his genius. The village in which he was now to reside for the next five years, was situate in the heart of the country which Spenser has immortalized in his *Faery Queen*.¹ There was Kilcolman, the residence of the poet, and there also was the Awbeg, the bright Mulla of his song. To be at liberty to wander at will by the banks of this stream, to lose himself in the neighbouring woods, and to look, even with a boyish eye, on the gray fortresses of the district, was much more edifying for this dreamy youth than being drilled into Euclid, and made perfect in Horace by all the schoolmasters in the world. We do not think, particularly as his health increased, that he would make a bosom friend of the *Faery Queen*, although his biographer would have us think so. Suffice it, that he got lodged in his mind, by the best of all processes, part of the crude material on which Spenser worked. The day was coming, though still far distant to his boyish eye, when, with

¹ A friend has kindly pointed out to us a tradition respecting Edmund Spenser and Edmund Burke, that, if of slight foundation, may nevertheless interest some. Burke's mother was, according to this story, great-niece of that Miss Ellen Nagle who married Sylvanus Spenser, the eldest son of the poet, from whom it is conjectured Edmund Burke derived his Christian name.

a mind hungry for thoughts, and images, and glowing words, he would open his Spenser, and, as line succeeded line, and stanza followed stanza of that marvellous poem, his mental experiences that an hour ago were all lost, behold are all found again, and come trooping up in a new order of their own, draped all of them, too, in an airy, impalpable mist, such as poets love, born of the passionate imagination of his own soul. Thus, while young Burke read but little of the *Faery Queen* in those early years, he did far better by storing his mind with those experiences likely to prove so fertile in his after life.

While here, he came under another influence, which, to a less clear and resolute mind, might have been fraught with quite other results. He was set down amid the Nagles, who had been Catholics since the days of St Patrick. He would gradually learn to respect such persons, who, amid humble thrift and simple retirement, contrived, despite their adherence to the old faith, to display acts of true friendship and of modest worth. The unostentatious kindness of these humble men always impressed Burke, often beyond words; and their quick sagacity and genial humour was the subject of his praise, even when he became the Right Honourable Councillor of his Majesty.

On Burke's return to Dublin, in 1740, he spent a year in his father's house, and started in 1741 for Ballitore, in the county Kildare, where Abraham Shackleton, a quiet, energetic man, of good manners and of excellent morals, had made for himself a name. This humble Yorkshire schoolmaster had now a flourishing academy at Ballitore; and Burke, who took to his teacher with a rare affection, found it amply repaid by the lively sympathies of the Quaker. During his residence here, he gave evidence of great mental powers, which were, however, rather to be inferred than perceived directly, for he was uniformly quiet and contemplative rather than forward and pronounced. He left behind him proofs of a remarkable memory, which was destined to astonish other assemblies than the juvenile one at Ballitore. Like all school-boys, and school-girls too, we presume, he formed a friendship which, unlike those of most youths, was a lasting one. This was with Robert Shackleton, the schoolmaster's son and successor. To this youth of good abilities, good scholarship, of homely, honest feelings, and of liberal yet decided religious sentiments, Burke took with all the ardour of a deep passionate nature; and he had reason all his life long to bless the day that he became acquainted with this family of 'Friends.' It is said that, ever after, Burke hailed a Quaker as something like a personal friend.

On the 14th of April 1743, Burke entered Trinity College, Dublin, whither he carried a good knowledge of the ordinary

classics, and a very considerable stock of general information for one so young. But he was still a dreamer, and had begun to write verse. He had, besides, a will of great self-reliance, and was not likely to be put off his own way. While at college, he became successively enamoured of natural philosophy, of logic, and of history; but he soon subsided into what he calls the *furor poeticus*. Philosopher as he was destined to become, there was a logical Dutchman that seems to have cost him some trouble. The same personage puzzled poor Goldsmith likewise about the same time. This was no other than the ‘Dutch Burgersdyck,’ at whom Pope sneered, but nevertheless a philosopher considerably above any man’s rational contempt, and whose works it might have been well for Burke to have mastered. Sallust, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Milton, were his favourites. Homer, and, strange to say, Shakespeare he did not appreciate. He brought away no laurels from college, and his father, who possessed the hard, legal ambition, did not like this. Edmund, accordingly, did not feel comfortable at home, and in 1747 he entered himself at the Middle Temple, London.

The London of one hundred years ago was not the London of to-day. Its inhabitants were ignorant and prejudiced. The slave-trade flourished, prisons were unreformed, and highwaymen boldly pushed their trade at noon-day in Hyde Park and in Piccadilly. The heads of traitors grinned fiercely from Temple Bar; and as many as seventeen persons suffered death in one morning by the common hangman. A Lifeguardsman prophesied; the city listened to his ravings, and the inhabitants deserted their homes in imminent dread that Babylon the Great was to be swallowed by an earthquake. Yet, amid all this din and outward confusion, Samuel Johnson was engaged on his Dictionary, and David Garrick was lessee of Drury Lane. It has gone the round of the biographers in due course, since Bisset’s day, that Burke, like Hume, was a candidate about this time for a Glasgow Professorship of Logic, but that both were set aside in favour of a Mr James Clough, whom the whole of Burke’s biographers will insist upon making Clow. Mr Macknight finds this story unsupported by the least collateral evidence, and he does not hesitate accordingly to set it aside.¹

¹ Professor Jardine, Clough’s successor, the ingenious and highly popular expounder of logic for fifty years in the University of Glasgow, says in 1818, that ‘Edmund Burke, whose genius led him afterwards to shine in a more exalted sphere, was thought of by some of the electors as a proper person to fill it [i.e., the Logic Chair]. He did not, however, actually come forward as a candidate,’ etc. This, both from the character of the narrator, and from his means of knowledge, is calculated to carry weight; for Jardine must have been some eight or nine years old when the vacancy in question occurred in 1751. But

Meanwhile, if Burke has not gained a professorship, he has abandoned verse. He is now deep in the mysteries of trade and manufactures, and that some time before Adam Smith's great work appeared, or the French economists had written. He is even pursuing details so closely, that he can inform his friend Shackleton that little girls at Turlaine can earn three shillings and sixpence a-week at their wheel! He has evidently begun at the right place to study political economy. He could not get reconciled to the law, and yet he was a man of extraordinary industry,—two ideas which old Burke in Dublin could not reconcile. For what in the world *could* a man be engaged upon, if not upon law? The idea seemed to perplex the old man's intelligence, and hence his increased displeasure, and Burke's renewed resolution to walk in the footsteps which he had chosen. He had selected the thorny paths of literature, which in his day were much rougher even than now; and, with hope in his eye, and the ambition of youth in his heart, he set out with a much more contented and assured step than the bystander would judge wise. He had none of that flashy vanity peculiar to little minds; but he had a dim perception of what was inside his brain, and that kind of vague confidence in the long run of things, which keeps always pretty close by the side of youths who are to make a figure in the world. His adoption of literature was not a desperate shift for existence, driven though he now was very much to his wit's end how he should shape his after career. On the contrary, it had his deliberate approval. After being ground in the literary mill for seven years—long enough, one would say, to take the romance out of any ordinary profession—we find him confessing to Horace Walpole that there was nothing so charming as writers, nothing so delightful as to be one. But, adds this indolent, cynical observer of forty-three, 'He will know better one of these days.'

Burke did not turn his back upon the law, because he considered it an illiberal or impossible profession. We have his own impassioned testimony to the contrary. In his speech on American taxation he remarks, 'Law is, in my opinion, one of the first and noblest of human sciences,—a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion.'

An agreeable chapter could be written regarding Burke's female acquaintances, their virtues, their failings, and their cele-

who, in the world, could have known of Edmund Burke in Glasgow five years before any of his books appeared, and who was then only an obscure law student of the Inner Temple? (See Jardine's *Outlines of Philosophical Education*.)

brity. There is Peg Woffington, the unfortunate actress, the daughter of a poor grocer's widow on Ormond Quay, Dublin, who fascinated everybody who came within her reach, and with whom young Edmund exchanged glances in the green-room of Drury Lane. There is Mrs Montague, one of the most brilliant and accomplished women of her time, of great wealth and of great kindness, whose house was always open to men of letters, and who, in 1759, took a real pleasure in introducing the young author of the *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* to her great friends. There was Burke's good-natured countrywoman, Mrs Vesey, of Bolton Row, the friend and rival of Mrs Montague, who made all her guests at their ease, and who was as full of Irish frolic and of Irish bulls, as if she still flourished on the banks of the Liffey.¹ There were the two model women of French society in those days, Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de L'Éspinasse, of whose class Sydney Smith once said that they 'outraged every law of civilised society, and gave very pleasant little suppers.' Burke attended those suppers when in Paris in 1773, and listened to the wit and the atheism that circled so freely round their tables. Finance and philosophy, the drama and the *Contrat Social*, D'Alembert and Diderot, Voltaire and Rousseau, Helvetius and 'le bon David,'—all were discussed, all were made the subject of some *jeu d'esprit*.² Burke was disgusted with what he saw of French society, and in his *French Revolution* has held it up as a terrible spectacle to all coming time.

But the young writer has gone to his garret with health, hope, and genius on his side, and it will go hard with him if he cannot wring from letters what will supply his humble board. As an ingenious decoy to the English public, Burke brought out a pamphlet entitled *A Vindication of Natural Society* (1756), which he dexterously ascribed to a late 'noble writer.' Every one pronounced the brochure Bolingbroke's. It was full of his ingenious arguments, it was full of his bold assumptions, and it was his style all over. But so high authorities as Lord Chesterfield and Mr Pitt had pronounced Lord Bolingbroke's style

¹ Her invitations were made in the most off-hand way. 'Don't mind your dress,' she called to a gentleman (said to be Mr Benjamin Stillingfleet), 'come in your blue stockings!' A happy expression, as it turned out, which was to give name to a class of females of quite different character from its author, and which, when it became popular, was more frequently applied to those ladies who waited on the ambitious gatherings at Mrs Montague's. This is still the only synonym we possess for the French *precieuse*, a class that were ridiculed with all Molière's power of satire in his *Precieuses Ridicules*.

² In Marmontel's *Memoirs*, one of the most fascinating books of a bygone age, which the skilled will know how to read, there is given exquisite portraits of the actors of that time, drawn, too, by a man who moved among the scenes which he depicts; and who knew well when, and where, and how, to lay on the brush.

'inimitable;' and here the most accomplished man of fashion, and the most brilliant orator of the age, were both at fault, for it actually turned out to be the work of a poor law student of the Inner Temple. Henceforward Burke had no need to enter the lists with his visor down. This philosophical satire placed his claims to literary recognition beyond all doubt, and he was only following the dictates of prudence or of policy when he ventured before the public hereafter anonymously.¹ A few months afterwards there appeared *A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*. When we have said that very little progress had been made in speculative discovery respecting the origin of the Beautiful since the days of St Augustine, expectation will not be raised too high regarding the production of this philosopher of seven-and-twenty. Hardly two men are agreed even now as to the origin of those ideas, and it is to be feared that this ingenious Irishman did little to remove the difficulties which lay in his path. His theory, that everything was beautiful that possessed the power of relaxing the nerves and fibres, and thus inducing a certain degree of bodily languor and sinking, is almost too grotesque to be calmly commented on; yet the book is full of the most ingenious observations on mental phenomena; and, while comparatively cold and unimpassioned in its style, it possesses, nevertheless, many specimens of rare illustration and most apt allusion, charming the reader even when the oddity of his postulate affronts the reason, and does violence to the feelings. David Hume, who was seventeen years older than Burke, gave likewise to the world, at the age of twenty-seven, his *Treatise of Human Nature*; in all ways a more subtle and profound book, which has turned out so remarkable in the annals of speculation, that both the German and the Scottish philosophers have hardly gained their breath from the hundred years' warfare in which its scepticism involved them.² In truth, Burke

¹ Those persons who care to note such curious coincidences in the career of literary men, will observe that Oliver Goldsmith, who was, as we have seen, born during the same year as Burke, came to London for the first time during this year.

² The two philosophers became acquainted about this time, and, in return for a copy of the *Sublime and Beautiful*, presented by Burke, Hume gave him Smith's *Treatise on the Moral Sentiments*. Hume, in this chosen walk, had decidedly the better of Burke; and so apt are men's brains to be clouded by the temporary exhalations which their own heat has given rise to, it is only now that we are beginning to recognise duly the vast magnitude of Hume's philosophic genius, or adequately to estimate his powers. It was Burke's intention, we are told by Boswell, to write a detailed refutation of the idealism of Berkeley and Hume; but political affairs interfered, and we are deprived, among other pleasures, of the definite means of settling the much disputed question as to whether Burke had any proper title to the name of a philosopher, or was not rather, according to Mr Carlyle, merely a 'resplendent and far-seeing rhetorician.' His treatment of this question, which is 'a touchstone of metaphysical sagacity,' according to Mackintosh, would have conclusively disclosed the philosopher, or revealed the rhetorician.

had more in him of the poet than the philosopher ; while Hume was of philosophy all compact. But more of this anon.

Towards the end of 1756, or early in the succeeding year, Burke married Miss Nugent, a countrywoman of his own, the daughter of Dr Nugent, a physician in Bath. As this lady was brought up a Roman Catholic, it was probably this circumstance that gave rise to some whispers respecting Burke's alleged oscillation between his own faith and hers. After her marriage she joined the Church of England, made to him one of the best of wives, and survived him some fourteen years. His father-in-law came up shortly afterwards to London, and for many years Burke found a home in Wimpole Street with this excellent physician. In 1759 he became connected with Dodsley the publisher, with whom he engaged to write the historical section of the *Annual Register* for L.100 a-year. For the next fifteen years or so, his lucid mind can be traced in its pages, giving order and arrangement to its reports, and infusing genius into its details. It was during the same year that he was introduced by Lord Charlemont to 'Single-speech' Hamilton, a selfish, crafty Scot, of much more ability than he generally gets credit for, who had a seat at the Board of Trade and a residence at Hampton Court. Whatever was the nature of Burke's connection with this man—for it has not been clearly defined—we are safe in asserting that it was in the manufacture of ideas that the young writer was employed.¹ He lived with Hamilton for the next six years, and, after an irreconcilable quarrel, the L.300 of Irish pension which the wily Hamilton had procured for him, was thrown up, and Burke turned his back on 'Single-speech' for ever. At which act let none of our readers marvel, who have any sympathy with honesty and fair dealing.

Shortly after the *Annual Register* was started, Burke met Johnson, for the first time, at Garrick's table. Johnson was close on fifty, and we find the editor of the *Register* in 1759 reproaching the nation with having done nothing for the author of *Rasselas*. Gruff old Samuel seems to have taken immensely to Burke, and the violence of his political views did not deter him from recognising and giving publicity to his admiration of the Irishman's worth and genius. The celebrated Club in Gerrard Street, of which Burke was one of the select nine,² was founded

¹ Burke himself terms it 'a companion in your studies,' in a letter to Hamilton of this period.

² This Club arose from a suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was called by Johnson their *Romulus*. It originally bore no name, and consisted of nine members, viz., Reynolds, Johnson, Burke, Dr Nugent, Beaucherk, Langton, Goldsmith, Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins ; but at Garrick's death it received the name of the Literary Club. Topics, miscellaneous and literary, were often warmly discussed, politics never. (See Boswell's Johnson, and Foster's Goldsmith.)

in 1764. But its keen debates, its flashes of wit, its stores of knowledge, its bursts of merriment, are no longer heard; and the cry of the costermonger or the milkman is now only known where Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith long ago made merry.

On the 17th of July 1765, Burke somehow got introduced to Lord Rockingham, and became his private secretary by the obliging services of his friends William Burke and William Fitzherbert. This William Burke was simply a kinsman of Edmund's, though the latter frequently calls him 'cousin' in his correspondence. William likewise gained for him the acquaintance of Lord Verney, from whom, a few months afterwards, he received the position of Member of Parliament for the borough of Wendover, near the foot of the Chiltern Hills.¹ This borough was a close one, under Lord Verney's influence; and in those days, when as much as L.9000 was the price paid for such a post, and L.70,000 for a county, Edmund Burke required to thank those powers who had put it into Verney's heart to be so liberal.

On the 26th of December 1765, Burke became member for Wendover; on the 14th of the following month he entered Parliament; and on the 27th he made his maiden speech. Henceforward his career is so inextricably interwoven with the history of the time, that it is almost impossible to set it in an intelligible light without diverging largely into details quite foreign to this place. We shall only notice briefly a few of his great speeches, which are altogether unparalleled, alike in number and in oratorical genius, in the whole annals of the British Parliament.

The Rockingham Whigs had, the previous year, replaced the incompetent ministry of Grenville; and although Lord Rockingham was an excellent man, of sound integrity, of great courage, an inflexible patriot, and a disinterested politician, the House of Commons was, nevertheless, in no humour to listen to calm debate or to impassioned harangue. The American colonies came before the British Parliament in a federal capacity; and it was on a question touching the competency of the House of Commons to receive such a petition, that Burke first spoke. Pitt was understood to favour the petition, and the Administration considered the admission of it an open question. The new member argued, in a speech of much force and beauty, that the presentation of such a petition was of itself an acknowledgment of the House's

¹ 'The Burkes,' as they were popularly called—viz., Edmund, his brother Richard, and William—had for the most part, as Edmund phrased it, 'one home and one purse;' but William and Richard, it is to be regretted, gambled much too largely in India Stock.

jurisdiction. If Lord Rockingham had any fears for the discretion and tact of his new secretary, this maiden appearance of his set such suspicions at rest for ever. The great Pitt was the first to rise and bestow a warm encomium on the new member. He little dreamt that the rakish clipper, whose feats he had that day witnessed, should, ere a month had gone by, take the wind out of his own great sails, and be seizing on the prize while he was labouring heavily in the offing. As Burke returns from St Stephen's that clear January night, the ground feels crisp beneath his feet, and the moon shines brightly overhead, while countless stars glitter down over the great city. Halting on his step, he looks up at the great Orion 'sloping slowly to the west,' and yonder the untiring waggoner urges forth his wain on its endless round. And all nature goes its round, as it has done through numberless ages, thinks Burke. But poetry and politics will not yoke together; and though it is a proud moment this for him, it is not unmixed with melancholy, bred in him by those stars, and that nameless something which lurks in the bosom of every man, and which asserts itself strongest in the moment of victory.

Unlike the young aristocratic politician of a former age, and, perchance, also of this one, Burke did not content himself with merely glancing over the newspapers at his club of a morning, before marching to duty: he set himself vigorously to work, as only he knew how, in analyzing the whole work of Government, and the complicated interests of the British Empire. In his successive appearances, he seems, by universal testimony, to have taken the House entirely by storm. Old men and young men, able men and men less able, trading politicians and soldiers of fortune,—all spoke of his orations with enthusiasm. Now he ridiculed Grenville, anon he aimed a shaft even at Pitt. That veteran politician could not brook the idea of Britain being dependent on foreign nations for the raw material of her manufactures, while Burke modestly but earnestly urged the propriety of such a course. This was the *first time the House of Commons had listened to the advocacy of the doctrines of free trade*. He had argued in favour of Catholic Emancipation so far back as 1759; and now, while Fox was still a boy, we find him insisting upon doctrines that took so many years to ripen into action. But Burke has got into his head certain solid notions regarding political economy, which he will din into the ears of men until they understand them.

The Rockingham Whigs, after a very short term of office, had to resign, and Pitt, who had recently been raised to the peerage as Earl of Chatham, again took the reins. But he did not hold them long; the Duke of Grafton came into office in 1766,

and was succeeded by Lord North in 1770, whose Premiership lasted through the American war down to 1782.

The standing order of the House of Commons, which had recently come into play owing to a quarrel with the Lords against the admission of the public to both Houses of Parliament, had, during 1770, been connived at rather than otherwise. This led to the publication of the more interesting debates, with much more detail and correctness than had hitherto been known. Not satisfied with this, the writers for the public prints, as public writers will, had caricatured some of those 'descended from Parliamentary men,' in a style which did not at all meet the approval of dapper little Colonel Onslow. This fiery little Colonel, who two years before had routed a bill-sticker and incarcerated a milkman for a breach of privilege, resolved to put an end to this ridiculing of *him* in the newspapers. He would, in sportsman's phrase, 'bring down' the printers of those audacious journals, and have them reprimanded, on bended knees, in the presence of the Speaker. 'Little Cocking George,' as some newspaper wag called him, singled out two newspapers, the printers of which he resolved to have up before the House. Burke, staunchly supported by Charles Turner, strongly opposed this movement, but, unluckily, they found themselves in the minority. Turner, member for York, was a plain country gentleman of broad acres and blunt speech, a keen sportsman, and one who loved liberty immensely. From the green benches, in his green shooting-coat with tally-ho buttons, he on one occasion had the audacity to tell the House, that if he had been a poor man, with his passion for field sports, he must himself have been a poacher! The day ultimately fixed for the attendance of the printers was the 19th of February. They did not appear. Another order was issued, but it met with no more respect. The sergeant-at-arms was next ordered to seize these two contumacious individuals, but his deputy was only jeered by the printers' devils. The House then addressed the Crown to issue a proclamation for the seizure of Wheble and Thomson, the audacious publishers of the debates. While this matter was pending, the little sporting Colonel volunteered to bring before them 'three more brace' of offending printers. This motion was pressed forward. Burke and Turner, and the rest of their friends, resolved to divide on every paper as it came before them. The minority were determined to weary the House, that the printers might get off. Every pretence was made, the most ludicrous questions asked, all to spin out the time. Even the name of the printer's familiar was made a pretext for a discussion. The Speaker complained he was tired, and Ellis, Dyson, and Luttrell with one voice denounced the minority. But it was

all in vain. Two o'clock came, and the minority still held out. 'I always wished for small divisions,' said the eccentric member for York; 'with fifteen gentlemen having the interest of the people at heart, I will laugh at any majority.' Four o'clock came; the House had divided three-and-twenty times, and the great victory was virtually won. The pompous little sportsman had overshot the mark, and **THE FOURTH ESTATE WAS BORN!** Burke, who saw much farther into political affairs than any of his contemporaries, from the heights of his constitutional wisdom, predicted that 'posterity will bless the pertinacity of that day.'

On the 19th of April 1774, on Mr Rose Fuller's motion that the House would take into consideration the tax of threepence per pound on tea imported into the American colonies, Burke gave one of his noblest speeches on American taxation. He was called to his feet by a harangue from the renegade Charles Wolfran Cornwall, which consisted of an attack on the Rockinghams, accusing them of all the colonial disturbances since the repeal of the Stamp Act.

He rose ostensibly to put Mr Cornwall right, but really to defend the Rockinghams from the injurious slights which had been cast upon them. He showed, from the evidence of the existing Ministry, that Parliamentary taxation for an American revenue had virtually been abandoned; and even on the assumption that a repeal of the colonial duties had led to the American disturbances, Lord North was himself the worst of these repealers, because, while Lord Rockingham during his ministry repealed one duty, Lord North had repealed five. Then, accepting a challenge thrown out by the previous speaker, he went fully into the history of colonial taxation, and completely vindicated his own party from the charges brought against them. He went into a copious history of the circumstances preceding taxation by the British Government; the evils of the Stamp Act; the good effects of its repeal; the difficulties of Lord Rockingham's Ministry; the revival of the policy of taxation by the Chatham Ministry; its evil consequences to the colonies; the solitary tea-duty a financial blunder; and the consequent estrangement of the colonies from the mother country, which was daily becoming more and more imminent. He ingeniously enriched his general narrative by pausing to depict, in colours too glowing ever to fade, the characters of Grenville, of Chatham, and of Charles Townshend, and by showing how their weaknesses had aggravated the discontents of the American colonies. Then he wound up by an appeal to the House, such as has seldom been heard, not to persist in such wrong-headed measures, but to return to that wise policy which the Rockingham Whigs had inaugurated,

and without which, Burke concluded, there could be no peace for England.

During the delivery of this masterly oration, idle politicians, drawn thither by common report, filled the lobbies and staircases of the House. Loud cries of 'Go on!—go on!' greeted the speaker, on his pausing to ask if he tired gentlemen. Members of all shades of political opinion declared enthusiastically, that here was the most wonderful man they had ever listened to, and the American agents were with difficulty restrained from hurraing their admiration in the gallery. So entirely and emphatically had he got men's prejudices under for the time by the force of his persuasive voice, that the King and his crotchet of taxing America were temporarily forgotten, and, even at the risk of being regarded as personal enemies to his Majesty, adherents of the Ministry were known to join in the general and irresistible burst of applause.

Perhaps the most perfect specimen of Burke's oratory is to be found in his great speech on administrative reform, delivered on the 11th of February 1780. At the height of his powers, and in the full blaze of his fame, he was likewise of more gentle temper than he afterwards became. All England sang his praises. While difficulty is good for man, as Burke himself declared, there are occasions on which sunshine is one of the most joyous things on earth. He opened his address by laying down the principles on which a wise reform should be founded, neither too liberal nor too conservative, and then proceeded to apply those principles. He proposed to abolish the middle-age division of England into five sovereign jurisdictions, viz., the Principality of Wales, the Duchy of Lancaster, the County Palatine, the Earldom of Chester, and the Duchy of Cornwall. He proposed to get rid of the landed estates of the Crown, and of the forest lands and forest rights. He proposed, by issuing contracts for the Royal Household, to cut off a number of useless and fat offices, which consumed a great amount of the public revenue. He intended to apply the principle of public contract likewise to the Board of Works and to the Mint. He would abolish the Ordnance Office by assigning it to the Army and Navy. He would introduce unheard of reforms into the Pay Office, and transfer the Treasury and Office of Paymaster of the Pensions to the Exchequer. He would not abolish any existing pensions, because such a course might injure individuals; but he would limit the fund from which they were drawn to L.600,000, or some such sum, which would tend to check all extravagance. He would reduce the emoluments of the Patent Offices of the Exchequer, as the lives and reversions fell in, to fixed salaries, so that public rewards for merit as well as public pensions might still be

at the disposal of the Crown. The offices of the Colonial Secretary of State, of the Board of Trade and Plantations, were likewise to be done away with; and he proposed to regulate the salaries of the judges, the ambassadors, and the tradesmen of the Court, on more equitable principles than they had been settled on hitherto. He would make the Ministers of the Treasury and the great personages of the Royal Household responsible for such emoluments, who on an insolvent quarter-day would, he said, be more dreadful to the Royal mind than that of the united colonies.

But it is impossible, in this dry skeleton form, to give anything at all like an adequate idea of his extraordinary powers. The sound political wisdom which held the reins while the bold imagination went forward on the work of reform; the alluring charms of poetical illustration which clothed the past with life, and the future with radiance; the brilliant flashes of wit which played up like electric coruscations over the House; the condensed reasoning, the burning emotion, and the fervid appeals to the most noble passions, rendered this speech the most remarkable one in a small compass that the orator ever delivered. For three hours the audience were spell-bound. Ministerialists, courtiers, sycophants, amid tumultuous cheers, bore testimony to the greatness of the success. The historian, Gibbon, though a king's friend, praised it; and even Lord North condescended to say of it that it excelled all he had ever heard in the House.

Burke's prodigious labours in the prosecution of Warren Hastings, for his alleged cruelty to the Rohillas and the Begums of Oude, formally began in 1784, and the actual trial commenced in Westminster Hall in February 1788. The animosity of the orator to Hastings dates as far back as 1773.¹ 'Mr Hastings,' said Burke in a speech delivered in that year, 'is to have the casting vote. Mr Hastings is the individual nominated by this Parliament. If all that has been said is true, if the insinuations of the Committee of Secrecy and the speeches of to-day are true, this man is guilty of everything charged against the Company. Yet this man is to be the First President, and to him is given a controlling power in the Council.'

It was obvious from the impeachment that Burke had spared no pains to make himself acquainted with the alleged crimes, and with the country wherein they were transacted. No man probably ever understood India so well, without having actually set foot on its shores. There is something entirely Eastern about this great oration, partly from the vividness and intensity with which the objects were conceived, and partly also, it may be,

¹ Lord Macaulay, in his *Essays*, dates it as far back as 1781, but it was certainly eight years earlier.

from the excited state of his mind caused by the protracted tale of cruelty and wrong which had buried themselves so deeply in his very soul. This speech, while it has much more than the customary share of gorgeous orientalism in its composition, betrays, besides, far more of embittered sensibility, and even of reckless judgment, than we find in the rest of his great orations. That 'Burke generally took up his side like a fanatic, and defended it like a philosopher,' is an unfortunate saying of the late Lord Macaulay, who appreciated Burke's genius highly, and has done much to disseminate his greatness. The sentence, so far as it applies to the present oration, would be much truer were we to reverse it. The position which Burke took up on the present occasion was by no means a fanatical one, whatever his subsequent advocacy of that position might be called. A man, after turning a case over in his mind for fifteen years, as Burke is proved to have done in the case of Hastings, cannot be said to have made up his mind without due consideration. His feelings, if ever they are to subside on this side of time, have certainly had sufficient leisure to do so in the course of fifteen years. A man who is wholly at the mercy of his feelings we denominate a fanatic; but Burke, even by Lord Macaulay's admission, had naturally perhaps the most solid understanding of any man in England. But, to say truth, these antithetical sentences ring to the ear like adages, but will not always bear too close inspection.

The impeachment lasted nine days in all, four of which were occupied with the oratory of Burke. He opened his charge in the presence of the most august assemblage of rank and intellect that perhaps ever met in Westminster Hall to listen to any single speaker. On the third day of the trial, which was perhaps, rhetorically considered, the most important, the speaker, with the documents in his raised hands as a testimony to Heaven of the guilt of the person charged, with streaming eyes, and with suffused countenance, related how slow fires were made to inflict unmentionable tortures on tender women, how death met life at the very gates and strangled it. His audience could endure the agony no longer, and burst out many of them into tears. Mrs Siddons confessed that all the terror and pity which she had ever witnessed on the stage, sank into insignificance before the scene she had just beheld. Mrs Sheridan fainted; and the stern Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who always in the most headstrong way had insisted on Hastings' innocence, was observed for once in his life to shed a tear. 'This peroration,' said Windham, himself an orator of great accomplishments, as Burke closed his address, 'was the noblest ever uttered by man.' It may astonish not a few to be told that this speech was not written, that the speaker trusted to his never-

failing supply of appropriate language in which to clothe his ideas as they crowded upon his brain.

So thoroughly had Burke mastered the art of government, and so completely new were his political speculations, that this very thoroughness and novelty stood in the way of the reception of his ideas by the British public, and even by the British Parliament. It has taken the greater portion of a century to place the majority of the House of Commons abreast of what he spoke long years before. There are few of the great measures of the present day which his far-seeing wisdom did not anticipate, and which his feelings did not valiantly defend. He advocated free trade many years before it became a watchword of party, and supported the claims of the Catholics when Fox was a boy in small clothes. Catholic emancipation was granted many years after his death, but only as a means of preserving the loyalty of the Irish nation. He supported the petition of the Dissenters to be relieved from the restrictions which the Church of England in its own behoof had imposed upon them. He opposed the cruel laws against insolvents, and attempted in vain to mitigate the penal code. He strove to abolish the old plan of enlistment; and he attacked the slave-trade, which the King wished to preserve as part of the British constitution. His labours in law reform are well known, and he is almost universally recognised as the first financial reformer whom the British nation produced. By means of various bills, he carried through Parliament a system of official reorganization which, in the single office of Paymaster-General, saved the country L.25,000 a-year. Is it to be wondered at, that the man who entertained such 'revolutionary views' should never have been entrusted with a seat at George III.'s Cabinet? His Majesty, as is well known, boasted that he would transmit the crown, exactly as he had received it, to his successor. The paramount evil of Burke's age, and the one against which he sleeplessly battled, was the Court scheme of having a dependent administration in opposition to the Government. It need in no way astonish us, that the most eminent of English politicians, whose mind was fitted for far nobler things than even politics, after spending thirty years in the British Parliament, retired without ever having enjoyed so much as a seat at the Cabinet. But he foresaw all this well. Very early in his public career he remarked with much sagacity, and, as time proved, with too much truth, at the end of his great speech on American taxation (1774), 'I know the map of England as well as the noble Lord [Lord North], or as any other person, and I know that the way I take is not the road to preferment.' He was a poor man when he entered Parliament, and the genius who presides over the destiny of great men held him

too fast to her own breast to admit of his gathering much of the glittering dust that the world in its mean way fights for.

In March 1768, he purchased a small estate in Buckinghamshire, twenty-three miles out of London, for some L.23,000. This agreeable residence was named Gregories; and is situate near Beaconsfield, where Burke now lies buried. The money with which he was enabled to effect this purchase has given rise to some curious inquiry and to knowing shakes of the head on the part of some of Burke's critics. Lord Rockingham, whose private secretary he was, lent him L.10,000; he got by mortgages from Dr Saunders, of Spring Gardens, L.5000; and William and Richard Burke let him have L.8000. The latter sum had to be returned some years after, when 'the Burkes' were ruined by jobbing in India stock. Lord Rockingham, it is conjectured by Mr Macknight, may have lent Burke L.30,000 in all previous to that nobleman's death in 1782,—all which sum was nobly cancelled by a codicil to his will. The Irish estate, which Burke inherited from his brother Garret, was not sold till 1792 or 1793, when it brought something less than L.4000. He sat for Bristol from 1774 till 1780; then for Malton, in Yorkshire, till the close of his political career. On his retirement from public affairs in 1794, the representation of Malton was delegated to his son, a young man of good promise, who had previously filled the post of deputy-paymaster to his father, at L.500 a-year. But this only son, the joy and pride of his heart, was cut off in a few months by a rapid consumption, in his 36th year. The grief of the father at this great catastrophe is said, by Dr Laurence, to have been 'truly terrible.' Bursting frequently from all control, he would rush into the room where his dead son lay, and 'throw himself headlong, as it happened, on the body, the bed, or the floor.'

Thenceforward Burke's life was immeasurably desolate. His affections, which had always been fervid, now became almost ungovernable. His feelings occasionally mastered his reason; and the strong oak of the forest sensibly swayed. 'I live,' says this broken-hearted old man, 'in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots.'

His increased irritability is observable, likewise, in the writings which he gave to the world after this date. His *Observations on a late Publication, intituled The Present State of the Nation*, which appeared in 1769, was admitted by highly competent judges to outstrip the publications of Halifax, of Swift, of Addison, and of

Bolingbroke. His *Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents* (1770), while it called down the dignified wrath of Chatham, the cynical sneers of Horace Walpole, and the screeches of Mrs Catherine Macauley, sister to Sawbridge, Lord Mayor of London, is now admitted on all hands to be the most perfect exposition of Whiggism which has ever been made. When one compares with these noble works his *Letter to a Noble Lord*, and particularly his last work, the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, we can readily perceive how much the ancient prowess had deserted that undaunted will.

It was during this same year, but before this sad calamity had befallen him, that the final quarrel occurred between him and his generous friend and pupil, Fox. Fox was the acknowledged leader in the House of Commons of what is called the New Whigs; while Burke, again, had been allied all his life long to what he called the Old Whigs. In Burke's speech on the Marriage Act, in June 1781, he said, 'I am accused, I am told, abroad of being a man of aristocratic principles. If by aristocracy they mean the peers, I have no vulgar admiration nor vulgar antipathy towards them. *I hold their order in cold and decent respect. I hold them to be of an absolute necessity in the constitution; but I think they are only good when kept within their proper bounds.*' The only respect in which Burke's recent writings differ at all from those of an earlier date, is, that they display a mind much more alive than formerly to the dangers of popular illusions, and urge with ever-increasing fervour the necessity for those restraining institutions which the author always advocated as necessary to the preservation of civilised society. His emotions, no doubt, are much more fervid, and his understanding is less solid; but, to all intents and purposes, the opinions which he advocated regarding government thirty years before, were precisely those which he died maintaining.

Fox, again, as we have said, was the darling of the New Whigs, who were supposed to be more on a level with the free spirit of the age, as it was called, than Burke, with his clinging to old systems and to old aristocracies. Fox, besides, at the critical juncture of the French Revolution, seemed to push his doctrines of freedom to an excess, rather than to bring forward the Conservative side of his political views to allay popular alarm. The Old Whigs thought this step was at variance with sound discretion; and Burke, who was very violent on everything regarding the French Revolution, openly declared in the House of Commons, that his friendship with Fox was at an end. Thus these men, who had loved each other more than brothers from the time that Fox entered Parliament, were violently separated, by what one

cannot help terming a vile political squabble. No doubt the ardent generosity of Fox would have sought forgiveness in no long time; but Burke, whose nature was deeper, wider, and more serious than Fox's, possessed something of that dark irreconcilability which men fear rather than cling to, and which has been a characteristic of more than one great man in our day.

It was in 1790 that his work on the French Revolution made its appearance. It was read everywhere, and talked about by everybody. No political work on the current events of the day ever equalled it in interest, and in the sudden reputation which it acquired. Nothing else was asked for or thought of. Edition followed edition quicker almost than the printers could throw them off. Thirty thousand copies were soon in the hands of the public. In no place was its effect greater than in the Court of George III., where for long years the name of the author had not been mentioned without a shudder. His Majesty himself read the book, and would have every one read it near him. 'It will do you good—do you good,' said he; 'it is a book every gentleman should read.' Meanwhile Fox was consigned to perdition by the creatures of the Court: Burke was a great man, and a good man. Even clever Miss Burney (Madame D'Arblay), the intelligent Keeper of the Robes, felt her interest in Burke revive on this royal criticism. The book was talked over with much admiration by Pitt and Wilberforce, and other Ministerialists, at a public dinner at Wimbledon. The fame of it reached the banks of the Isis and the shores of the Liffey; and grave academicals in Oxford transmitted their thanks to the author, and in Dublin they made him an LL.D.! All the crowned heads of Europe, the French nobility and Princes in exile, King Stanislaus of Poland, the Princes and Sovereigns of Germany, and Catherine of the icy north, sent their special congratulations to the author of the *Reflections*. This was flattering to poor Burke, who had battled so long and so earnestly under neglect and depreciation. Yet Fox could not bear the book; Sheridan could not bear it; and young Mackintosh, at the age of 26, wrote a reply to it. Many of the English people liked it, yet many of them disliked it. Some fifty replies were penned against it; but the only one that is still read is the production of a political staymaker, the 'infidel' Tom Paine. Some two years before Burke's death, the King saw good to bestow upon him two considerable pensions, which amounted in all, during his life, to something over L.10,000. Except the L.4000 per annum, which he received as Paymaster under Shelburne's Ministry, this was all that he ever obtained either from King or courtier. Yet there were persons, as of course there will always be, who knew well the vast sums which his spirit of reform had saved the nation, who were so mean as to

grumble at the 'prodigality' of the Government and at the 'corruption' of Burke in this transaction.

From the time of his son's death, Burke never dined from home. His house, formerly like a hotel, was now the picture of desolation. He studiously avoided visitors, and wrapt himself up in the cold folds of his own great sorrow. His head declined, and his body bent together; and the peasants in the neighbouring fields, accustomed to a kind word as he passed, now shrunk off, awe-stricken at the spectacle of so great a grief. Yet still his mind was fresh, and his faculties vigorous. He spent a considerable portion of the days which preceded his death on the perusal of a good book sent him by a good man—*Practical Christianity*, by his friend Wilberforce. On the 9th of July 1797, Edmund Burke expired at Gregories, without a groan, in the 65th year of his age. His disease was a scirrhus affection of the stomach. 'His end,' wrote Dr Lawrence, on the morning of his death, over his lifeless remains, 'was suited to the simple greatness of his mind, which he displayed through life—every way unaffected, without levity, without ostentation, full of natural grace and dignity.'

By his own express injunctions, he was to be interred in the family burying-ground at Beaconsfield, beside his brother Richard, and a yet dearer friend to the old man's heart. On the 15th of the month, at eight o'clock, on a beautiful July evening, while the sinking sun sent its last rays through the casements of the little church, he was slowly lowered into the grave, and laid beside the ashes of his son. It was all over. The great noblemen and members of Parliament slowly and silently file back to their homes and their politics; the flagstones are let down over the grave, and silence and night rule over the scene. Thus passes away the glory of the world!

Burke's widow, who survived him for fifteen years, was removed to the same resting-place in 1812.

It is matter of regret that the achievements of the orator and the actor pass away with the breath of the individual performers. It would be gratifying, in studying Cicero, to be able actually to confront him with his great rival Burke; or, in inquiring into the histrionic powers of Cicero's friend Roscius, to place him face to face with Burke's friend Garrick. But as no such magical gifts have been given to us, we must content ourselves with the meagre limning of such men which history records. When Burke came forward, as his custom was, to the middle of the House of Commons to speak, the first peculiarity which caught the eye of the spectator was the glasses which he almost con-

stantly wore in the days of his celebrity. He was tall and noble-looking, with a decidedly prepossessing appearance; by no means smart in his dress, yet possessing a personal dignity which the tailor could not have given him. He seemed full of thought and care; and the firm lines about the mouth, the strong jaw, and the severe glance of the dark eye, spoke of many an inward battle which was known to no human observer. The head was solid and intense, rather than heavy and massive, high rather than broad, and tolerably prominent; fuller, one would say at first sight, of the reasoning than of the imageing power. His nose, which was straight as if it had been cut after a level, opened out into two powerful nostrils, made apparently only to sneer. Altogether he looked like a great man, with a great lesson to read to men, more than like a gentle one sent into the world to please. He spoke with a decided Hibernian accent, even although he left the country early in life. But it is to be remarked that men of genius hardly ever lose the tongue of their youth. He had a voice of great compass, and he never required to hesitate for words. They came quick and vehement, frequently almost beyond the power of utterance. As he spoke his head rose and fell; now it swung, and anon it oscillated from side to side of his body, moved by the intense nervous action of his frame. Young Gillray, the foremost of English caricaturists, sketches Burke in various postures and attitudes. One of the most characteristic of these represents him as rapt in the delivery of some splendid oration, with his hands clenched and his arms raised erectly over his head, his whole body the picture of living energy. Yet Grattan complained of the want of grace in Burke's manner as a speaker.

Burke, by the almost unanimous testimony of his contemporaries, was the foremost orator that ever lived. It was the opinion of Fox that *no good speech read well*; and while this is no doubt true of the style of oratory which Fox himself practised, it is the very opposite of true as a test of the highest style of eloquence. A man with a grand voice, a noble presence, and with great plastic powers of countenance, may be an excellent speaker; but, nevertheless, there may be a style of oratory higher than this, of which he knows nothing. If the passion is more in the person of the man than in the thoughts that he gives forth; if the imagery which he wields is quick, sudden, impulsive, not slow, grand, and impressive, the chances are that his speech will not read well, even although it may have made a great impression on the hearers. But let the speech itself be filled to the full with heated emotion, every thought, every image, every word; let it be delivered with all the extraordinary appliances of the orator's art, depend upon it it will both be a

great speech to the hearer and to the reader. Now, Fox's style partook more of the former than of the latter qualities. He was more a debater than an orator, while Burke was an orator all over. Fox gave to his hearers the most splendid specimens of impassioned logic which ever rung through the halls of St Stephen's; while Burke's declamations were so full of wisdom, of intellect, of knowledge, of imagery, of wit, that his hearers were overpowered by the luxurious prodigality poured at their feet. As one consequence of this, Fox was, take him altogether, more popular as a debater than ever Burke was. In any audience, more than three-fourths may fairly be counted on as possessing only the ordinary amount of ability, to which Fox's powers allied him much more closely than Burke's. Burke possessed more of the constitutional wisdom of the seer than of the rhetoric of the declaimer; while Fox, again, though he possessed real eloquence, was much more limited in the range and intensity of his ideas. Fox possessed logic and passion in abundance, but wanted imagination; while Burke had all the three in their fulness. Burke's eyes were made to see hardly anything but original ideas; while Fox stole as openly from his great friend as if the matter had been arranged by previous concert. Fox's celebrated maxim, that 'what was morally wrong could never be politically right,' was constructed from the teachings of Burke; and in countless ways, which Fox's generosity rendered him only the first to recognise, Burke disciplined his mind like a schoolmaster. In 1790, Fox stated in the House of Commons, that 'if he were to put all the political information which he had learned from books, all which he had gained from science, and all which any knowledge of the world and its affairs had taught him, into one scale, and the improvement which he had derived from his right honourable friend's instruction and conversation were placed in the other, he should be at a loss to decide to which to give the preference.' —(*Parl. Hist.*, vol. xxviii., p. 363.) It was only the other day that there appeared the first instalment of a grave, and, on the whole, meritorious work, in which Burke, as an orator,¹ is ranked beneath the two Pitts and after Fox. If the writer of this book means to place Burke in the fourth rank of those speakers, who were fully appreciated by an admiring audience, one can find little to object to; for the great Irishman, by the very prodigality of his powers, quite outran often the ordinary faculties of his hearers. But if, on the other hand, it is meant to depreciate that wonderful genius that rendered him not only the foremost speaker in the British Parliament, but, unless we are

¹ See *The Constitutional History of England from 1760 to 1860*. Vol. i., pp. 481, etc. By Erskine May. 1861.

very greatly mistaken, the foremost speaker in the whole world, we can only say that we are sorry to know it, and shall continue to pray that Pallas may descend and 'give light to men.' Neither is Burke's love of imagery and illustration at all excessive, as this writer supposes. We simply hope, as the most charitable way of accounting for his apparent ignorance, that Mr May has never read Burke patiently through. Indeed, we hardly know any orator of reputation who is so chary in his use of imagery as Edmund Burke. When he does strike out a figure, he often beats it so thin, and lavishes all his wonderful powers of language in adorning it, that it partly loses the effect of carrying forward the argument, which every good illustration should possess. But this occurs but rarely—not more than once or twice in the course of an oration.

It is, besides, a distinguishing feature of Burke's orations, that they are nearly as far beyond ordinary printed prose, as they must have appeared to the hearers of them above ordinary spoken discourses. While we cannot sympathize with Mr May in applying the term 'dissertation' to Burke's eloquent speeches, they possess nevertheless much more of the printed disquisition than of the merely rhetorical harangue. They want the closely knit reasoning, the severe diction, the condensed illustration, the restrained language peculiar to a dissertation; and they possess the loosely flowing argument, the easy figure, the disengaged style, the burning passion, the polished and prompt wit, peculiar to a spoken discourse. That which distinguishes them above all other printed orations, and which lends to them, we should say, nearly all their power, is the intense sensibility in which they seem to have been conceived. By all accounts, Burke's face was not particularly expressive; it was much less so than Fox's: yet he contrived to surpass Fox in the earnestness and intensity with which he formed his ideas, before they had, so to speak, taken the distinct and expressive form of words.

No one was more familiar than Burke with that Dantean pool where the passions breed, and which every man must visit who would move the affections of others. That dark tarn, with steep and naked sides, rising sheer to heaven, over which these stern sisters, in their wild turmoil, sweep, was as familiar to Burke's eye as any bend of the muddy Thames. Every fragment that he spoke was dipped most cunningly in the waters of this sombre lake. Every paragraph, sentence, clause, word, and syllable, was saturated in this transforming bath. This is the true secret, we take it, of the singular power which his speeches still exercise over his readers.

Burke never strains after fervour. Everything seems to come naturally, as the sunshine after the shower. The exquisite art displayed in the approaches to situations of deep interest or of

overmastering power, is as finely natural as are the successive breeze, gale, and storm, which herald a hurricane. All this lavish expenditure of passion is but as the pent-up steam within a ship. It moves her forward by its power, to confront and to defeat its twin elements, the air and the water. So it is with Burke's speeches. Passion exists simply to confirm and to ratify his arguments; never, or very rarely, to dazzle the eyes with wanton coruscations. It moves the speech forward, but only according to rule; it seldom breaks out into ungovernable lawlessness. He was an engineer of almost perfect knowledge, and he guided his ship with a pilot's skill.

Burke was always greatly too much in earnest, both from the violence of his emotions and from his intense moral fervour, ever to be a rhetorician in any strict sense. He was, perhaps, the most eloquent man of whom we have any record, but he was not properly a rhetorician.¹

There is a pretty general impression abroad among men, that Burke conveyed his thoughts in an ornate, flowery style. No idea of his writings or speeches can be wider of the truth than this. Burning emotion abounds everywhere in his orations and in his more studied discourses, but there is nothing like the florid pomp of words which offends the taste in minor rhetoricians. The astonishing thing is, that the passion is so great, and that the imagery is so small; for, in men of genius, passion and imagery are nearly always in direct proportion. The passions, like the hounds of Actæon, keep always in full cry of the imagination; but there is no Melanchætes so crafty as to make it his prey. Nothing but the extraordinary solidity of an extraordinary judgment could have kept that wild faculty so completely in check as Burke did his imagination. His style is often simple, and even chaste, but always intensely forcible. Sometimes it is fanciful, but seldom elaborately so, particularly in his better days; and in rare cases wildly and even recklessly imaginative. Sometimes he loses, for a time, the command of his powers: one is then lost in the bewildering Alhambra of splendours into

¹ The term *Rhetoric* is used in a twofold way, by a twofold class of persons. It is employed in a *critical* and in a *popular* sense. 1. In its critical signification it is used by all who have written on it, from Aristotle downwards, including Quintilian, the gentlemen of Port-Royal, Dr Campbell, and Archbishop Whately, as the *art of persuasion*. But here they differ among themselves as to details. Dr Campbell maintains that there can be no persuasion without an *appeal to the passions*; and Archbishop Whately, again, urges that *conviction of the understanding* must form an essential part of persuasion. The sense in which the word is employed here, is, to denote that voluntary exaltation or derogation of some peculiar aspect of a question in which belief or disbelief is desired to be produced in the minds of the hearers. Thus *Rhetoric* deals entirely with opinion or probable matter, and with probable matter of a peculiar kind. 2. The word is used popularly, either to denote a showy ornamental discourse, or one filled with rank sophistry.

which he has been inveigled. The thread of the argument is lost; the connecting link is amissing; the centre of the sphere is forfeited, and few have the cunning to discover it. Yet again he returns to it, but with no advantage gained by his mighty illustration: the reasoning has got cold meanwhile, and it will take the arm of a Thor again to hammer it hot. This was really the way, we believe, that Burke lost so many of his hearers, and, of course, also of his hearty admirers. It was not in the tangled meshes of any syllogism, it was not in the intricacies of any deduction, that his panting auditors broke down; for no man sends home a bit of reasoning with more genuine simplicity and force than Burke. It was rather among his laboured figures, few as they in reality were, where the imagination of the man, like a wild steed unaccustomed to freedom, as those dapple grey coursers of the dawn, that, in old Marston's play,

‘Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky,’

that he broke entirely away from all human control.

His taste, besides, cannot always be defended. His celebrated picture of Lord North will occur to every intelligent reader—‘extending his right leg a full yard before his left, rolling his flaming eyes, and moving his ponderous frame;’ and his comparing of North's Ministry to a party of courtesans. If Burke had possessed less passion and imagination, we think there can be little doubt that he would have gained a name as a philosopher. We have really little on which to judge off-hand of his purely speculative capacity. Except his treatise on the *Sublime and Beautiful*, where the writing is admirable, but the thinking rather lame, we have nothing to which we can appeal in a ready way to settle his claims as a philosopher. The only word that we can offer as an apology to speculators for the immaturities of thought that are substituted for sound philosophy in the above treatise, is the possibility of its having been a favourite theory of his college days,—the hot season, as we all know, of hot theories, and of much else, which he had taken up before he had got entirely away from the keen-sighted but crude views of his youth, and which he had endeavoured to elaborate at a period when style (Bolingbroke's and others) held much greater sway over him than thought did. This view is confirmed likewise by the report of his having renounced the theory before it had well got before the public. There is obviously no use pointing, as his biographer does triumphantly, to his published speeches for a refutation of those who choose merely to estimate him as a splendid rhetorician. In these very speeches Burke is never done decrying ‘general maxims,’ ‘abstruse points,’ and ‘metaphysical subtleties;’ and unless we

suppose him artfully trying to stave off a popular impression regarding himself, we must admit at once that these orations form no just criterion on which this important question can be settled.

Aphorisms, no doubt, toss perpetually to the surface of his orations, as foam-bells adorn a stream; but is not this one of his happy knacks of insinuating his constitutional wisdom into his speeches, so as not to make them heavy or dull? There is nothing that a popular assembly love more than apothegms: they are like gold coins—they enrich the possessor while they do not burden him. Those ‘short sentences drawn from long experience,’ as Cervantes called them, have always been admired by the world, even though sometimes they have not been fully understood by it. In general, however, they are eminently simple in their form, and, so far as the language is concerned, easy of apprehension. Bacon, Burke, and Goethe constructed more adages than all their contemporaries. The first was a philosopher, the last was a poet; and we have not yet ascertained what Burke was, unless we make him a mixture of both. These adages were sometimes imperfectly expressed, no doubt, in Burke’s speeches; but, nevertheless, the pith and marrow of the apothegms were there.

Burke’s style of constructing a speech is somewhat peculiar, and highly artistic. His usual way is to gather up the contents of what he is going to say into a series of aphoristic forms, and afterwards hammer them out into the gorgeous details, which he knew so well how to handle. Besides, there is an outer and an under current both of thought and language observable in this process. In general, the adage is resolved into its constituent elements by a keen process of analytic thought, while it is delivered with ceaseless passion, and often over all there hangs the fine imaginative nimbus of genius; so that to a listener, unless he were possessed of more than the ordinary sagacity, the outer surface of the oration would alone strike his attention, and the undercurrent of energetic reasoning might pretty much escape him, but he would receive the full contents of their combined force in proportion to his natural ability. Unlike those thriftless though impressive speakers, who trust merely to chance for what they are to say, nothing, apparently, was with Burke adventitious, except perhaps some of his oriental illustrations. The greater portion of his speeches was constructed, whether consciously or unconsciously, on the principle which we have just described, and it was one of great philosophic sagacity and of eminent practical effectiveness. It was that art which conceals art, which no one but a man of genius can ever adequately handle. Bacon, besides, indulged much more in philosophical aphorisms than Burke did; but Burke had little or no opportunity

as a politician of forming anything else than practical maxims.¹ They are nearly all of this class, and display an extraordinary power of generalizing. It argues that he must have watched men and manners with the same sleepless eye for which the philosopher is distinguished. Men generally designate such a power of forming practical aphorisms by the name of wisdom; yet it is much more intimately associated with the fundamental elements, at least, on which the highest philosophy is based. In truth, the eye of wisdom and the eye of philosophy bear a striking resemblance to each other; but it is this power of sagaciously noting the differences and the resemblances—the *differentia*, in short—of affairs, and of leisurely binding them together, which begins and ends the process of abstraction. And it is this, we take it, more perhaps than in certain other striking coincidences of Bacon's life and his, that discloses to us the kind of mind which Burke possessed. Here we have him actually engaged, only in a different way, in the identical process of induction which the great English philosopher expounded so well; and it is all the more interesting that it is unconscious, struck out, as many of those adages were, on the heat of the moment. Can one doubt that Burke, who spoke these wise sayings that are sown up and down throughout his speeches, had he possessed less passion, would have been a philosopher with a fame, perchance, near to Bacon's? It was passion that urged him into Parliament, and it was the same stern mistress that at last closed his eyes. To her, likewise, he must attribute any falling away of which the speculative part of the world accused him, as, indeed, by the same austere dame his whole life was in a manner coloured.

Yet Burke did not sell himself to passion; on the contrary, he kept the reins close on it, guided always by the sense of rectitude which rules the world. This is, out of sight, the most striking feature in Burke's political character. While other men are content with propriety, decency, respectability, fitness, as the bases of their political views, Burke is never content until he has landed the question, whether rightly or wrongly, in the arms

¹ A few of those wise sayings for which we have given Burke credit are here subjoined. They are taken at random from his writings:—'Difficulty is good for man.' 'A brave people prefers liberty accompanied with a virtuous poverty, to a depraved and wealthy servitude.' 'Vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness'—a saying which has since often afforded the moralist a text. After the horrors of the French Revolution, Burke said, with truth, 'The age of chivalry is gone'—a sentence which has been very pregnant of remark for politician and man of letters since his day, and which no one has handled to better purpose than Mr Carlyle. 'Geography, though an earthly subject, is a heavenly study.' 'It is the nature of all greatness not to be exact.' 'Like all great public collections of men, they possess a marked love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice.' 'Those who are bountiful to crimes, will be rigid to merit and penurious to service.' And so on.

of virtue or of vice. Thus his political philosophy was something very like a moral philosophy. There is one aspect of his moral and intellectual being which would charm the heart of Mr Carlyle. It is the entire harmony or apparent unity of action between his understanding and his moral sense; so entire, indeed, that one would be half-persuaded to adopt Mr Carlyle's paradoxical theory, that the two faculties are essentially one in all men, did one not recollect the number of Apolloniuses, Cagliostros, and Barnums there are in the world. Speaking to Dr Markham, on one occasion early in his career as a statesman, regarding this manner of judging public events and public men, he said, 'I neither now do, nor ever will, admit of any other.' And he kept his word. In those orations of which some account has been given, it is always the morally wrong that he denounces with his most scathing eloquence, always the morally right that he contemplates with the most peculiar satisfaction. It was on this principle that he judged the conduct of the English Government during the American war, the cruelty of Warren Hastings to the Rohillas and the Begums of Oude, and the atrocities of the French Revolutionists. His work denunciatory of the French Revolution, was answered by Camille Desmoulins, by Anacharsis Clootz, by Tom Paine, and by Sir James Mackintosh; but, with every allowance for the violence with which his burning sensibility carried away his better judgment, so deeply were the principles on which it was written drenched with the moral nature of the man, that Burke must remain for ever, in all the great essentials of the case, unanswerable, even by right honourable dissertators on ethical philosophy. If a man will only be sure he has got truth on his side, he may face an enraged world with a calm front, in the sure reliance that as soon as mankind *can* know better they will, and the time will come when they will write the very name high in their Temple of Fame that they now decry with such a fiendish delight. So true is the old Greek proverb, 'Ὁψὲ θεῶν ἀλέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δὲ λεπτά—The mill of the gods grinds late, but it grinds fine.

There is one line in that exquisite sarcastic poem of Goldsmith's, the *Retaliation*, in which, in a humorous, bantering way, he describes the character of his great friend Burke, which has always struck us as particularly true, and even happy. No doubt, Mr Macknight is assiduous in his endeavours to persuade his readers that this poem possesses no real truth; but as we know that he is a hero-worshipper, that circumstance need give us no trouble. While admitting that sarcasm, by its very nature, tries rather to conceal than to communicate the real state of the case, we nevertheless are of opinion that Goldsmith, in his line,

'And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,'

described Burke's character in one important point, more accurately than his latest biographer has done. It may have been unconsciously, but no one with eyes can help seeing that Burke more than once adhered to the policy of his party more from an associative feeling, than from any determination to proclaim the truth by his political conduct. In saying this, after all, we are merely recognising his proper humanity: no statesman or politician could be more free from all sorts of party charges.

That in private and domestic life he appeared nearly as great as in public, need in no way astonish us. His conversational gifts are admitted, on all hands, to have been remarkable. No doubt, this was the secret of the early attachment of the accomplished Mrs Montague and of the blundering Mrs Vesey; as it was certainly, in the days of his celebrity, of Hannah More and of fickle Miss Burney. Goldsmith, who knew nothing of the spontaneous power of conversation himself, could nevertheless apply himself reflectively to the contemplation of it, remarked of Burke's power of talking on one occasion, when the merits of Johnson and himself were being canvassed, 'Burke,' said he, 'winds into a subject like a serpent.' But the foremost testimony we have, is that of Dr Johnson, who, although by no means what is called an elegant talker, possessed, nevertheless, an unrivalled power of enchainning the attention by his emphatic eulogiums or denunciations. Burke could only 'ring the bell' to him. 'Burke's talk,' said Johnson, 'is the ebullition of his mind; he does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full.' Again, 'That fellow calls forth all my powers. . . . Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me.' 'Burke,' said he on another occasion, 'is the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take up whatever topic you please, he is ready to meet you.' Often did he repeat, that 'no man of sense could meet Mr Burke by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower, without being convinced that he was the first man in England.'

Burke's modesty was nearly as noticeable as his great powers of conversation; and women, who are much quicker-witted than men in detecting any little foible in character, bore ample testimony to the fact. Mrs Montague, Madame du Deffand, and many others, bore witness to his humility; yet we cannot but think, that the spirit of self-depreciation in which he was accustomed to indulge in the House of Commons, had in it somewhat of affectation.

All who knew Burke must have been aware that benevolence was with him almost a passion. The feeling was kept in pretty strict regulation by the influence of a discerning judgment; it

was not allowed to bubble over on the appearance of every object of visible destitution, as in the case of his countryman, Goldsmith. But no man could exceed Burke in sympathy for the really distressed.

The following stories of a hero, a painter, and a poet, serve to put this in a clear light. And first of the hero. One afternoon, while Burke was yet an unknown man, chancing to stroll in St James's Park with a Mr Bodly, a lawyer who had been in Calcutta, there came up to Burke (not to Bodly) a timid-looking little fellow, with keen eyes; and after making his humble submission to the two gentlemen, he told Burke that he wished to inquire of Mr Bodly, whom he had seen in Calcutta, and who was Burke's companion at the time, of his own father's welfare. Having done so, Emin entertained the two gentlemen, on their way down the Strand, with a sketch of his life. He was an Armenian of good family, who, with his father, had been compelled to take refuge in Calcutta, from the storms of persecution which raged among his native mountains. Here, for the first time, he witnessed the effects of European civilisation. Perceiving, with the glance of something very like genius, that England was born for empire, he was seized with an irresistible desire to visit that distant country, the mother of the arts, of peace, and of war. This little brown Asiatic, of eighteen, worked his way to England, and his heart bounded as his feet touched English soil on the stairs of Wapping. Now he was a menial servant, anon he was a bricklayer, then he became a porter, and again he was a copying clerk. Still he hungered for knowledge. His father sent him L.60, on condition that he would return to Calcutta; but the boy said he had yet much to learn, and sent this L.60 back to India! Had anything like this youth's heroism and devotion in pursuit of a noble cause yet met Burke's ears out of the pages of romance? By the time the narrative had reached this point, Bodly the lawyer had gone, and the two sat in Burke's humble rooms, in the neighbourhood of the Temple. Burke took out half a guinea, and said, 'Upon my honour, this is all I have at present; please accept it.' But he had to do with as noble a spirit as his own. Showing Burke in return three guineas and a half, Emin remarked, 'I am worth this much: it will not be honest to accept of that!' The Armenian subsequently learned the art of war, distinguished himself in eighteen skirmishes on the Continent, and was the first man to fire the French ships near St Malo. He afterwards returned to his native hills; but the ignorance, jealousy, and selfishness of the Armenians dashed his sanguine spirit, and he settled down at Calcutta a sadder, and, it may be also, a wiser man. Emin's Autobiography, which is very rare, possibly because 'the

age of chivalry is gone,' may be seen as it was revised by Sir William Jones, London, 1792.

The story of the painter is soon told. Burke rescued James Barry literally from the fore-castle of a Dublin merchantman. He brought him to England, sent him to Italy, where his own narrow income helped to support him, wrote him fatherly letters when abroad, established him in London; and after all this, the impracticable temper of Barry made him quarrel with his best friend. The painter's selfish ingratitude is a standing reproach: surpassed only by that of Goneril and Regan in *King Lear*.

Nor is the tale of the poet longer in the telling. George Crabbe, an apothecary's assistant from the fishing hovels of Aldborough, came up to London with the roar of the German Ocean in his ear, and the sounds of a higher music making melody in his heart. He wrote to Lord North, he supplicated Thurlow, he praised Shelburne in verse, but all in vain. Starvation stared him in the face. He wrote to Burke, who pronounced him 'a true poet.' From that day henceforth his fortune was made. He afterwards became the Reverend George Crabbe, who is known in all our households as a true, if not an elevated poet; as one in whom homely pathos atones for the want of ideal excellence. If any of the descendants of Joseph Emin, of James Barry, or of George Crabbe hold the memory of Burke next their heart, is there any man so rude as to tear that amulet away?

On one occasion, in a street of Loughrea in Ireland, he found a group of ragged urchins intent on seeing a show. Some friends, coming up and proposing to share the cost—'No, no,' he said, 'this pleasure must be all my own, for I shall probably never again have the opportunity of making so many human beings happy at so small a cost.' 'Always preserve a habit of giving,' were his instructions to his son Richard, then residing in France, '(but still with discretion), however little, as a habit not to be lost.' These anecdotes, gleaned from a field where they lie thickly strewn, may serve, in some faint way, to afford an idea of the benevolence of that great heart, with whom kindness was not merely an instinct; it was based likewise on the deepest conscientious convictions of his mind.

The studies of Burke were almost as various as the objects with which he came into daily contact. He knew politics far better than other men, both historically and speculatively; and the width of that vast field from which he lit up his peculiar subject, was only limited by the extent of his own ardent imagination. His profound knowledge of jurisprudence has gained the applause of eminent lawyers; and Reynolds 'deemed Burke the best judge of pictures he had ever known.' He had paid great attention to the history and the filiation of languages; and when

Adam Smith came to London, he found, to his amazement, that Burke was familiar with deductions which had cost the professor half his life-time to elaborate. But when Burke began to study a subject, so intense a hold did his imagination take of its phenomena, that henceforward they were like real things, which he could handle and use. It mattered not what aspect of a subject presented itself, by the aid of that 'fine madness,' of which old Drayton speaks, he was at once able to seize upon it and turn it up to the light of his own exquisite understanding. His memory, besides, which he ceaselessly cultivated, was prodigious, and could only be matched by his other wonderful powers.

There is another curious and highly important feature in Burke's intellectual character which cannot be too much insisted on: the essential unity or harmony of all its great operations. From the preface to his earliest work until the last word he wrote, there is a thread of gold by no means impalpably pervading his writings. It is that complete renunciation of what may be called the metaphysics of politics. He professes entire ignorance of how possible kingdoms ought to be governed; what he wants to know is the circumstances and present condition of the kingdom he lives in. Tell him that, and he will suggest a few reforms. Is not this the old principle of 'political expediency,' for which some of us have hardly done praising Peel, and for which a few of us have hardly done blaming him? Have not all our statesmen of any note, literally lived upon Burke, whether they would acknowledge it or no? His works are like a perennial fountain, at which a man may gain refreshment to-day and for ever. Like all men of genius, he was far in advance of his age; and we have not yet nearly exhausted the great mine of constitutional and political wisdom which is stored up in his works.

ART. VII.—1. *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.*

By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Dean of Edinburgh. First and Second Series.

2. *Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character.* By the Rev.

CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., F.S.A. Scotland.

THOUGH not yet admitted into the 'Society for obtaining Justice to Scotland,' and not very sensitive nor 'sudden and quick in quarrel' in regard to the precise heraldic position of the Scottish lion, we are nevertheless sincerely and profoundly attached to our native land. We are proud of Scotland—of her history, her scenery, her character, and her institutions. We relish the smack of the old Scottish tongue, and enjoy the dry pawkiness of the native Scottish humourist. Merged, yet not lost, in the union with her sister England, Scotland has distinct and peculiar claims on our memory, our convictions, and our affections, which we gladly and heartily recognise. It is, therefore, with much cordiality, though not in a spirit of narrow or illiberal nationality, that we welcome these illustrations of Scottish life and character, and express our admiration of the patriotic spirit which prompts and pervades them.

That the Rev. Dr Edward Ramsay should have written a work on 'Scottish Life and Character,' which his countrymen eagerly read, and heartily admire, can be surprising to none who know him. No man is more highly, generally, and deservedly esteemed and beloved, than this rev. gentleman. In a city much affected by political and denominational differences, where conflicting opinions are strongly entertained and keenly expressed, he has passed a long, useful, and honourable life, without losing a friend or making an enemy; and in his personal character the venerable is so gracefully blended with the loveable, that all classes regard him with feelings at once respectful and affectionate.

The *Reminiscences* are very entertaining, and, whenever the views and sentiments of the author are expressed, they are full of his own good sense and benevolence. We do not mean to say that all the stories are good, or that, in every instance, the humour has been effectively brought out; it would be easy to point out some anecdotes that might well have been omitted, and others that might be somewhat improved in narration. But, generally, they are well selected and well told, and there is that about the author and the book which disarms criticism. We enjoy the stories, we feel the truth and aptness of the comments, we become more intensely, yet not less liberally Scottish, as we read; and we feel that the best illustration of 'Scottish Life and Character' is to be found in the sound sense, in the quaint and simple Scottish humour and language, in the kindly and genial disposition, and the steadfast yet graceful and generous nationality of Dean Ramsay.

Dr Rogers' *Familiar Illustrations of Scottish Character* is an amusing book, with some good stories, and much good intention, and breathing a kindly and pleasant spirit, though it is not, we think, equal in any respect to the *Reminiscences* by Dean Ramsay.

The object of both works is the same: the collection of anecdotes illustrative of the life, character, and language of Scotland—more especially in its humorous aspect. The stories are, accordingly, all Scottish, generally characteristic, and frequently humorous; not always, however, for in some of them it is difficult to discover the humour. That, indeed, may be the fault of the reader, not of the writer; for humour is a strange and perverse spirit, prodigal to her favourites, yet veiling her treasures from those she favours not. The perceiving of humour is a gift, as well as the producing it; and sometimes it is as difficult of discernment as of production. Some persons are colour-blind, and cannot discriminate between red, green, and blue; and many persons are humour-blind, and cannot discern, or understand, or enjoy, a touch of fun or a stroke of humour. For our part, we think such persons are to be pitied. To them the spring of much hearty and innocent enjoyment is dried up, and they are not the better, though much the duller, for the want of it.

The power of discovering a comic point, of appreciating a humorous hit, and enjoying the fun of a droll position, is a gift not to be despised. It is not a vain, silly, or unbecoming thing, as some moping owls and grave dullards suppose. It is, indeed, like all human faculties, liable to abuse, and capable of being perverted to evil; but it is essentially a good gift, and ought to be turned to the good account of which it is susceptible, and to manifest itself in the increase of the cheerfulness, the happiness, and the affection of social and family life. We might go further;—we might say, and adduce much evidence to support the proposition, that, as humour is discerned only by those who can, to some extent, catch the feeling and spirit of the humourist, so the sense or discernment of humour is one phase or department of sympathy, and thus the springs of mirthfulness and of kindness are not far distant; and many a home, amid the alternations of joy and sorrow, that darken or brighten the course of life, has found an ever fresh gladness in the comic vein and jocund humour of some merry and mirthful member of the family. Many of the best men we have ever known—the best in the highest sense of the term—with the best heads and the best hearts, have been men who thoroughly appreciated, and heartily enjoyed, true humour. There are, indeed, some men who, to the jocund and genial aspects of life, present a front so cold and hard as to be quite unimpressible; over whom the brightest flashes of merriment pass unheeded, 'as o'er th' impassive ice the lightnings

play.' There are others, with small and narrow minds, self-seeking and self-complacent, who pass through life in the bondage and gloom of subservience to the opinion of some clique or coterie around them, and who, lest they should compromise their dignity or peril their reputation, will not descend from the grave dullness of their decorous walk, or permit themselves the pleasant relish of a wholesome jest, or the innocent enjoyment of a hearty laugh. In this they greatly err, as much so as those who, in the midst of bright scenes and sweet sounds, would close their eyes lest they should see evil, or their ears lest they should hear folly. That a sense of humour, and an appreciation of fun, is implanted in many of us by nature—that it is a source of great enjoyment, and that it is consistent with worth, and truth, and purity,—cannot be denied; and therefore the part of wisdom is, not to stifle, but to guide it.

Humour is described by Addison as the offspring of wit and mirth, descended from good sense, and closely allied to truth. It may also be added, that humour is the co-mate of liberty, and thrives only in a free soil. As Sir William Temple truly says, 'We have in our country more originals, and more that appear what they are. We have more humour, because every man is free to follow his own humour, and takes a pleasure, perhaps a pride, to show it.' There may be humour amid poverty and rags—humour amid toils and dangers—humour even amid ignorance, and recklessness, and folly; but there can be no genuine humour in chains. The heart must be free before the springs of true humour can be opened, and then the stream will be free, full, and gushing, in proportion as wit and mirth abound. It is the peculiar quality of humour, that it cannot be forced, or bought, or artificially stimulated. More aptly and truly than of the poet, may it be said of the humourist, '*nascitur non fit*.' As we have already said, it is a gift, to be recognised, developed, and guided,—not an art to be learned, or an accomplishment to be acquired.

There are many things within the reach of aim, attainable by effort and industry, or capable of being imparted by instruction. Distinction in many departments—wealth, power, learning, wisdom—are generally within the reach of these modes of acquisition; and even those accomplishments which imply somewhat of the *afflatus divinus*, which we call genius, and which Cicero declares to be indispensable to greatness—such as poetry, music, taste, eloquence—demand and require the aid of assiduous culture. But humour is beyond the reach of art, the sphere of aim, or the scope of acquisition. Not only is it impalpable to search, and unattainable by effort, mocking and eluding pursuit; but if, by some bold adventurer, it should seem to be seized and retained, it dies in the capture: its charm, its spirit, its very life, dissolves under the grasp;

‘And every touch that wooed its stay,
Has brushed its brightest hues away.’

Of this humour—clothed in Scottish tongue, and illustrative of Scottish character—the volumes before us contain many specimens. But no collection of anecdotes, no repository of jokes, from the facetiæ of Hierocles to the reminiscences of Dean Ramsay, can adequately illustrate the humour of a country, or faithfully represent that delicate and subtle influence which, floating over a free and joyous society, awakes the wit and the mirth of which humour is the offspring. The humorous anecdotes of our country cannot be comprehended or even represented in a volume. Scattered amid all classes in all parts of Scotland, treasured in countless memories, and told by countless tongues, the good things of the Laird of M’Nab and the Laird of Logan, of Harry Erskine, and John Clerk, and Patrick Robertson, and many others, cannot be so gathered together as to be presented in a combined form. All that can be done, and all that is attempted in these volumes, is to ‘sample them;’ and by no selection of samples can the spirit of the whole be adequately expressed. Those who remember Sir Walter Scott and Dr Andrew Thomson—those who knew Lord Cockburn and Sir Thomas Dick Lauder—those who now enjoy the social privilege of a night with Mr Daniel M’Nee, or our friend the author of the *Horæ Subsecivæ*,—know well how impossible it is so to catch the spirit of true humour as to do justice to it by narration at second hand. No one can repeat *their* stories with effect.

Whether it is the fact, that our countrymen are deficient in humour, while Englishmen excel in humour, may admit of doubt. We are by no means prepared to acknowledge that the fact is so, notwithstanding the high authority of Sydney Smith, who was himself a man of humour, rich and rare. But of this we are satisfied, that the attempts to explain and account for the deficiency assumed as a fact, have totally failed. No satisfactory or even intelligible reason has yet been suggested, why Scotsmen should be inferior in humour to Englishmen. Such an explanation as, that the Scottish people are poorer than the English, cannot be reasonably accepted. Riches do not create or even stimulate humour. The Irish peasantry are poorest of all; yet we are disposed to think, that in genuine humour, whether of the mirthful or the satirical order, they are superior to both English and Scotch. An Irishman is not, as is often supposed, a mere blunderer into fun. No man can seek occasions for humour. But when occasion comes, the poor Irishman is prompt and ready. There are some Irish anecdotes, the point and pith of which are generally supposed to be a blunder or bull, but which really turn on a stroke of fine natural humour.

An Irishman thus describes his cold reception by an old friend :

'I saw Pat Ryan t'other side of the way. I thought it was Pat, and Pat thought it was me; and when I came up it was neither of us.'

A lad was sent with a note, and a basket containing some living partridges. On the way, tempted by curiosity, he peeped into the basket, when the partridges flew away. Much perplexed was he; but after a little consideration he reclosed the basket, went on his way, and delivered the letter with his best bow. 'Well, my lad,' said the gentleman on reading it, 'I see there are some live partridges in this letter.' 'Oh, by the powers,' says Paddy, 'I am glad of that, for they flew out of the basket.'

An English gentleman had an Irish servant, whom he took as his attendant to a Highland grouse-shooting. The expense of the sport to the Englishman had been very great: a large rent for the muir, new guns, and muniments of war on grouse, high-bred dogs, a fashionable shooting costume, and a countless number of incidental charges. Unfortunately, the sportsman was less expert than extravagant. Like a friend of our own, of whom we have heard old Willie M—— speak, 'he was grand at the shooting, but no very gude at the killing;' so, after the first week of the war, as the master and man were seated on a rock consoling themselves under the fatigue and disappointment of unsuccessful pursuit, the Englishman says, 'Well, Pat, this is expensive work. I've been calculating that every one of these birds cost me above L.50.' 'Faith, your honour,' says Pat, throwing a dash of humour into the sympathizing simplicity of his reply, 'I'm sorry for that, but it's lucky there's no more of them.'

A traveller in Ireland, having been inclined to deny that the peasantry were humorous, was told to ask any question at the first labouring man he met on the road. Accordingly, on seeing a sturdy fellow breaking stones, he says, 'Now, my man, if the devil were to come here just now, whether would he take you or me?' 'Me, to be sure,' says the man, 'for he's certain of your honour at any time.'

A poor Irish labourer had an impediment in his speech, and could not pronounce words beginning with the letter P without stammering. A neighbouring gentleman, seeing him digging potatoes, and wishing to make him ridiculous, said, 'What do you call these things you're digging?' 'Sir,' says poor Pat, 'I don't call them; when I want them I fetch them.'

A nobleman and his lady, walking through a magnificent avenue in one of the finest parts of Ireland, were accosted by a poor woman as follows: 'The Lord bless your noble lordship and your gracious ladyship. I dramed a drame about you both last night. I dramed your lordship gave me a pound of tobacco, and your ladyship a pound of tay.' 'Ah, my good woman,'

says the peer, 'dreams go by contraries.' 'To be sure they do;' says the woman, 'so it will be your lordship will give me the tay, and her ladyship will give me the tobacco.'

A poor old Irish cripple sat begging at a bridge, urging his appeal to the charity of passengers with the eager and versatile eloquence of his country. A gentleman and lady—young, gay, and handsome, with that peculiar look of gratified and complacent consciousness which indicates the first few weeks of married life—crossed the bridge. They regarded not the petitions of the beggar; so, just as they passed him, he exclaimed, 'May the blessing of the Lord, which brings love, and joy, and wealth, and a fine family, follow you all the days of your life:' a pause; the couple passed heedlessly on, and the beggar, with a fine touch of caustic humour, added, 'and never overtake you.'

Dean Ramsay tells us of a Scotsman whose tender toe was trodden on: the offender said, 'I'm very sorry, sir; I beg your pardon;' and the only acknowledgment was, 'and you've as muckle need, sir.' To our mind, there was some surliness and not much humour in this. The Irish beggar who, on being refused alms, swung his crutch on the toes of the gouty gentleman, whom his prayers moved not to charity, had more humour when he said to the enraged owner of the suffering foot, 'Bless your honour; if your heart was as tender as your toes, you'd have given me the tenpenny.'

In all these anecdotes, we think that, not a casual comic incongruity, or mere blundering into fun, but a vein of rare humour, can be discerned, the purer and rarer from its natural simplicity. Art is fatal, and premeditation is unfavourable to humour. Sheridan was a man of brilliant parts, and of sparkling wit; and the exquisite wit of the *School for Scandal* is scarcely equalled, and certainly not surpassed, by Cervantes or Molière. That he was also a man of genuine humour cannot be doubted: but while, in some of his writings, his wit gained in terseness and polish from the elaborate care with which he was wont to prepare his favourite passages, the fresh and racy character of his humour is sometimes marred by the same careful preparation. The poor Irishman's comic hits, so simple and natural, that they look like blunders, are perhaps the finest specimens of true humour, in which there is no greater charm than that of unsophisticated simplicity. This is the key to the peculiar kind of humour sometimes found in the remarks of persons of weak intellect, of which Shakespeare's clowns and fools, and Walter Scott's 'Wamba' and 'Davie Gellatlie,' afford good illustrations. There are many specimens of such remarks in Dean Ramsay's book:—

'A miller, laughing at the witlessness of a poor weak lad, said he knew nothing. "Na," said the lad, "there's some things I ken, and

some I dinna ken." On being asked what he knew, he said, "I ken a miller has aye a gey fat sow." "And what d'ye no ken?" said the miller. "Oh," said he, "I don't ken at wha's expense she is fed."

'The congregation of Lunan, in Forfarshire, had distressed the minister by their habit of sleeping in church. One day, Jamie Fraser, an idiot, was sitting in the front gallery, when many were slumbering around him. "Look," said the minister, "you see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep, as so many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' I hadna been an idiot, I would have been sleeping too.'"

The clergyman of a north country parish, on coming into church, found the pulpit occupied by the parish idiot. 'Come down, sir,' was the peremptory and indignant call. 'Na, na, minister,' says the idiot, with a confidential wink, 'just come ye up wi' me. This is a perverse generation, and faith they need us baith.'

The following anecdote of Rab Hamilton, 'the daftie of Ayr,' as he was called, is not, we think, quite as well given by Dean Ramsay as we remember it in our youth. In the days of Rab, the Newtown Kirk in Ayr, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr Peebles, was supposed to be attended by the most devout part of the population; and puir Rab followed the multitude of those who preferred the preaching of the good man whom Burns mentions as 'Peebles frae the Water-foot,' to that of the 'auld-town ministers.' One day, however, Rab was induced to go to the 'Auld Kirk.' Behind the magistrates' seat, in the gallery, opposite the pulpit, there were iron rails, between two of which Rab's head was inserted, and got fast jammed. The poor man called out at first rather quietly, then louder and louder on each successive appeal. 'Oh! my head! Eh, Provost Cowan, take my head out atween the rails; eh, Bailie M'Taggart, my lugs are bleeding—take my head out; eh, Deacon Convener, take out my head, afore it comes aff; eh, pious congregation, my head will be aff; eh, godly minister, help me, and take out my head.' Rab was at length relieved by the removing of a rail, when, rubbing his head, and looking mournfully round him, he groaned out, 'This is a judgment from the Lord for leaving gude Dr Peebles.' Next Sunday, Rab was in his wonted place in the Newtown Kirk. He was asked how he liked the Auld Kirk, and replied, 'It's no the best, it's no gude ava: I'll never leave Dr Peebles; but, on being pressed to state what the sermon was about, or what was the text, he declined to speak, saying, with a knowing wink, 'I never tell in ae house what I hear in anither.'

This Rab Hamilton, though certainly daft, had a curious readiness of humour. Mr William C—, of D—, who was a clever mimic, was once amusing some friends on the green of Ayr, by imitating Rab's feeble and rambling mode of speaking.

Rab came up behind him, unseen, and, as the mimic concluded, clapped him on the back, saying, 'It's no me that; it's no me, Mr William, it's yoursell.'

Rab was once met on the road by a stranger, who asked how 'How far is it to Ayr?' 'Ay,' says Rab, 'you'll be come from Kilmarnock?' 'What on earth is your business where I come from?' 'Very weel, sir, as little is it my business where ye gang to.'

Rab met the late Mr Ramsay Maule (afterwards Lord Panmure) and Lord Belhaven, walking together on the race-course of Ayr. 'I'm a Hamilton, your honour; I'm a Hamilton,' says Rab, approaching his Lordship. 'Give him a shilling, Belhaven, he is a cousin of yours,' says Mr Maule. 'My mither's name was Ramsay,' says Rab, slipping round to the other side, and getting another shilling as his reward.

In like manner, there is frequently humour in the observations of very young persons; and these derive the charm of their pleasantries from their artless simplicity. A very little girl at school, in the course of tuition by a particularly ugly teacher, was asked, 'What is the meaning of the word flattery?' Her reply was, 'Gin I were to say ye were bonnie, that would be flattery.'

A man of short stature and most uninviting countenance, with the peculiar expression now claimed by Mons. du Chaillu as that of the gorilla, purchased a property in a western county of Scotland, from whence he strictly excluded trespassers. Some one sent him a large monkey, which he kept about his place; and a boy having been entrusted with the delivery of a letter, and having found the monkey at the house door, was somewhat alarmed: so he threw down the letter, and ran off. On his way down the avenue, the boy met the new laird, who angrily demanded what he was doing there. 'I had a letter for you, sir,' says the boy. 'Well, give it me.' 'Ah, but I gave it to your son, sir,' replies the trembling laddie. 'My son, you little rascal; I have no son.' 'Weel, sir, I canna say for that, but he had an unco leuk o' yoursell.'

A 'minister's man'—one of a class of persons of whom many anecdotes are told—was following the minister from the manse to the kirk one Sabbath afternoon, when the minister, glancing back, perceived a smile on the face of his old attendant. 'What makes you laugh, James? it is unseemly. What is there to amuse you?' 'Oh, naething particular,' says James; 'I was only thinking o' something that happened this forenoon.' 'What is that? tell me what it was.' 'Weel, minister, dinna be angry wi' me; but ye ken the congregation here are whiles no pleased to get auld sermons fra' you, and this morning I got the better of the kirk session ony way.' 'And how was that, Jamie?' says the minister. 'Deed, sir, when we came out o' the kirk this forenoon, I kenned what they were thinking; and says I, "Eh,

but you canna ca' that an auld sermon this day, for it's no' abune six weeks since you heard it last."

The Rev. Dr M'Leod was proceeding from the manse of D—— to church, to open a new place of worship. As he passed slowly and gravely through the crowd gathered about the doors, an elderly man, with the peculiar kind of wig known in that district, —bright, smooth, and of a reddish-brown,—accosted him. 'Dr, if you please, I wish to speak to you.' 'Well, Duncan,' says the venerable Doctor, 'can ye not wait till after worship?' 'No, Doctor, I must speak to you now, for it is a matter upon my conscience.' 'Oh, since it is a matter of conscience, tell me what it is; but be brief, Duncan, for time presses.' 'The matter is this, Doctor. Ye see the clock yonder on the face of the new church. Well, there is no clock really there—nothing but the face of a clock. There is no truth in it, but only once in the twelve hours. Now, it is, in my mind, very wrong, and quite against my conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord.' 'Duncan, I will consider the point. But I am glad to see you looking so well; you are not young now; I remember you for many years; and what a fine head of hair you have still!' 'Eh, Doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had any hair.' 'Oh, Duncan, Duncan, are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?' This settled the question; and the Doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

Many good stories of this venerable gentleman are floating about; and few men have more happily combined the fine discernment and appreciation of humour with the higher qualities of mind and heart than his excellent son Dr Norman M'Leod, from whose 'Good Words,' now scattered over the land, a harvest of good and pleasant fruits may be anticipated.

We quite agree with the Dean in his estimate of Dr Carlyle and his times. His book is amusing, and in some respects instructive; but the picture it presents of the man and his times is a very painful one. Nothing can be more apt and appropriate than the good Dean's description of the life of Dr Carlyle and his friends, as 'of the earth, earthy.' How far the existence of such 'earthiness' in the Church and the society of these times may have arisen from some degree of reaction against the religious enthusiasm of an earlier age, and how much of it may be traced to the policy which crushed popular independence, and stifled free and earnest thought, and created and fostered a spirit of selfish and jobbing subserviency in Scotland, such as Macklin held up to ridicule in 'Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant,' whose success in life was ascribed to his 'never having a conscience,' and 'keeping aye bowing—never standing straight in the presence of a great man,' it is not within our present province to

inquire. Such inquiry, though interesting, would lead us into a field of controversy on which we do not now wish to venture, and would compel us to do more than enter, as we now do, our protest against the views and the sentiments of Mr Buckle in regard to the social, political, and religious state of Scotland. That gentleman labours under misapprehensions which a little more acquaintance with the real state of parties and feelings in Scotland, during the period of which he writes, would have removed. He seems to imagine that the most liberal and tolerant of Presbyterians have been those most opposed to the Calvinism of their standards, and the strictness of their discipline.

This, however, is a great mistake in point of fact. There has always been a party in Scotland who united the principles of evangelical Calvinism in the Church, with the principles of civil and religious liberty in the State,—who were at once earnest and tolerant. Of that party in the Church, Sir Henry Moncreiff, Dr Andrew Thomson, and Dr Chalmers may be considered as types or representatives. Of that party Dr Carlyle and his friends were the opponents; and by that party, within and without the Established Church, is Scottish Presbyterianism truly and adequately represented. Of this Mr Buckle does not appear to be aware; and hence the great inaccuracy of the views to which we have adverted.

The truth is, that there is no country where the clergy, as such, and apart from their character and their labours, have so little power and influence as in Scotland. The genius of Presbyterianism is most unfavourable to priestcraft. The lay element in all our churches has great weight; and ministers must command respect and confidence by their conduct, if they desire to retain their influence.

Dean Ramsay's story of the boy who came up to the minister for examination, is, we think, a good one of its kind—ludicrous, but not humorous. The minister asked the boy how many commandments there were. 'Aiblins a hunner,' says the lad. Having been rebuked for his ignorance, he was returning home, when he met a friend on his way to the manse, and asked him, 'What will ye say, if the minister asks how many commandments there are?' 'Say!' replies the other, 'why, ten, to be sure.' To this the first lad rejoins, with great triumph, 'Ten! try ye him wi' ten! I tried him wi' a hunner, and he wasna satisfied.'

Exceedingly good, in a very different way, is the story of Dr Henry, who, being associated with a colleague not more popular as a preacher than himself, remarked, 'An' it hadna been for that, there might hae been *two* toom kirks this day.'

Both Dean Ramsay's and Dr Rogers' books are crowded with stories of ministers. But, though some of the selected stories are entertaining, and a few are really good, yet, with all our respect

for the reverend gentlemen, who are perhaps entitled to take greater liberties with 'the cloth' than laymen could venture to do, we think that some of the anecdotes of the clergy, or rather some of the anecdotes on sacred subjects—for the clergy, as a class, are not exempted from the comments, or even the railery, to which others are exposed—might well have been spared. But there is something wild, striking, and almost sublime, in the story of an old Miss Johnstone, who was on her death-bed in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm that shook the house, when, conscious of the near approach of the last enemy, in full possession of her faculties, and with no thought of profane or light allusion, she exclaimed, 'Ech, sirs, what a night for me to be fleeing through the air!' This is not merely a trait of humour out of season, nor a mark of unbecoming levity at a solemn and awful time, but a burst of strange, wild, fancy, characteristic of a highly imaginative and poetic temperament. The old lady could thoroughly appreciate the poetry of Burns; and, among graver and better thoughts, there lingered in her aged breast a spirit responsive to the sublime imagery of the storm in 'Tam o' Shanter,' and of the 'Address to the Deil.' We can believe that, not in the weakness, but in the strength of her faith—not in earthward cleavings, but in heavenward aspirings—did she realize her flight through that midnight storm into the bright realms of light and glory. There are many instances on record, in which such quaint wild fancies, apparently, but not really, incongruous, have mingled with the steadfast trust and sublime anticipations of Scottish piety.

The singular and sometimes startling combination of sublimity and humour is one of the remarkable features of the poetry of Burns. Of this the 'Address to the Deil' is a good example. There are rare strokes of humour in some of the stanzas; yet the character of the ode is sublime, and we know nothing finer than

'Great is thy power, and great thy fame;
Far kenned and noted is thy name;
And tho' yon lowin' heugh's thy hame,
Thou travel'st far;
And, faith, thou'st neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

'Whyles ranging like a roaring lion
For prey, a' holes an' corners trying;
Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flying,
Tirling the kirks;
Whyles in the human bosom prying,
Unseen thou lurk'st.'

Another illustration of the same peculiarity in Burns is the introduction into one of his poems in praise of whisky—too nume-

rous and too attractive they are—of a stanza of singular beauty, presenting one of the most powerful and sublime pictures of a dying warrior in any language. The 'Postscript' to the 'Ear-nest Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives' commences—

- ' Let half-starved slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich clustering, rise ;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
 But, blythe and frisky,
She eyes her free-born martial boys
 Tak' aff their whisky.
- ' What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms,
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms,
When wretches range in famished swarms
 The scented groves,
Or, hounded forth, dishonour arms,
 In hungry droves.
- ' Their gun's a burden on their shoulder ;
They downa bide the stink o' powther ;
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither
 To stand or rin,
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff a' throu'ther,
 To save their skin.
- ' But, bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say—such is Royal George's will,
 And there's the foe ;
He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.
- ' Nae could faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gies him ;
 And when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him
 In faint huzzas.'

Yet more striking is the combination of humour and sublimity in the poem of 'Tam o' Shanter.' The tale itself, in its commencement, its crisis, and its result, is eminently comic. No one acquainted with the Scottish language can read it without a hearty laugh ; and it is recorded of Burns, who composed it all in one day, that he was heard breaking forth into shouts of laughter, as he walked home at night repeating it to himself. Yet we do not think that we are unduly partial, or too intensely national, when we say, that the imagery and accompaniment of this comic story are, in their beauty and their sublimity, nearly matchless. Quotation cannot do it justice, and we refrain. But, mingled with the strong, clear current of the story, what can surpass the beauty of the reflection on the evanescence of pleasure, the vivid reality of the storm, the enumeration of the places passed by Tam, as

'Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg—
 A better never lifted leg—
 Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
 Despising wind and rain and fire,'

each place—the ford, the stane, the cairn, the thorn—suggesting its own tale of death, and the then accumulated horrors of the spectacle which, strangely mingled with 'mirth and dancing,' met the astonished eyes of man and mare in 'Alloway's auld haunted kirk?'

It is a confirmation of what we have already said of the spontaneity and simplicity of true humour, that whenever Burns wrote epigrams he did not succeed, while the humour which gushed out freely and naturally in the midst of his songs and poems is of the highest order. Let those who are disposed to deny, or disparage, Scottish humour, read such songs as 'Sic a wife as Willie had,' or 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,' or 'Tam Glen,' or 'Meg o' the Mill,' or Allan Ramsay's 'My jo, Janet,' or Burns' song, to the same air, of 'Husband, husband, cease your strife;' or read such poems as 'Hallow E'en,' or 'Death and Dr Hornbook,' or 'The Holy Fair,' or 'The Ordination;' which last, though in some respects such as it is to be regretted that Burns ever wrote, are replete with humour. What Dean Ramsay calls the 'sly, cheerie, pawky' humour of Scotland, is nowhere better illustrated and represented than in the poetry of Burns.

The late Sir Alex. Boswell of Auchinleck was a man of real Scottish humour; and, now that the bitter sting of party has passed away, his playful and graceful pleasantry will not be soon forgotten. Many of his songs, especially 'Jenny's Bawbee,' are excellent, and in the best comic vein.

The Laird of Logan, a gentleman of some property in Ayrshire, was well known in his day as a humorist; and many anecdotes of him are related in that county, some of which are given in Dean Ramsay's book.

At a meeting of the heritors of the parish of Cumnock, a proposal to erect a new churchyard wall was met by the Laird of Logan with the dry remark, 'I never big dykes till the tenants complain.'

The Laird sold a horse to an Englishman, saying, 'You buy him as you see him; but he's an honest beast.' The purchaser took him home. In a few days he stumbled and fell, to the damage of his own knees and his rider's head. On this the angry purchaser remonstrated with the Laird, whose reply was, 'Well, sir, I told you he was an honest beast. Many a time has he threatened to come down wi' me, and I kenned he would keep his word some day.'

At the time of the threatened invasion the Laird had been

taunted, at a meeting at Ayr, with the want of a loyal spirit at Cumnock, as no volunteer corps had there been raised to meet the coming danger. 'What sort of people are you up at Cumnock?' said an Ayr gentleman; 'you have not a single volunteer.' 'Never you heed,' says Logan, very quietly; 'if the French land at Ayr, there will soon be plenty of volunteers up at Cumnock.'

On failure of the direct line of succession, an earldom and large estate in Ayrshire passed to a branch of the family which had settled in America. A friend, meeting Logan, said, 'Well, Laird, what do you think of the new Earl of C——?' 'I canna weel judge yet,' says Logan; 'American apples are guid, but I'm no sure about American peers' (pears).

Major Logan, a connection of the Laird's, a merry wag, whom many recollect in Ayrshire as a first-rate performer on the violin, and a great social favourite, and of whom, and his 'sentimental sister Susie,' mention is made in more than one of Burns' poems, was also a man of great natural humour. A gentleman, whose reputation for hospitality was not high, after boasting of some port wine of great age and excellence, was prevailed on, with some difficulty, to produce a bottle. When it did appear, it was only a pint-bottle. Major Logan, on being asked his opinion, said, 'The wine is good, but it's a pity it is so little for its age.'

A certain lawyer, disposed to scoff at serious things, once said, in the presence of Major Logan, that he did not much enter into these matters, but he supposed that he held the same relation to the Deity as a vassal does to his superior. 'Probably you do,' says Logan, 'for ye pay Him *few duties*.'

Some of Major Logan's poetic effusions are remembered in Ayrshire, and are quite in accordance with the hearty and jocular character of the merry old man.

The Bar has, as might be expected, furnished a large store of jokes, puns, and comic stories. The good taste of the present day is opposed to the exhibitions of judicial jocoseness on the bench, which were tolerated, and even admired, at the close of the last century; and the same course has, to some extent, tended to restrain the comic humour of the bar in judicial proceedings.

But the wit and humour of the legal profession in Scotland has not departed. Some members of the bar, lately lost, and some, happily still spared to us, have been gifted with the true spirit of mirth, and fun, and satire, to a remarkable degree. The names of Cheape, and Outram, and Lockhart, and Logan, and of Lord Neaves, with his rare scholarship, his fine taste, and his prompt and happy wit, will occur to many of our readers.

Some of the legal anecdotes given by Dr Rogers are good.

Erskine's declining to wear Dundas' silk gown, lest he might be supposed to adopt 'the abandoned habits of his predecessor,'

is well known. The following, not so well known, is, we think, at least equally good, and is thus given by Dr Rogers:—

‘Mr A. B., a judge of the Commissary Court, talked in an inflated and pompous manner. Having failed to attend an appointment with Erskine, he explained that he had been called out of town, owing to his brother having fallen from a stile and sprained his foot. “It was fortunate for your brother,” said Erskine, “that it was not *from your style* he fell, or he had certainly broken his neck.”’

A clever but unsuccessful advocate having died very poor, it was remarked to Erskine, that there were ‘no effects.’ ‘That is not wonderful,’ was the reply; ‘as he had no *causes*, he could have no *effects*.’

A well known story of Lord Polkemmet has a less known but very characteristic sequel in an anecdote of his grandson. Lord Polkemmet refused to let the dentist insert his finger in his mouth, saying, ‘Na, ye’ll bite me.’ His grandson, Mr Johnstone, while canvassing the late Mr Hog of Newliston, declined to take any luncheon from the elector, on the ground ‘that it would be treating.’ The confusion of ideas is precisely the same in both cases; and that a blunder so ludicrous should be apparently hereditary, is very remarkable.

Of legal and judicial anecdotes, there are several in the Dean’s ‘Reminiscences;’ and we are glad that the whole of ‘the Diamond Beetle,’ by Cranstoun, has been given; for nothing can be more graphic, spirited, and ludicrous, than the characteristic speeches of the learned judges who deliver their opinions in the case of defamation. The pith and point of legal anecdotes can, however, receive justice only in personal narration by one of a kindred spirit. There are many stories of Braxfield, and Eskgrove, and Hermand, and Henry Erskine, and John Clerk, which cannot now be recalled with sufficient accuracy for publication; but with what delight have we heard them from the eloquent lips of Lord Cockburn, when, at his hospitable board, or climbing amid the crags of the Pentlands, or wandering at eve among his flowers, as the setting sun gleamed on the bonnie banks of Bonaly, we were gladdened by the outpouring of such a sparkling stream of real Scottish pleasantry as we cannot hope ever to meet again!

We must now bid farewell to the Dean and his ‘Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.’ They have been, and they will be, much read and much liked. Of the language, the peculiarities, and the humour of auld Scotland, they present amusing and agreeable illustrations; and those who best know and best love their country, will appreciate and admire most, both the work and the character of the Rev. Edward Ramsay.

- ART. VIII.—1. *A Popular Treatise on Comets.* Reprinted from 'Popular Astronomy.' By FRANCOIS ARAGO, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. Translated from the original, and edited, by ADMIRAL W. H. SMYTH, D.C.L., For. Sec. R.S., etc.; and ROBERT GRANT, M.A., F.R.A.S., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. London, 1861.
2. *Essai sur la Queue des Cometes.* Par LEONARD PIERMEZ. 2de Edit. Bruxelles, 1860.
3. *History of Physical Astronomy.* By ROBERT GRANT, F.R.A.S. Chap. xv. London, 1852.
4. *Sur les Theories relatives à la Figure des Cometes.* Par M. FAYE. *Comptes Rendus*, etc., Tom. xlviii. p. 419. Fev. 28, 1859.
5. *On the Physical Constitution of Comets.* By OLINTHUS GREGORY DOWNES, F.R.A.S. 4to, pp. 45. London, 1860.
6. *Recherches sur les Atmospheres des Cometes.* Par M. ED. ROCHE. *Comptes Rendus*, etc., Tom. xlix. p. 440. Sept. 19, 1859.
7. *Reflexions sur la Theorie des Phenomenes Cometaires, a propos de la Comete de Donati.* Par M. ED. ROCHE. Paris, 1860.
8. *Sur la Constitution physique des Cometes.* Par M. BENJAMIN PIERCE. *Comptes Rendus*, etc., Tom. li. Juillet 30, 1860.

THE material Universe in which we are placed, and within whose bosom our immortal life is to run, is at once the grandest display of divine power, and the noblest theme of human contemplation. Its boundless limits—its gigantic orbs—its rapid, yet regulated movements—its mysterious purpose, have been the subjects of the deepest research, and the boldest speculation. The history of the planets, the comets, the stars, and the nebulae which compose it, and of the methods by which their nature and laws have been developed, from the apparently equidistant mass of stars which surround us, form the Science of Astronomy, the most sublime of all studies, and the most interesting to every member of the human family.

In several previous articles, we have had occasion to call the attention of our readers to different branches of this extensive science—to the systems of double and multiple stars, in which one or more revolve round another—to the spiral and other nebulae discovered by Lord Rosse, and resolved into stars by his gigantic telescope—to the system of *seventy-one* asteroids revolving round the Sun, between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter—and to the remarkable discovery of the planet Neptune by the independent

calculations of Adams and Leverrier. The subject of comets has been occasionally referred to in these articles; but it has recently excited so much notice, and so many important questions have arisen respecting their nature and use, that we propose to devote a separate article to an account of the system of comets, and to an inquiry into the constitution and functions of these remarkable bodies.

The Solar System, to which we belong, consists of two separate and independent systems of bodies; namely, the Planetary System, and the Cometary System, united only by having the Sun in one of the foci of all their elliptical orbits.

The Planetary System consists of the Sun, illuminating, and heating, and controlling by its attractive force, eight primary planets, with their moons or satellites, together with a group of seventy-one asteroids, or very small planetary bodies, revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

The Cometary System consists of the Sun, throwing out its light and heat, and guiding in their course a much larger number of bodies, to which the name of Comet has been given, from the Greek word *κομητης*, which signifies a *hairy star*.

The number of comets which have been observed in Europe and China is shown in the following table, drawn up by Mr Hind:—

Century.	No.	Century.	No.	Century.	No.	Century.	No.
I.	22	VI.	25	XI.	36	XVI.	31
II.	23	VII.	22	XII.	26	XVII.	25
III.	44	VIII.	16	XIII.	26	XVIII.	64
IV.	27	IX.	42	XIV.	29	XIX. to	
V.	16	X.	26	XV.	27	1861	108

Amounting in all to 635.

That all these comets revolve round the Sun in elliptical orbits, is extremely probable; though it has not yet been established, except in reference to a certain number. Although several hundreds of them have not reappeared, yet it is probable that this has arisen from the great length of their periods, or from causes which have prevented astronomers from observing them; for we can hardly suppose that they have been dissipated in space, or appropriated by some distant sun. After appearing within our system, we know only by the gradual diminution of their light and their magnitude that they have disappeared.

About 225 of the comets which have visited our system have been so carefully observed, from the year 136 B.C. to the present day, that the elements of their orbits have been computed by modern astronomers; and we are now acquainted with the time when they passed their perihelion, or the point of their orbit nearest the Sun, the inclination of their orbit to the elliptic, the longitude of their ascending node, the longitude of their peri-

helion, their perihelion distance, or their nearest distance from the Sun, and the direction of their motions, whether direct, like that of the planets, or retrograde in an opposite direction. The orbits of 179 of these comets differ so much from one another, that we are entitled to regard them as different bodies; and as their elements are parabolic, we must consider the major axes of their orbits as infinite. The elliptic orbits of 48, on the contrary, have such a resemblance, that they may have returned twice to our system; while *six* comets, not contained in the list, have re-appeared more than once, and move in orbits actually included within the planetary system. We have, therefore, out of 254 apparitions of calculated comets down to 1861,—

Halley's Comet, which appeared	.	.	.	7 times
Encke's Comet,	.	.	.	14 "
Gambart's or Biela's	.	.	.	6 "
Faye's,	.	.	.	2 "
Brorsen,	.	.	.	2 "
Arrest,	.	.	.	2 "
Comets with elliptic elements,	.	.	.	48 "
Comets with parabolic elements, about	.	.	.	177 "
Total,				256 "

With these well-ascertained facts, we are able to take a general view of the system of comets, as independent of the planetary system, though necessarily connected with it, as a joint member of the solar system.

It is a peculiar character of the planetary system, that the whole of the eight planets that compose it, move in orbits so slightly inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, in which the earth moves, that they may be regarded as moving nearly in the same plane. The peculiar character of the system of comets, on the other hand, is, that they move in all possible planes, between the plane of the ecliptic, and a plane perpendicular to it.

This peculiarity is shown in the following table :—

Inclination of Orbits.	Number of Comets in 1861.
Between 0° and 10°	19
10° and 20°	20
20° and 30°	16
30° and 40°	24
40° and 50°	38
50° and 60°	31
60° and 70°	26
70° and 80°	30
80° and 90°	22
Total,	226

The results in this table are very instructive. The number of comets which move in orbits slightly inclined to the ecliptic, and within the planetary region, is much smaller than at greater inclinations. The number in the first 45° of the quadrant is only

90, while those in the upper 45° is 111. The number of comets, the inclination of whose orbits is not far from that of Mercury (which is 7°), is only about 8. The number whose inclination is not far from that of Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Uranus, and Neptune, is only 4 or 6. Hence we see the reason why the planets all move nearly in the same plane;—why the more numerous comets are made to move at all possible inclinations; and why there are fewer in the region of the planets than in any other part of the celestial sphere. The chance of a collision of the comets with the planets and their satellites, and also with one another, is greatly diminished by this distribution of their orbits.

It is interesting to ascertain at what seasons of the year comets pass their perihelia. From the following table it appears that nearly the same number reach that point of their orbit in every month of the year:—

January,	23	July,	15
February,	19	August,	15
March,	20	September,	29
April,	21	October,	23
May,	18	November,	28
June,	21	December,	20

The inferior numbers in the summer months arise from the greater length of the day, which necessarily prevents a certain number of these bodies from being seen.

In reference to the position of their ascending nodes, and of their perihelia, the comets are almost equally distributed.

Longitudes of Ascending Nodes and Perihelia.	No. of Comets between these Longitudes of their Ascending Nodes.	No. of Comets between these Longitudes of their Perihelia.
From 0° to 30°	21	17
„ 30° to 60°	20	19
„ 60° to 90°	23	26
„ 90° to 120°	18	22
„ 120° to 150°	20	19
„ 150° to 180°	18	9
„ 180° to 210°	22	13
„ 210° to 240°	19	20
„ 240° to 270°	17	25
„ 270° to 300°	10	29
„ 300° to 330°	20	21
„ 330° to 360°	19	7
Total,	227	227

One of the most important elements of comets is their perihelion distance, or nearest approach to the Sun. The distance of the Earth from the Sun being *unity*, only five comets approached so near the Sun that their perihelion distance was less than one-tenth of the Earth's distance.

				Perihelion Distances from Sun.
Comet of 1668,	February 8,	.	.	0.005
"	1680, December 17,	.	.	0.006
"	1843, May 6,	.	.	0.006
"	1689, December 1,	.	.	0.017
"	1826, November 18,	.	.	0.027
"	1847, March 30,	.	.	0.042
"	1816, March 1,	.	.	0.048
"	1821, March 21,	.	.	0.092
"	1780, September 30,	.	.	0.096

Out of 226 comets, that of 1668 approached nearest to the Sun, within the 200th part of the Earth's distance. The comets of 1680 and 1843 were almost equally near him. The distance of the Sun's surface from his centre being 0.0046, the distance of the comet of 1668 from the Sun's surface must have been 0.0004, or only the 2500th part of the Earth's distance. These results, deducible from the perihelion distances in M. Arago's general table, are not perfectly accordant with those in the following table given by the same author:—

Comets of	Distance from Sun's Centre.	Comets of	Distance from Sun's Centre.
1843, . . .	475,000 miles	1780, . . .	9,500,000 miles.
1680, . . .	570,000 "	1665, . . .	10,450,000 "
1689, . . .	1,900,000 "	1769, . . .	11,400,000 "
1826, . . .	2,565,000 "	1830, . . .	11,970,000 "
1847, . . .	3,990,000 "	1827, . . .	13,110,000 "
1816, . . .	4,560,000 "	1851, . . .	13,377,000 "
1593, . . .	8,550,000 "	1837, . . .	17,100,000 "
1821, . . .	8,550,000 "	1758, . . .	19,950,000 "

'It results from this table,' says M. Arago, 'that on the 27th of February, at the instant of its passage of its perihelion, the centre of the comet of 1843 was distant 80,000 miles only from the surface of the Sun. From surface to surface there was, at the utmost, 32,000 miles between the two bodies.'

From the perihelion distances of comets, we obtain a view of their proximity to the planets. The following table shows the number of comets whose perihelion is situated at different points within the planetary system:—

Number of Comets	46	Between the Sun and the orbit of Mercury.
"	68	Between the orbits of Mercury and Venus.
"	59	Between the orbits of Venus and the Earth.
"	43	Between the orbits of the Earth and Mars.
"	11	Between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.
"	227	Total within the Planetary System.

If the shortest distance of any comet from the Sun exceeds the distance of Jupiter, they are not likely to be seen in their approach to the Sun, unless under particular circumstances.

The following are the actual numbers of known comets whose perihelion is situated within the orbit of each planet:—

Within the Orbit of Mercury.	Within the Orbit of Venus.	Within the Orbit of the Earth.	Within the Orbit of Mars.	Within the Orbit of Jupiter.
46	114	173	216	227

Attempts have been made to determine the number of comets in the solar system.

On the supposition that the perihelia of comets are uniformly distributed within our system, the number included within spheres bounded by the orbits of Mercury, Venus, and the Earth would be as the cubical contents of these spheres; that is, as the cubes of the numbers 3.9, 7.2, 10, the radii of these three orbits, or as the numbers 59, 373, and 1000. Now, since 59 is to 373 as 1 to $6\frac{1}{3}$, the sphere of Venus ought to contain $6\frac{1}{3}$ times as many comets as that of Mercury; but there were, in 1853, 37 comets within Mercury's orbit, consequently there ought to be $6\frac{1}{3} \times 37 = 234$ comets within Venus' orbit, whereas there are only 100. In like manner, there ought to have been within the Earth's sphere 629 comets, for 59 is to 1000 as 1 to 17, and $17 \times 37 = 629$; whereas there are only 152 comets. If we make the calculation for the orbit of Neptune so as to have the number of comets within the planetary system according to the assumed law, we shall find the number equal to $17\frac{1}{2}$ millions; for the radius of Mercury's orbit being 78 times that of Neptune, the cubes of these radii will be 1 and 474,552, and 1 is to 474,552 as 37 is to 17,558,424!

Rejecting the law of the distribution of comets, which we have been considering, Lambert adopted the ratio of the surfaces of the planetary spheres, which gives only 325,108 for the number of comets within the sphere of Neptune. If we substitute the radii of the planetary spheres for their surfaces, we shall have only 2886 within the orbit of Neptune.

Having thus obtained a general knowledge of the system of comets, we come now to give an account of what have been called *Periodic Comets*, or comets that move in orbits which they have described more than once, and which have been identified by astronomers as the same body at each of their returns. We have already stated that these comets are only 6 in number, namely, Halley's comet, which has returned 6 times; Encke's, which has returned 13 times; Gambart's, or Biela's, which has returned 5 times; Faye's, Brorsen's, and Arrest's, which have returned only once.

The history of the first of these comets, which has received the name of *Halley's Comet*, is one of the most interesting chapters in physical astronomy. This comet appeared in 1682, when Dr Halley, by means of Newton's method of determining by three observations the elements of a comet's orbit, obtained the following results:—

Inclination of Orbit.	Longitude of Node.	Longitude of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
17° 42'	50° 48'	301° 36'	0.57

Looking back into the history of comets, he found that a comet

with similar elements occurred in the years 1607 and 1531; and as the interval between these dates was about 75 or 76 years, he had the boldness to predict that the same comet would appear at the end of 1758, or the beginning of 1759. With the view of predicting its arrival with greater accuracy, Clairaut computed the separate effects of Jupiter and Saturn in accelerating and retarding its motion; and he found that its period would be lengthened 100 days by the action of Saturn, and 518 by the action of Jupiter—that its period, instead of being 74 years 323 days, should be 76 years and 211 days, and that it should reach its perihelion on the 13th April 1859, having passed its last perihelion on the 14th September 1682.

To the delight of astronomers, and the surprise of those who had no faith in science, the comet returned in 1759, and passed its perihelion on the 13th March of that year, 30 days sooner than the predicted time. Upon revising his calculation, Clairaut, who shared the prize of the Academy of Sciences at St Petersburg with Albert Euler in 1762, for his memoir on the subject, reduced the error of 30 days to 19.

The return of this comet in 1835 was anticipated with peculiar interest. Taking into account the action of the planet Uranus, M. Damoiseau found that in 1835 the comet should reach its perihelion on the 4th November. M. Pontecoulant fixed the 7th, and subsequently the 13th; and two German astronomers, MM. Rosenberger and Lehmann, obtained nearly the same results. The comet was discovered at Rome on the 5th of August, and reached its perihelion on the 16th November, only three days after the predicted time.

According to Pingré, Halley's comet was identical with that of 1456; and from the few materials which he could obtain, he found that their perihelion distance was the same, the inclination nearly the same, and also the longitude of the nodes and perihelion. It passed its perihelion on the 8th of June.

The same comet was found to have appeared in the year 1378. M. Edward Biot discovered in the 'Chinese Annals' that a conspicuous comet had been observed in China in 1378; that it appeared on the 26th September, and continued visible during the 45 succeeding days. The following is the Chinese account of the comet, as given by E. Biot:—

'1378, 26 Septembre (periode houn-g-wou, 11^e année, 9^e lune, jour kiasu). Une étoile extraordinaire fut vue au nord-est de cinq chars (α , β , θ , τ Cocher, β Taureau). Elle avoit une chevelure rayonnante sur une étendue de 10 degrés environ. Elle balaya le groupe neikiai (τ , Grande Ourse); elle entra dans l'enceinte du tse-wei (enceinte de la queue du Dragon), balaya les cinq étoiles du pôle nord (la polaire, et quatre petites étoiles marquées autour du pôle sur les

planispheres chinois), passa sur le chao-tsai du mur oriental („ Dragon, entra dans l'enceinte du marché celeste (enceinte d'étoiles d'Ophinchus et du Serpent, autour du α Ophinchus et de α Hercule) et se tient dans le marché celeste jusqu' à la 10^e lune pour kionei (10 Novembre), ou le temps devint nuageux, et on ne la vit plus.

With these data M. Laugier was enabled, after many trials, to compute the elements of its orbit, and establish its identity with the comet of Halley. He finds that it passed its perihelion in November 8th 77, 1378, and that the following were its elements:—

Perihelion distance,	0.5835
Inclination of orbit,	17° 56'
Longitude of node,	47° 17'
Longitude of perihelion,	299° 31'

He found that the different periods of this comet were as follows:—

From 1378 to 1456,	28,343 days,	77 years and 7 months.
„ 1456 to 1531,	27,467 „	75 years and 2 months.
„ 1531 to 1607,	27,811 „	76 years and 2 months.
„ 1607 to 1682,	27,352 „	74 years and 11 months.
„ 1682 to 1759,	27,937 „	76 years and 6 months.
„ 1759 to 1835,	28,006 „	76 years and 8 months.

M. Arago conjectures, with some hesitation, that the comets of the year 52 B.C., and of 885 A.D., 1006, 1230, and 1305, were the same as that of Halley.

Another periodic comet of equal interest, though of shorter period, was discovered by M. Pons at Marseilles on the 26th November 1818. When M. Bouvard presented its parabolic elements to the French Board of Longitude on the 13th January 1819, M. Arago mentioned its similarity to that of 1805; others suspected its identity with a comet which appeared in 1795; and Encke of Berlin, whose name it now bears, placed it beyond a doubt that it was identical with those of 1786, 1795, and 1805, and that it moved in an elliptic orbit with a period of about 1200 days, or three years and $\frac{3}{10}$ ths, as shown in the following singularly coincident elements:—

	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihellion.	Perihellion Distance.	Time of Revolution in Days.
1786,	13° 36'	334° 8'	156° 38'	32	1208.11
1795,	13° 42'	334° 39'	156° 41'	33	1207.88
1805,	13° 33'	334° 20'	156° 47'	34	1207.42
1810,	13° 4'	334° 30'	156° 50'	33	

This interesting comet, whose orbit does not reach as far as that of Jupiter, was seen, on its return in 1822, at Sir Thomas Brisbane's Observatory at Paramatta, and in Europe in 1825, 1829, 1832, 1835, 1838, 1842, 1845, 1848, and 1852.

The diminution in the period of the comet from 1208·11 days to 1207·42 in three revolutions, and to 1204 days in the period from 1848 to 1852, led M. Encke to investigate its cause. The axis of the comet's orbit being not far from the plane in which Jupiter moves, and its aphelion reaching nearly to Jupiter, it is obvious that, when Jupiter is near the comet in its aphelion, he will greatly disturb it. Employing the ancient value of Jupiter's mass, he could not account for the shortening of the comet's period without supposing that the planets moved in a resisting medium; but upon this hypothesis, and using a more correct value for Jupiter's mass, he obtained a satisfactory explanation of the diminution of the period. In a comparison of the observed with the computed places of the comet, the mean error of a single place was only 18"·3, whereas, without the hypothesis of a resisting medium, the error amounted to 3' 37"·6.

In giving an account of Encke's calculations, Professor Grant makes the following observations, the importance of which will be seen in reference to the influence of a repulsive force upon comets, as recently maintained by M. Faye :—

'The doctrine of a resisting medium,' says Professor Grant, 'has always been a favourite subject of speculation with astronomers; but on no occasion has it been supported by evidence of such a plausible character as in the example above cited. It is manifest, however, that more extensive indications of such a medium must be discovered before the problem of its existence can be considered as having received a definitive solution. It has not yet affected to a sensible extent any of the other celestial bodies; and until such is found to take place, the questions relative to it must remain in abeyance.'

The next periodical comet is one which possesses an interest of a different kind from that of Encke. It was discovered at Josephstadt, in Bohemia, by M. Biela, on the 27th February 1826, and ten days afterwards, at Marseilles, by M. Gambart. M. Biela computed its parabolic elements, and recognised their resemblance to those of the comets of 1772 and 1806; and at the same time M. Gambart was led to a similar conclusion. M. Clausen also recognised it as a periodical comet, with a period of $6\frac{3}{4}$ years. The return of the comet was observed in 1832 and 1846, but not in 1839. The following table shows the elements of its orbits :—

	Inclination.	Long. of Perihellion.	Long. of Node.	Perihellion Distance.
1772,	18° 17'	254° 0'	110° 14'	1·01
1805,	16° 31'	250° 33'	109° 23'	0·89
1826,	14° 39'	247° 54'	104° 20'	0·95
1832,	13° 13'	248° 16'	110° 1'	0·88
1846,	12° 34'	245° 55'	108° 2'	0·86

In 1832, the comet passed its perihelion on the 26th November, and in 1846, on the 11th February; so that half of that interval, or 2485·2 days, will be the mean length of its period. Hence we have the following elements of its elliptic orbit:—

Major semi-axis,	3·5245
Perihelion distance,	0·8565
Aphelion distance,	0·1926
Eccentricity,	0·7570
Time of revolution,	2417 days.

In consequence of the calculations made in 1826, it was believed that this comet would come into collision with the Earth on its return in 1832. M. Damoiseau, who had computed all the perturbations which the comet would experience from the action of Saturn, Jupiter, and the Earth, found that it would be retarded 9·6642 days, so as not to reach its perihelion till the 27th November 1832; and that on the 24th October it would cross the Earth's orbit at a distance of only 20,000 miles, and near the place where the Earth would then be. It was found, however, that the Earth would not arrive at this part of its orbit till the 30th November, so that its distance from the comet must have been always 45 millions of miles. If the comet had crossed the plane of the ecliptic on the 30th November, its atmosphere would, doubtless, have been mixed with ours, and produced effects which could not have been otherwise than injurious.

When this comet returned in 1846, it exhibited phenomena of such a remarkable kind, that no explanation of them has ever been attempted. On the 19th December 1845, Mr Hind observed a sort of protuberance on the north side of it; but this was not seen by M. Encke at Berlin on the 21st. On the 15th January 1846, Professor Challis of Cambridge observed that the comet had separated into two distinct bodies. M. Wichmann observed the same thing at Königsberg, and Lieut. Maury at Washington. On the 19th of February, M. Struve saw the double comet for the first time, and made an accurate drawing of it, in which the nuclei were separated 6' 7". On the 21st he made another drawing of it, in which the distance of the nuclei had become 6' 33". On the 4th of March, the distance was 7' 20", and on the 23d of March, 13' 32". In the first of these drawings, both comets had a bright nucleus, surrounded with two fainter envelopes, and a small tail attached like a handle to a sphere. In order to determine the absolute distance of the nuclei, M. Plantamour of Geneva computed the elements of the two comets from observation; and having calculated the perturbations occasioned by Jupiter, Mars, and the Earth, he found that, during the whole time that they were visible, their observed

and computed motions agreed well with each other. He was therefore able to obtain, from the apparent distances, the following measures of the absolute distance of the nuclei of the two comets :—

1846. Feb. 10.—150,650 miles.	March 3.—158,125 miles.
„ 17.—154,425 „	„ 16.—156,650 „
„ 26.—157,475 „	„ 22.—155,075 „

This remarkable comet reappeared in 1852, and was seen at Rome about the end of August. Father Secchi, who observed it on the 16th September, saw both comets, the small one preceding the larger by 30' in right ascension, and situated 30' towards the south of it. The distance of the two nuclei had then increased to 1,200,000 miles.

This 'birth of a new body of the solar system by way of disjunction,' as M. Arago remarks, 'is a fact of the highest importance. While it gives probability to the supposition that the asteroids are the fragments of a burst planet, it confirms the statement of Ephorus, the Greek historian, that the comet of 371 B.C. separated into two, each of which pursued a different course, and also the observations of Cysatus, Wendelin, and Schroeter, that the comet of 1618, which reached its perihelion on the 8th November, had separated into several fragments. The Chinese astronomers speak of *three* comets which appeared in 896, which were connected together and moved in the same orbit; and Hevelius informs us that the nucleus of the comets of 1652, 1661, and 1664, "separated into four or five parts, exhibiting a density greater than the rest of the comet."'

This interesting comet was re-discovered at Berlin by Dr Förster on the 7th of August 1858. Professor Encke has found that, since 1829, each successive revolution has been shorter than the one preceding it by $\frac{11}{100}$ ths of a day, or a little more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours; the acceleration from 1829 to 1858, or during nine revolutions, being 4.544 days. The following were its elements in 1858 :—

Perihelion passage, 1858, October 18. 5 Berlin Mean Time.	
Long. of perihelion,	157° 57' 30"
Long. of node,	334° 28' 34"
Inclination,	13° 4' 15"
Major semi-axis,	2.21814
Eccentricity,	0.8463914

Another periodical comet was discovered, on the 22d November 1843, by M. Faye, of the Paris Observatory, who, along with M. Goldschmidt, found that it described an elliptical orbit in $7\frac{1}{2}$ years. It was re-discovered at its next return by Professor Challis in November 1850, and in 1858 on the 8th September by Dr Brulins. From the observations made at this time, M.

Leverrier obtained the following elements, and predicted its return to its perihelion on the 4th of April :—

	Perihelion Passage.	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
1843. Oct. 17.		11° 23'	209° 29'	49° 34'	1·69
1851. Apr. 3.		11° 22'	209° 31'	49° 43'	1·70
1858. Sep. 12·6.		11° 21' 36·7"	209° 45' 23"	49° 49' 46"	
	Major semi-axis,	.	.	.	3·8118
	Aphelion distance,	.	.	.	5·9310
	Eccentricity,	.	.	.	0·5550
	Time of revolution,	2718 days, or 7·44 years.			

The orbit of this comet extends a little beyond that of Jupiter.

Another periodic comet, but visible only in the telescope, was discovered on the 26th February 1846, by M. Brorsen, of the Observatory of Keil. It was a mere nebulous mass, without nucleus or tail. According to Brunnov, Goujon, and Hind, it described an ellipse of $5\frac{1}{2}$ years, and had the following elements:—

	Passage of Perihelion.	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
1846. Feb. 25.		30° 58'	102° 38'	116° 28'	0·650
	Major semi-axis,	.	.	.	3·198
	Aphelion distance,	.	.	.	5·643
	Eccentricity,	.	.	.	0·793
	Time of revolution,	2037 days, or 5·58 years.			

This comet ought to have returned to its perihelion in 1851; but no astronomer seems to have detected it. In 1857, when its next return was expected, it was discovered by M. Bruhns at Berlin on the 18th March. This comet is in many respects a very interesting one, as its orbit is so situated, that, by the perturbations of Jupiter, it may in time become invisible to us. In computing the exact perturbations of the comet from 1846 to 1857, M. Bruhns found that its path had been violently changed, and had, perhaps, received from this its present law, and also its law till its next appearance in 1862. Its elements were—

Passage of perihelion, 1857, March 29.	25 Berlin.
Long. of perihelion,	115° 48' 37"
Long. of node,	101° 53' 8"
Inclination,	29° 46' 1"
Eccentricity,	0·80160
Major semi-axis,	3·1255

On the 8th of March 1858, M. Winnecke discovered at Bonn a new comet which had the following elements:—

Perihelion passage, 1858, May 30.	14 Mean Time at Berlin.
Long. of perihelion,	275° 38' 52"
Long. of node,	113° 32' 48"
Inclination,	10° 48' 4"
Perihelion distance,	0·8857
Major semi-axis,	0·31343

The great resemblance of these elements to the third comet of 1819, for which Encke had found a period of 5·6 years, induced M. Winnecke to believe that it was the same comet. He found

that the elements of Encke represented the observations almost perfectly, and that, by making the perihelion passage in 1858, May 1, 1855, and augmenting the inclination 7 minutes, his own observations on the 8th and 10th March were perfectly represented, and the one made on the 12th to within a minute. Hence he concludes that the two comets are identical, and that in the interval of 39 years, during which the comet has returned six times, it has not suffered great perturbations either from Jupiter or the Earth, planets from which it was not very distant. Its period is 5.541 years, and its return may therefore be expected towards the end of 1863.

Another periodical telescopic comet was discovered by M. Arrest at Leipsic on the 27th of June 1851. The following are its elements :—

Perihelion Passage.	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
1851. July 8.	13° 56'	148° 27'	323° 0'	1.174
Major semi-axis,	.	.	.	3.4618
Aphelion distance,	.	.	.	5.7497
Eccentricity,	.	.	.	0.6609
Time of revolution, 2353 days, or 6.44 years.				

This comet reappeared in 1857, and was discovered at the Cape of Good Hope by Sir Thos. Maclear, by means of the positions which had been previously calculated by M. Yvon Villarceau. Sir Thomas observed it for 40 days in December 1857 and January 1858. By means of the observations made in 1851, and those communicated to him in 1858 by Sir Thomas, M. Villarceau has calculated the perturbations which it will experience from Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, till its reappearance in 1864. These perturbations are very great, owing to the proximity of the comet to Jupiter, from which it was distant, in April 1861, only 0.36, or little more than a third of the Earth's distance from the Sun. Before and after that date, the comet and Jupiter were a long time, and will continue to be a long time, together. The perturbations thus produced by Jupiter and the two other planets are so great, that, from December 25, 1857, to August 16, 1863, the long. of the perihelion will have diminished from 323° 5' to 318° 30', or 4° 35', and will remain from August stationary for a year; the long. of the node will have diminished from 148° 29' to 146° 21', or 2° 8'; and the inclination of the orbit will have increased from 13° 56' to 15° 39'. The most considerable perturbations are those in the mean motion and mean anomaly of the comet; the result of the first of these being to increase the period of revolution 69 days, and the result of the second to hasten by 49 days the return of the comet to its perihelion, which will take place on the 26th February 1864, instead of the 15th April. This last circumstance will keep the comet in the neighbourhood of the Sun for nearly six months, and thus prevent it from being observed.

From the 25th October 1863 to the 22d April 1864, its distance from the Sun in longitude will be less than from 16° to 18° , so that it would almost be in vain to seek for it in this interval. Its lustre on the 25th October 1863 will be 0.037, on the 22d April 0.089, and on the 20th August of that year it will be reduced to 0.035, its difference of longitude from that of the Sun being then 69° . When Sir Thomas Maclear observed the comet in January 1858, its brightness was very feeble, though equal to 0.190. It will, therefore, require very powerful telescopes to discover it in 1864; but, as its discovery is a matter of very high interest, on account of the unusual perturbations to which it is subject, we trust that the best instruments will be employed in its search. The following are its elements, computed by M. Villarceau:—

Passage of perihelion, 1851, July 8.684.	1857, Nov. 28.194, Mean Time, Ber.
Long. of perihelion, $322^{\circ} 54' 42''$	$323^{\circ} 4' 52''$
Long. of node, $148^{\circ} 23' 37''$	$148^{\circ} 28' 46''$
Inclination, $13^{\circ} 55' 8''$	$13^{\circ} 56' 1''$
Period—2334.51005 days, or 6.3 years.	

Another periodical comet was discovered on the 4th and 11th January 1858 by M. Tuttle at Cambridge, U.S., and by M. Bruhns at Berlin; and it is interesting from its having its period intermediate between that of the comets of 3, 7, and 75 years. The following are its elements:—

Perihelion passage, 1858, March 0.0	Mean Time, Berlin.
Long. of perihelion,	$115^{\circ} 52' 39''.30$
Long. of node,	$269^{\circ} 3' 42''.70$
Inclination,	$54^{\circ} 23' 39''.30$
Angle of eccentricity,	$55^{\circ} 8' 11''.70$
Long. of major semi-axis,	0.7668740
Time of revolution,	13 years 239.55 days.

M. Donati, who made observations on this comet, says that it was very difficult to observe, from its not having the slightest trace of a nucleus.

Under the name of 'Interior Comets,' M. Arago has ranked the comets discovered by Lexell, De Vico, and Peters, all of which are within the orbit of Neptune, but none of which have reappeared so as to prove that they are periodical.

The comet of Lexell, which was discovered by Messier in June 1770, possesses a peculiar interest. M. Lexell found that it described in $5\frac{1}{2}$ years an elliptical orbit, whose major axis was three times the diameter of the Earth's orbit, and whose periodic time is $5\frac{1}{2}$ years. In the long list of observed comets there is no trace of this comet having been seen before, and, what is stranger still, it has never been again seen, though, if it exists, it must have returned sixteen times to its perihelion. The following are its elements, as calculated by Leverrier:—

Passage of Perihelion.	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
1770. Aug. 14.	1° 35'	131° 59'	356° 16'	0·675
Major semi-axis,	.	.	.	3·1534
Eccentricity,	.	.	.	0·7868

Having thus determined the elements of this comet, M. Leverrier investigated the action which Jupiter would exert upon it. In this difficult research he found that when the comet arrived within the sphere of the planet's influence, it was drawn from its elliptical orbit round the Sun, and made to move in a hyperbolic orbit round Jupiter! When M. Faye's comet was discovered, M. Valz, of Marseilles, believed that it was the same as Lexell's; but M. Leverrier, in an able and laborious investigation of the subject, placed it beyond a doubt that they were two distinct bodies.

The interest excited by this discussion had scarcely subsided, when Father De Vico discovered at Rome another interior comet on the 22d August 1844. It was visible to the naked eye, had a round and well-defined nucleus, with a short tail of a *bluish* tint. The following are its elements, as computed by Faye, Brunnow, and Leverrier:—

Passage of Perihelion.	Inclination.	Long. of Node.	Long. of Perihelion.	Perihelion Distance.
1844. Sept. 2.	2° 55'	63° 49'	342° 31'	1·186
Major semi-axis,	.	.	.	3·1028
Aphelion distance,	.	.	.	5·0192
Eccentricity,	.	.	.	0·6176

Several other comets of short periods have been observed: one in June 1846, by Mr Peters at Naples, with a period of 16 years; another in 1743, with a period of 4·810 years; another in April 1766, with a period of 5·618 years; and another in November 1783, with a period of about 5 years.

The comets which pass beyond the limits of the planetary system may be divided into two classes,—namely, those which move in elliptical orbits, and whose long periods have been approximately determined; and those which move in parabolic orbits, and which, as Arago asserts, ‘plunge into regions of space more distant from the Earth than the stars α Centauri, α Lyræ, Sirius, Arcturus, and Capella.’

Our limits will not permit us to do more than give a list of the comets of long period:—

Perihelion Passage.	Period.	Perihelion Passage.	Period.
1852. Oct. 12.	69 years.	1845. June 5.	249 years.
1812. Sept. 15.	70·68.	1857. Aug. 23.	258 ”
1846. March 5.	73·25.	1264. July 15.	292 ”
1815. April 25.	74·05.	1840. Nov. 13.	344 ”
1847. Sept. 9.	74·97.	1843. Feb. 27.	376 ”
1682. Sept. 14.	76·17.	1846. June 5.	401 ”
1532. Oct. 19.	129.	1793. Nov. 28.	422 ”
1683. July 12.	187.	1746. Feb. 15.	515 ”

Perihellon Passage.	Period.	Perihellon Passage.	Period.
1840. April 2.	743 years.	1825. Dec. 10.	4386 years.
1811. Nov. 10.	875 "	1822. Oct. 23.	5649 "
1807. Sept. 18.	1714 "	1849. June 8.	8375 "
1769. Oct. 7.	2090 "	1680. Dec. 17.	8813 "
1858. Sept. 30.	2138 "	1860. June 15.	1089 "
1827. Sept. 11.	2611 "	1840. March 12.	1386 "
1846. Jan. 22.	2721 "	1861. June 3.	1849 "
1811. Sept. 12.	3065 "	1780. Sept. 30.	75,838 "
1763. Nov. 1.	3500? "	1844. Oct. 17.	100,000. "

From these details respecting the various classes of comets, the nature and position of their orbits, the vastness of their numbers, visible and invisible, and the extraordinary length of their periods, we may form some notion, faint though it be, of the magnificence and extent of the cometary system when contemplated apart from that of the planets. If the astronomer familiar with magnitudes and distances which numbers can hardly express, stands entranced when he contemplates the planetary system extending from Mercury to Neptune, a distance of thousands of millions of miles, how great must be his wonder when he surveys the cometary system, composed of bodies which revolve round the Sun in periods of all lengths up to 100,000 years, and of other bodies which plunge into the depths of space beyond even the nearest fixed stars, and which, in all probability, are forced to return into the solar system by the action of some distant sun placed in the remote focus of their elliptical orbits! If we believe, as we doubt not all astronomers believe, that the planets of our system are the abodes of life, and if we have no evidence that comets enjoy the same privilege, we must at least believe that they have been created for grand purposes, which may contribute to the maintenance of the planetary worlds, and administer to the happiness of their inhabitants.

But whatever be our opinion of the functions which these singular creations have to perform, the study of their physical constitution, and of the variety of strange phenomena which they exhibit, is singularly interesting, and has been prosecuted with considerable success by some of the most distinguished astronomers of the age. We shall now, therefore, endeavour to give our readers a brief account of the observations which have been made by modern astronomers, and the results which have been obtained in this department of astronomical science.

When a comet is first seen in approaching the Sun, it has the appearance of a small round nebulous body. In the centre of this body there is a point more or less bright, called its *nucleus*. In advancing to the Sun, the nebulosity, which is called its head, becomes brighter, the brightness increasing on the side next the Sun, but in a very irregular manner. The tail now begins to show itself, and gradually increases in length. After the comet

has passed its perihelion, it gradually resumes its original condition of a round nebula with its nucleus, and, growing fainter and fainter, gradually disappears. The irregularities to which we have referred were well seen and carefully observed by Bessel in Halley's comet, in October 1835. Before the 2d of October, it was a round nebula with a faint nucleus. On that day it became suddenly brilliant, and on the side next the Sun there issued a cone of light which curled back, and remained like a luminous sector till the 22d October, varying in size and brightness, and in the direction of its axis, oscillating rapidly on each side of the line joining the comet and the Sun through an arc of 60°. Along with these phenomena, the tail began to form, and the nucleus varied much in brightness. On the 12th October the nucleus, with a power of 179, had a measurable diameter. On the 14th it became suddenly fainter, and with a power of 90 it lost the appearance of a solid body. When Sir John Herschel observed this comet at the Cape on the 25th January 1836, it had no tail, and was a nebulous disc about 2' in diameter, surrounded with a coma of great extent.

The nebosity, or nebulous disc or head, of comets, is sometimes well defined, like Jupiter, but generally the luminosity increases from an ill-defined margin. Beyond this margin are sometimes seen two, or even three, luminous rings or envelopes, separated from each other by a dark interval, in which the light is hardly visible. In the comets of 1799 and 1807, these rings were respectively 20,000 and 30,000 miles in diameter.

The following are the dimensions of the most remarkable nebulosities, or heads of comets, which are always transparent :—

Perihelion Passage.

1847, September 9,	18,000 miles.	Encke's Comet, 1828,	265,000 miles.
1849, May 26,	31,000 "	First Comet of 1780,	269,000 "
Comet of Brorsen, 130,000	"	Comet of Halley, 1835,	357,000 "
Comet of Lexell, 204,000	"	Great Comet of 1811,	1,125,000 "

The nuclei of comets, though occasionally opaque, so as to eclipse stars, are generally transparent. They are commonly ill defined, and very frequently are situated between the centre and margin of the nebulous disc nearest the Sun, from which they are sometimes separated by a dark ring.

The following are the real diameters of several nuclei, as given by Arago :—

Gambart's Comet of 1805,	30 miles.	First Comet of 1780,	4,270 miles.
Comet of 1799,	385 "	Great Comet of 1843,	5,000 "
Great Comet of 1811,	427 "	Great Comet of 1825,	5,100 "
Second Comet of 1811,	2,727 "	Comet of 1815,	5,300 "
Comet of 1819,	3,280 "	Third Comet of 1845,	8,000 "

Interesting as these phenomena are, those which are exhibited in the *tails* are still more striking and instructive. The long trains of light which accompany comets were observed by the Chinese astronomers, and received the name of *brooms*. The axis of the tail of a comet is on the side of the comet opposite the Sun, and, generally speaking, a continuation of the line joining the comet and the Sun. Sometimes the axis of the tail is at right angles to this, but in general it inclines to the region which the comet has left; the whole tail having a sensible curvature which is sometimes so great as 'to form almost a quadrant of a circle in an extent of a few degrees.' The tail is generally more luminous, and better defined on the convex than on the concave side. It usually increases in width towards its extremity, and is divided by a dark band, which separates it into two equal portions, the margin being most luminous. From these facts it has been inferred that the tail is either a cone or a hollow cylinder. Though the tails are generally divergent, yet they sometimes terminate in a point. The tail of the comet of 1769, which passed its perihelion on the 7th October, as observed by Messier, was the largest and most remarkable that has been seen. On the 10th September it was 60° , and on the 11th 90° , but so faint at its extremity, that the light of Venus, when the planet rose, obliterated several degrees of it. This tail underwent remarkable changes. On the 30th August it consisted of two jets of light, separated by an obscure space 40° wide. On the 2d September the upper jet diverged from the tail, so as to form an angle with it twice that formed by the lower jet. On the 3d September these lateral jets entirely disappeared, the tail exhibiting an obscure central space, with margins formed of parallel luminous lines. On the 4th September the tail consisted of *seven* parts, some luminous and others obscure.

Comets have sometimes several separate tails. That of 1744 had six, each about 4° broad, and from 30° to 44° long, the space between them being dark. The comet of 1823 had two tails, one behind it, and the other directed to the Sun; the first 5° and the second 10° long, forming an angle of 160° with each other. This strange phenomenon was seen at several Continental observatories.

Our countryman, Mr Dunlop, who observed the comet of 1824, at Paramatta, found that its tail consisted of *five* distinct branches, of different lengths. On the 19th October the rays emanating from the extreme tails appeared to cross behind the comet, like the rays which diverge from the focus of a lens. 'At $1\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ from the head,' says Mr Dunlop, 'the rays from the different tails cross, and then diverge indefinitely, so that the rays forming the right margin of the tail proceed from the left

margin of the head, and reciprocally.' The following are the lengths of the tails of several comets:—

Comet of 1851,	Length.	Comet of 1843, 65° in the Tropics.
" 1660,	24°.	" 1689, 68°.
" 1811,	23°.	" 1402, 90°.
" 1682,	30°.	" 1680, 90°, Constantinople.
" 1744, 6 tails, 30° to 49°.		" 1769, 97°, Isle of Bourbon.
" 1858,	40°.	" 1264, 100°.
" 1456,	60°.	" 1861, 118°, Rome.
" 871 B.C.	60°.	" 1618, 104°.

The following are the absolute lengths of some of these tails:—

1680,	96,000,000 miles.
1769,	40,000,000 "
1744,	32,000,000 "
1811,	100,000,000 "
1843,	150,000,000 "

The length of the tails of comets depends upon the purity of the atmosphere where the observation is made. At Paris the tail of the comet of 1680 was only 62° long. The comet of 1843 had a length of only 40° in France and England, and the comet of 1769 was only 43° long at London, 90° at Paris, and 75° at Teneriffe.

In order to form a correct notion of the nature of comets, we must determine whether they are self-luminous, or shine only by the reflected light of the Sun, or, what is possible, if their light arises from both these causes. The advanced state of optical science enables us to answer these questions. All light experiences, from reflection, a physical change to which the name of polarization has been given. This change, which may be detected by two different methods, increases with the angle of reflection; and is a maximum when that angle is between 50° and 60°. M. Arago was the first to apply these methods. Upon viewing the comet of 1819 with a prism of calcareous spar that gave two images, he found that one of the images was fainter than the other,—an undoubted proof that a portion of the light of the comet was polarized, and consequently composed partly of reflected light. In order to confirm this observation, he employed the polariscope, a combination of a prism of calcareous spar with a thin plate of quartz, in which the two images exhibit different colours when they are formed by polarized light. The plate of quartz was placed beside the object-glass, and the doubly refracting prism beside the eye-glass. With this instrument he examined Halley's comet on the 23d October 1835, and found that the two images were of different colours, the one *red*, and the other *green*; and hence he concluded that part of the light emitted by the comet was polarized, and therefore came

from the Sun, and suffered reflection from the matter of which the comet is composed.

Although there can be no doubt of the accuracy of M. Arago's experiments, repeated by Humboldt, Bouvard, Mathieu, and others, yet there is nothing improbable in the supposition that the light may have been polarized after reaching the Earth's atmosphere. When we consider that light is polarized by refraction in passing through the coats of the eye, that it is slightly polarized by refraction at the *four* or *six* surfaces of an achromatic object-glass, and also in passing through the lenses of an eye-piece, and that the light of the celestial bodies undergoes a slight polarization by the refraction of the atmosphere, we cannot but admit that the problem of the existence of polarized light in the light of comets is not solved. M. Arago was aware of the fact, that the light reflected from every part of the blue sky is more or less polarized, with the exception of that which comes from the *three* neutral points; and in order to satisfy himself that the polarized light, which he observed, was not produced by atmospheric reflection, he 'pointed the same telescope upon Capella, situated in the vicinity of the tail, and saw distinctly that its two images had exactly the same intensity.' Now, as the light of Capella ought to have contained as much polarized light as the part of the atmosphere to which its position corresponded, the intensity of its two images ought not to have been exactly the same.

In giving an account of the two experiments which we have been considering, M. Arago does not mention in what plane the light was polarized. If the light was polarized in a plane passing through the Sun, the comet, and the observer's eye, it was a just inference that the polarization was produced by reflection from the cometary matter; but if the light was not polarized in that plane, the polarization must have been owing to other causes, to refraction by the lenses of the object-glass and eye-piece, to the imperfect annealing of the glass of which any of these lenses were made, or to the fact of one or more of the lenses being pinched in their cell.

M. Chacornac, at Paris, observed, in the faintest twilight, distinct traces of polarization in the light of Donati's comet of 1858. M. Ranzini, of Padua, observed them also 'with a simple Tourmaliné, but neither of them speak of the plane of polarization. Professor Govi, at Florence, found the light of the same comet polarized, and he observes that the plane of polarization passed through the axis of the tail.

Some light has been thrown on this subject by the observations of Father Secchi on the comet of 1861. He found that the polarization of the light of the tail, and of the rays near the nucleus, was very strong, and could be seen even with Savart's

band polariscope. The nucleus, however, exhibited at that time no polarized light; but what is remarkable, on the evening of the 3d of July and the following day, the light of the nucleus presented very palpable marks of polarization, in spite of its diminished size, which on the evening of the 7th July was hardly 1". Father Secchi justly considers this a fact of great importance, 'for it appears that the nucleus in the first days emitted its own light, perhaps on account of the incandescence to which it had been brought by its great proximity to the Sun.'

Father Secchi was aware of the importance of determining the plane in which the light was polarized. On the 3d of July the light of the comet's head was so strong in the telescope, that the coloured bands in Savart's polariscope, and the direction of the black band could be seen. By this means he found that the plane of polarization was in the plane of the tail; but upon looking at his register, he found that the black band corresponded with angles of 130° and 310° of the circle of position, which shows that the light was polarized under an angle of $162^\circ - 130^\circ = 32^\circ$, a result which admits of an error of not more than 10° . If the error was $+10$, then $32^\circ + 10^\circ = 40^\circ$ is an angle not very far from the maximum polarizing angle, whereas $32^\circ - 10^\circ = 22^\circ$ would give a small portion of polarized light.

While Father Secchi was examining the light of the nucleus and tail of the comet with a polariscope, Sir John Herschel¹ was making the same observations in England with a doubly refracting prism. Sir John, on the 5th July, could observe no difference in the brightness of the image, and consequently no polarization, although the angle of incidence, which he makes 52° , was the reverse of one unfavourable for polarization. 'At 66° elongation from the Sun,' he says, '(which is that of the comet on the occasion in question), the blue light of the sky is very considerably polarized. The constitution of the comet, therefore, is analogous to that of a cloud which, as is well known, at that or any other angle of elongation from the Sun, exhibits no signs of polarity.'

The best observations on the polarization of the light of Donati's comet were made by M. Liais at San Domingo, Rio Janeiro, with a doubly refracting prism. The plane of polarization passed through the axis of the tail. By means of a Tourmaline, he brought the two images to an equality, and found that the quantity of polarized light was as follows, the total light being unity:—

1858. October 24th, 0.086.	December 3d, 0.092.
October 31st, 0.082.	December 6th, 0.108.

From these observations he concluded, that the comet had no light

¹ *London Review* July 13, 1861, pp. 46, 47.

of its own, and that its light was composed of two parts,—the one regularly reflected, and producing polarization; and the other reflected irregularly, and not polarized.

Another method of determining the nature of the light of comets, and which did not present itself to M. Arago, consists in analysing it with a prism. The solar spectrum, when formed by a good prism, is covered with black lines of various breadths transverse to its length. The light of the Moon and of all the planets, being the reflected light of the Sun, contains the very same lines; but the light of a candle or lamp contains no such lines. The light of the stars contains lines different from those in the Sun's rays; so that we can determine experimentally whether the light of a comet is intrinsic, like that of white flames, or reflected and from the Sun. In making this experiment on the light of the comet of 1861, Mr Crookes found that it contained some of the principal lines in the solar spectrum, and hence we are entitled to conclude that this comet shone by the reflected light of the Sun.

That comets are illuminated by the Sun, has been inferred from the appearance of phases which have been observed by some astronomers. The most remarkable observations of this kind were made at Palermo by M. Cacciatore, who asserts that he saw distinct phases in the nucleus of the comet of 1819. The position of the crescent, however, which he observed on the 5th and the 15th of July, had not the position at the first of these dates which it ought to have had, if it had been formed by the Sun's light; the line joining the horns being parallel to the length of the tail, in place of being perpendicular to it, as it was on the 15th of July.

Another mode of ascertaining whether the light of comets is intrinsic or reflected, has been explained at great length by M. Arago. The greater number of comets disappear by a gradual diminution of their light, even when their apparent magnitudes are considerable. The most brilliant, indeed, cease to be visible from the earth when they recede to a distance equal to the radius of the orbit of Jupiter; whereas a self-luminous body, as M. Arago has shown, would not disappear under the same circumstances.

Notwithstanding the experiments made by himself on the comets of 1817 and 1835, M. Arago thought 'it possible that the whole light transmitted to the earth by these two bodies might be partly intrinsic and partly reflected light; for bodies, upon becoming incandescent, do not on that account lose the property of reflecting a portion of the light which illuminates them.'

Astronomers have watched with great interest for any phenomena in the nucleus or tails of comets which indicated a motion

of rotation. While examining the luminous streams which form the margin or boundaries of the tail of the comet of 1811, Sir W. Herschel observed frequent variations in their length, of considerable magnitude and rapidity; and he conjectured that they arose from a rotatory motion of the tail, which caused its different parts to be carried in succession to the apparent sides. By supposing the hollow cone, of which the tail was composed, to be irregularly terminated, a succession of apparent changes, similar to those actually observed, would take place. As a consequence of this rotation of the tail, Sir William was disposed to admit that the head of the comet turned upon itself. Variations of the same kind in the tail of the comet of 1825, led Mr Dunlop, who observed it at Paramatta, to ascribe them to a rotatory motion. The tail consisted of five distinct branches, of different lengths, extending about 2° from the head of the comet. The different branches of this tail had not always the same position relative to the margins of the principal tail; and, upon observing the time between two returns of the branches to the same position, Mr Dunlop found the average value to be 19h. 37m., which he considered to be the time in which the comet revolved. M. Arago has expressed some doubt of the accuracy of these results, in consequence of some English astronomers having 'thrown out suspicions upon some of the labours of their countryman;' and we are, therefore, happy to find that observations analogous to those of Mr Dunlop have been made on the comet of 1861 by Father Secchi at Rome, and that this distinguished and accurate observer had drawn from them the same conclusion. On the 1st of July, the length of the whole tail, which was double, was 118° , and its greatest width 8° . The principal tail alone was visible at Paris. Its length was 45° , but beyond it there extended, from near its middle, a little towards the east, a long and wide ray, much more feeble, which, passing above α Lyræ, went even to the Milky Way, as far as the stars ϵ and ζ Aquilæ. On the following morning the nucleus was $10''.05$. It was of an oval form, pretty regular, a little flattened perpendicular to the direction of the tail, and a little less defined on the side of the Sun. In the twilight, the branches or jets which issued from the nucleus were short—about $1'$. On the evening of the 1st July, the nucleus was greatly diminished, being only $3''.03$, with a power of 400, and $2''.5$, with a power of 700. With a power of 1000 it was very indistinct in its outline. The jets were longer than in the morning, and of a remarkable shape. Very bright curved rays showed themselves on the north side, one of which was $1' 55''$ in length. This very bright luminous jet was prolonged, and bounded with a bright nebulosity in the form of a rod, curved on the north side. In the middle of this kind of fan was a pencil of straight rays,

and to the left a shorter pencil, a little curved. Beyond the fan and its halo (aureole), at a distance of 3' 11", was seen a wide luminous envelope, like a rudimental paraboloid, joining itself to the jets in a discontinuous manner. The general envelope of the comet on the side opposite to the tail was 8' or 10'. During the following evening the tail gradually diminished, but it is remarkable that it passed almost always near α Hercules, and touched the Milky Way till the 6th of July. The two tails were almost independent, and on the 5th July the long and narrow one had almost left the north side of the great one, which was curved on its southern side. On the evening of the 7th the long train was hardly visible.

Having made these important observations, Father Secchi proceeded to ascertain their import. In determining the direction of the different parts of the head of the comet when most distinct, and in referring them to a great circle passing through the Sun and the comet, he found the deviations from that direction very distinct and regular, like those observed by Bessel in Halley's comet. The comet exhibited three very remarkable jets, —one to the apparent left, curved and surrounded with a great nebulosity, which, folded back upon itself, continued to prolong itself in the long tail on the true north side. Another jet appeared in the middle, consisting of rays sensibly straight, and only a little turned back at the top, where they were united to the great paraboloidal envelope. The third jet, on the right side (the true south), was formed of jets of light, curved, but less so than on the left side. Behind the head there was an obscure space, which was at first taken for a shadow, but was only a space destitute of illuminated matter, as noticed for the first time by Boscovich in the comet of 1744, and as found in various other comets.

As the measures taken by Secchi are of the first importance in reference to the existence of a rotatory motion, which, he says, 'they appear to prove,'¹ and have not been published in this country, we have given them in the following table:—

July 1861.	Angle of Position of the Sun. a.	Supplement of m.	Angle of Position of the Central Jet. c.	Difference. m.-c.	Angle of Position of the Left Jet. s.	Difference. m.-c.	Angle of Position of the Right Jet. d.	Difference. d.-m.	Position of Obscure Space. a.	Difference. a.-m.
1. 10	162° 11'	17° 49'	43°	— 25°	102°	84	348°	327°	208	+ 46°
2. 11	144 12	35 48	52	— 17	131	96	345	307	198	+ 44
4. 10½	110 15	69 45	77	— 8	171	102	391	319		
8. 10	78 35	101 25	96	+ 5	186	85	403	300		

¹ In his paper, 'On the Successive Phases of Donati's Comet,' published in 1859, Father Secchi saw a 'kind of hole in the luminous matter, resulting from

Father Secchi is of opinion that a portion of the changes exhibited in this table may be due to the change of place of the observer; but, as he considers it impossible to explain them all by this cause, he is of opinion '*that they prove a slow rotation of the comet*,'—thus confirming the opinion of Sir William Herschel and Mr Dunlop.

Besides making these difficult observations, Father Secchi measured the rays of the nucleus and of the nebulosity, the first of which he found to diminish to an almost imperceptible point, while the nebulosity was greatly enlarged.

1861.	Diameter of Nucleus.	In Geographical Miles of 1843 Metres.
June 30th.—15h.	10''·05.	348.
July 1st.—9h.	6''·15.	349.
July 2d.—8½h.	4''·02.	247.

Measures of the Nebulosity of the surrounding Paraboloid.

June 30th.—15h.	Radius along the axis of the comet,	1' 55"	6275 miles.
" "	Paraboloid of the nebulosity,	3' 11" 10,	424 miles.

This comet was seen by M. Capoletti at Chili, who observed in the middle of the tail a line as luminous as the head of the comet itself, extending to one-third of its length, which on the 13th June was 50°.

Before we can investigate the constitution of comets, and give a rational explanation of their tails, and the various forms which they assume, there are two or three points upon which we require correct information. Have comets exhibited any traces of colour, like the planets and some of the fixed stars? Do they exhibit sudden changes of brightness in their nebulous heads, their nucleus, or their tails? And, do the periodical comets return to their perihelion of the same magnitude and the same brightness?

If we place any confidence in ancient observers, we cannot doubt that comets have exhibited on some occasions decided colours, which cannot be ascribed to contrast or any other source of deception. M. Arago states, without mentioning his authority, that the comets of 146 B.C., 662 A.D., and 1526, were said to be of a beautiful *red* colour. The comet of 1533, according to more than one observer, was of a beautiful *yellow* colour. Gemma asserts that the comet of 1556 was *red* like Mars, but became of a *pale white* colour. The tail of the comet of 1618 was of 'a very lovely red' colour, and the nucleus of the comet of 1769, as seen by Messier, was 'somewhat *reddish*.' Sir W. Herschel found that the centre of the nebulosity of the comet of 1811 was occupied by a somewhat *reddish* body, and that the light of the head had a *bluish green* tint. A semicircular portion of the head

its rarity at that point,' which continued for several days, and which, he says, seemed to prove that the comet had no rotation—at least not a rapid one.

of this comet next the Sun was of a *strong yellowish* colour. The comet of 1843, at Montpellier, had a *decidedly reddish* tint; and at Campot, in Camboge, the Abbe Arnoux informs us that the nucleus of Donati's comet was red. In a work, entitled, '*A Chronicle of Prodigies, Celestial and Terrestrial*,' by Lycosthenes, published in 1557, and quoted in the *London Review* of July 6, 1861, the comet of 1556 is described as of a *darkish red* turbid colour. '*Fusca erat rubens ac turbida*.' In describing the nucleus of the comet of 1761, Mr Webb says that, with the higher powers, 'it was a softly defined *golden disc*.' On the 11th and 13th March, the tail of the comet of 1843 appeared to Legrand at Montpellier to have a *decidedly reddish* tint, which disappeared on the 14th.

There can be no doubt, that sudden changes of brightness, and slower changes of magnitude, take place in comets. Kepler informs us, that the tail of the comet of 1607, then at first short, became long 'in the twinkling of an eye.' Wendelin, Snellius, and Father Cysatus saw the tail of the comet of 1618 undulating, as if driven by the wind. Hevelius saw similar movements in the tails of the comets of 1652 and 1661; and Pingré saw in the long tail of the comet of 1769, undulations like those of the aurora, the tail sometimes covering certain stars, and then retiring from them. M. Arago was at first disposed to ascribe these sudden changes to atmospheric vapours passing between the comet and the eye of the observer; but he found, in Halley's comet of 1835, satisfactory evidence that the nucleus, the whole or part of the nebulosity, and the tail of a comet, may exhibit almost instantaneous changes of brightness. The appearance and disappearance of luminous sectors which he observed strengthened this opinion, and on the 18th November 1835 the sector was only half the length of what it was on the 16th, and was also much less bright, although, from the state of the atmosphere, it should have been longer and brighter. Sudden changes, 'of a rapidly fluctuating character,' occur most frequently when the comet is approaching the Sun, but sometimes also after its perihelion passage. The comet of 1799 passed its perihelion on the 7th September, previous to which nothing unusual was seen; but on the 16th September, Schroeter observed that the nucleus was reduced one-third of its size, and between the 20th and 21st the nebulosity had diminished one-fourth; on the 22d the nebulosity 'burst out with renewed splendour,' as stated by Professor Grant, 'and continued to exhibit the same brilliant appearance until the 25th, when it again became extremely faint.' On the 25th of January 1836, sudden changes must have taken place in the physical constitution of Halley's comet on that day. Sir John Herschel found the diameter of the head to be—

In the direction of right ascension, . . .	229''·4 at 13h. 38m.
In the direction of declination, . . .	237''·3 „ 14h. 15m.

And in two days after this, the diameter of the head was—

In the direction of right ascension, . . .	196''·7 „ 16h. 25m.
In the direction of declination, . . .	252''·0 „ 16h. 29m.

On the 26th, the diameter of the head was—

In the direction of right ascension, . . .	309''.
In the direction of declination, . . .	329''.

On the 3d May, the comet had become a round nebulous body, the tail having gradually disappeared, 'so that the total bulk of the comet, exclusive of the corona, had greatly more than doubled in 24 hours.' On the 20th of January, upon viewing the comet through the 20 feet-reflector, Sir John exclaims, 'Most astonishing! The corona is all but gone, but there are long irregular nebulous tails in all directions.' 'The nucleus is now no longer a dim misty speck, but a sharp brilliant point. It is like a planetary nebula, a little hazy at the edges, 2" or 2½" in diameter.' 'I now see a sharp, all but planetary disc, diameter fully 1½', quite distinct from the haze about it.' 'It is like one of Jupiter's satellites in a thick fog of hazy light.' When Mr Clerihew observed the comet of 1843 at Calcutta, on the 11th of March, he found that since the 10th, the night before, it had thrown out a new tail twice as long as the original one, and forming with it an angle of 18°. This tail again vanished, and was never afterwards seen. In the work of Lycosthenes, already mentioned, the light of the comet of 1556 is likened to flames, such as come from torches when the wind is blowing.

The observations which have been made during the *seven* apparitions of Halley's comet, enable us to answer the question—Do comets of long periods suffer any change during their absence from the planetary system?

In 1456, this comet was said to be of extraordinary splendour, its nucleus as bright as a fixed star, and its tail at first 10° long, and afterwards 60°. In 1531, its brightness has not been described as extraordinary, and its tail was only 15° long. In 1607, its light was pale and feeble. Some describe it as of the size of Jupiter, but 'with a dark tint,' and others, as resembling 'a faint star of the first magnitude.' In 1682, it was likened to a star of the second magnitude, with a tail of about 30°. In 1759, it appeared like a star of the first magnitude, but with less brightness, and like a planet near the horizon. In the Isle of Bourbon, the tail varied from 3° to 47°. From these observations it was believed that part of the comet had been dissipated when beyond our system. This opinion was not confirmed at the last return of the comet in 1835. During its greatest bright-

ness, Arago compared it 'to the ruddy stars of the first magnitude, as α Scorpii, α Orionis, or α Tauri; and, from these and other observations, he concludes that there is 'no proof that Halley's comet is becoming fainter.'

We are now, with the aid of the preceding facts, somewhat prepared for inquiring into the constitution of comets, and the cause of their tails and other appendages; but before we proceed to this curious subject, we may advantageously give a brief account of some of the more remarkable comets, as they appeared to ordinary observers.

In 371 B.C. a comet appeared in the heavens with a train of light of extraordinary splendour.

In 52 B.C. the brightness of the comet exceeded that of the Sun. Diodorus Siculus says that it gave shadows equal to those in moonlight.

In 43 B.C. the comet was seen in the day-time with the naked eye.

In 400 A.D. 'a most terrible comet' appeared, of the form of a sword.

In 1006 a comet appeared thrice the size of Venus, with a light equal to the fourth part of a full moon.

In 1106 a comet seen in daylight was visible over all Europe. The tail, according to various writers, was an object of terrific splendour, resembling a fiery beam stretching across the heavens.

In 1264 a splendid comet appeared in Europe and China. It is said to have had a tail 100° long.

In 1378 a conspicuous comet appeared in China, and continued visible 45 subsequent days.

In 1402 two comets appeared visible in daylight. The first was large and splendid, with a tail of immense length. The second was exceedingly bright, with a tail stretching from the horizon to the zenith.

In 1456 a magnificent comet (a return of Halley's) was seen over all Europe, with a tail of 60° .

In 1532 a comet was seen in full sunshine.

In 1577 one of the most conspicuous comets of modern times was discovered before sunset by Tycho Brahe.

In 1585 the comet observed by Tycho was round like a planet, without tail or coma.

In 1618 a great comet appeared, which is said to have been one of the most splendid of modern times, with a tail of 104° . It was observed by Kepler, who saw a bright ray or jet issuing from the side instead of the middle of the nucleus, as at Rome.

In 1652 a comet, seen by Hevelius, was as large as the Moon when half full, but 'with a pale and dismal light.' It was

greatly enlarged as it receded from the Sun. Hevelius says that its linear diameter had increased from 1 to 24 between December 20th and January 12th, and that when it was about to disappear, it was almost equal to the Sun in absolute magnitude.

In 1668 a large comet was seen in Brazil and the south of Europe. Its tail, 23° long, resembled a huge beam of light, so vivid, that it was seen by reflexion from the sea.

In 1680 a comet appeared with a magnificent tail, and is remarkable as having enabled Newton to demonstrate that comets are guided in their orbits by the same laws as the planets. Its perihelion passage was on the 8th December; on the 6th November it was a round nebulous body. The length of its tail varied as follows:—

Nov. 6,	No tail.	Jan. 5,	40° in England.
„ 11,	$\frac{1}{2}$ ° in England.	„ 25,	6° or 7° in England.
„ 17,	15° at Rome.	Feb. 10,	2°.
Dec. 12,	70° at Rome.	„ 25,	No tail.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, this comet was subjected to a heat, at its perihelion, 2000 times greater than that of red-hot iron.

In 1682 Halley's comet appeared as already described.

In 1686 a comet appeared at Brazil and in the south of France, with a nucleus so splendid as to equal a star of the first magnitude.

In 1744 a comet appeared with many tails, and was brighter than Sirius. It was the finest in the 18th century.

In 1759 Halley's comet returned.

In 1769 a large comet appeared, and exhibited singular undulations in its tail.

In 1811 a comet appeared, which Arago pronounces the most celebrated in the first half of the 19th century. We have already mentioned the singular changes in its tail. Its head was 127,000 miles in diameter, and its envelope 643,000 miles. The envelope was separated from the head by a dark space. On the side next the Sun a semicircular ring of light, enveloped the head, but was kept quite distinct from it by a dark interval of uniform breadth, through which the stars were seen.

In 1835 Halley's comet again returned.

In 1843 a comet became suddenly visible in March, and was distinguished from the great majority of comets by the brightness of its head and the length of its tail, which was only 1° 15' broad, and of an uniform brightness throughout. At first the nucleus appeared entirely separated from the tail, but on the 29th March they were united. At Copiapo, in Chili, it had two distinct tails. The second was to the north of the first, forming a con-

siderable angle with it, and consisting of a bright curved filament of uniform breadth. It was double the length of the principal tail. This long filament suddenly disappeared on the 4th of March. It was seen in full daylight like a star of the first magnitude, and has been described by some as the most splendid comet in the 19th century. It approached nearer the Sun than any other comet on record; its distance from the Sun's surface was only one-seventh of the Sun's diameter, having been twice as near him as the comet of 1680, and consequently exposed to a heat of far greater intensity. Sir John Herschel has calculated that its heat at its perihelion was equal to that which would have been produced by 47,000 suns at the Earth's distance.

In 1858, on the 2d of June, M. Donati of Florence, and on the 3d June, M. Dieu at Paris, discovered the great comet which bears the name of Donati. It was at first a small nebula, and only about 3' in diameter, and continued so till the month of August, when the light was slightly condensed at its centre. On the 3d of September, when the comet became visible to the eye, an elliptical nucleus appeared, with the greater axis perpendicular to the length of the tail, which was about 2° long. On the 23d September the nucleus was perfectly round and well-defined, and its colour like that of Mars. The nucleus became successively 3", 3".3, 3".6, 4".6, 5".6. From the 23d to the 30th September the nucleus was surrounded with three semicircles of different intensities. After September 15th the tail became double, the two luminous parts being equally wide, and the part which separated them very dark near the nucleus. The division of the tail disappeared on the 19th October. M. Chacornac observed seven different envelopes round the central nebulosity. These envelopes or rings were seen by Father Secchi, and by astronomers in different parts of the world. Mr Bond, of Harvard College, U.S., observed, on the 8th October, across the remoter part of the tail, five or six transverse bands 'half a degree or less in breadth, with clear, well-defined outlines, and perfectly resembling auroral streamers, excepting that they kept their position permanently; that is, without motion sensible to the eye, and diverged from a point between the Sun and the nucleus.'¹ On the 9th of October Mr Bond observed a smaller tail shot forth, having little brushes projecting from its convex side; and he also saw a faint luminous ray proceed from the head of the comet in the direction of the radius vector. On the passage of the tail of this comet over Arcturus, the star was magnified with an increase of light, and it was also surrounded with a halo. The following are the parabolic elements of the comet given by M. Bruhns:—

¹ Quoted by Mr Downes. We cannot understand how bands transverse to the tail could diverge from the point referred to.

Passage of perihelion, Berlin, 1858, September 30.	
Longitude of perihelion,	36° 13'.
Longitude of node, . . .	165° 19'.
Inclination, . . .	63° 2'.
Perihelion distance, . . .	0.5792 retrograde.

In 1861 a comet appeared on the 29th of June, which Sir John Herschel, writing on the 6th of July, describes as 'far exceeding in brightness any he had seen before, those of 1811 and the splendid one of 1858 not excepted.' The greatest length of its tail was 80°, and its greatest breadth 5°. The tail was perfectly straight, and grew narrower as it increased in length. 'The nucleus,' says Sir John, 'was uncommonly vivid, and was concentrated in a dense pellet of not more than 4" or 5" in angular diameter (315 miles). It was round, and like a small planet seen through a dense fog. On the 5th the fan was distinctly visible, and was like a crescent-shaped cap, formed by a condensation of the light on the side towards the Sun connected with the nucleus. Sir John estimated the distance of the brightest part of this crescent from the nucleus at about 7' or 8', or 35,000 miles.

Three distinct parabolic envelopes were observed by Mr Eaton. The innermost of these envelopes was the brightest, and was separated from the middle one by a space devoid of luminosity, a similar space separating the middle from the outer one. The nucleus was on the apparent right of the innermost envelope, and was like a star of the second magnitude. There were two tails, one of which was longer than the other. M. Chacornac, of Paris, observed that the nucleus was not hollow, like half an egg shell, as is the case with most comets, but presented the appearance of a sun composed of fireworks.

The following are the elements of the orbit, as computed by Mr Hind:—

Passage of perihelion, 1861, June 10th, 1 A.M.	
Longitude of perihelion, 244° 35'.	
Longitude of node, . . .	279° 1'.
Inclination, . . .	85° 58'.
Perihelion distance, . . .	0.8003 direct.

The distance from the Earth from June 30th to July 10th varied from 13,000,000 to 32,000,000 miles.¹

In studying the preceding details, the scientific reader cannot fail to be convinced how difficult it must be to give anything like a rational opinion concerning the constitution of comets, and the formation and dissolution of their tails. Cometography, to use the name adopted by Hevelius and Pingré, belongs to two differ-

¹ Very interesting drawings of this comet by Professor Challis, Mr Breen, Mr Webb, Mr Chambers, and others, will be found in the *London Review* for July 6th and 13th, 1861.

ent sciences—astronomy and general physics. The astronomer, as he always does, has nobly performed his difficult task, both as an observer in determining the elements of the cometary orbits, and as a mathematician in computing the perturbations which hasten or retard the epoch of their return; and the optician has supplied him with gigantic telescopes, which, if carried to a finer climate and a loftier region, would enable him to group those ‘tumultuous changes’ which the comet exhibits under the influence of the Sun. With that information we must look to the chemist and the meteorologist—the wizards in gases and vapours—for a sound interpretation of cometary phenomena, and a rational theory of the causes which produce them.

The earliest explanation of the tails of comets was that of Apian, Cardan, and Tycho, who supposed them to be produced by the Sun’s rays passing through the nebulousness of the comet’s head, and made visible, like light which has been transmitted through an aperture or a lens into a dark room, and reflected by floating particles of matter. Kepler, who at first adopted this opinion, renounced it for a more rational one. Considering the comet as a nebulous body, he supposed that its constituent parts were dispersed by the impulse of the solar rays, and carried behind it so as to form a tail, the most distant part of which, lagging behind the nebulous head, would give the tail a curved form, concave behind. The chief defect in this hypothesis is, that there is no ground for believing that the rays of light have the smallest impulsive force, and still less a force capable of impelling the nebulous matter to such immense distances.

The opinion of Newton was not the same as that of Kepler, as alleged by Arago. He supposed that the Sun’s heat raised the temperature of the nebulousness of the comet; that this heated nebulous matter heated the ethereal fluid composing the solar atmosphere; and that the ether, thus expanded and rarefied, ascended to a greater distance from the Sun, carrying with it the more volatile particles of the comet, in the same manner as a current of air makes smoke rise in our atmosphere. By this hypothesis Newton explained the direction and curvature of the tail; but it rested upon the assumption of an ether and a solar atmosphere, which science has not yet admitted among its data.

A French writer, Claude Cormiers, improved the hypothesis of Kepler by introducing the Sun’s heat as one of the exciting causes of the tails of comets. The nebulous matters, heated and rarefied, yielded more easily to the impulse of the solar rays, and were driven behind the comet to form its tail. This theory was adopted by Whiston and Euler, and favourably received by Sir William Herschel, Laplace, and Delambre.

Dr Thomas Young is the first person who suggested elec-

tricity as an exciting cause of comets' tails. 'It is possible,' he says, 'that on account of the intense cold to which comets are subjected in the greatest part of their revolutions, some substances more light than anything we can imagine on the earth, may be retained by them in a liquid, or even in a solid form, until they are disengaged by the effect of the Sun's heat. But we are still equally at a loss to explain the rapidity of their ascent, for the buoyancy of the Sun's atmosphere cannot possibly be supposed adequate to the effect; and, on the whole, there is, perhaps, reason to believe that the appearances are derived from some cause bearing a considerable analogy to the fluid supposed to be concerned in the effects of electricity.' Dr Young considers the nucleus as formed of the same substance as the tail, but 'in a state of somewhat greater condensation.'

Surprised by the regular formation of luminous sectors in the comet of 1811, Dr Olbers, of Bremen, maintained that the theory of Kepler and Newton could not explain the emission in the form of a sector of luminous matter *towards* the Sun, or, we may add, the tail in that direction. He therefore supposed that both the Sun and the comet possessed repulsive forces, arising from the development of electricity, in the ratio of the proximity of the two bodies. Bessel perceived the evidence of a polar force developed in the nucleus by the Sun in the periodical character of the luminous sectors in Halley's comet of 1835, and substituted polar forces for the two repulsions of Olbers. Under the Sun's influence, the comet's nucleus polarizes and throws towards the Sun particles *negatively* electrified, if the Sun exercises a *positive* action. In order to show how these particles cease to be attracted by the Sun, and are afterwards energetically repelled to form the tail, Bessel supposes that, in virtue of an anterior action of the Sun (at great distances before the development of the polarity), the nebulosity from which the emission is made has been formed of matter electrified in the same manner as the Sun himself. The two opposite electricities will then be neutralized, or rather, the particles emitted by the nucleus will lose as much more of their negative polarity, and receive as much more positive polarity, so that they will move a longer time in this positive atmosphere, and go to a greater distance from the nucleus. At a certain distance from the nucleus there will be only positive matter, like that of the Sun; and this matter being repelled, will go to form the tail. The intensity of the solar repulsion will vary with the nature of the particles; so that, for example, the particles of the comet of Halley were in 1835 repelled by the Sun with a force 2·8 (that of the Sun's attraction being unity), while the comet of Donati was repelled with a force of 3·8 for the first tail, and 6·32 for the second tail. M. Pape,

who has ably computed these two last forces, finds it difficult to understand how the Sun could act upon the second tail 16 or 32 times more energetically than upon the first, suggests that the comet may consist of particles of very different specific gravities, but lighter than the ether gravitating towards the Sun, and that these particles may rise in this ether with very different velocities.

In observing Halley's comet at the Cape in 1839, Sir John Herschel noticed the following points as particularly remarkable:—

1. The astonishingly rapid dilatation of its visible dimensions.
2. The preservation of the same geometrical form of the dilating and dilated envelope.
3. The rapid disappearance of the comet.
4. The increase in the density and relative brightness of the nucleus.

In explaining these and other cometary phenomena, Sir John maintained that the laws of gravitation cannot account for such a form of equilibrium as that of the comet of 1835, which was paraboloidal; and that such a form, as one of equilibrium, is inconceivable without the admission of repulsive as well as of attractive forces. 'But if we admit,' he adds, 'the matter of the tail to be at once repelled from the Sun, and attracted by the nucleus, it no longer presents any difficulty.' In order to obtain the repulsive force, Sir John supposes the Sun to be permanently charged with electricity. The cometic matters are vaporized by the Sun's heat *in perihelio*; and the two electricities are separated by vaporization. The nucleus becomes negative and the tail positive; and the electricity of the Sun directs the tail in the same manner as a positive electrified body would an elongated non-conducting body, having one end positively and the other negatively excited.

A theory very different from any of the preceding ones has been lately adopted by Father Secchi. It consists in ascribing the tails of comets solely to the attractive force of the Sun, the nebulous matter rising on both sides of the nucleus like the two opposite tides produced by the action of the Sun and Moon. This theory is consistent with the existence of two opposite tails, and with the fact that the particles of the tail are not part of the nucleus; but M. Roche has shown that if this theory were true, we should always have two tails, and a symmetry of form which does not exist. M. Roche has, therefore, endeavoured to find what force it is which disturbs this symmetry; and if the supposition of a repulsive force, inversely as the square of the distance, such as Bessel and Faye admit, will represent more correctly the physical constitution of comets. The result of this inquiry is, that the form of the concentric strata in the comet's

atmosphere is greatly modified. Instead of there being two salient points, there is only one opposite to the Sun,—the external surface of these strata, closed on the side of the Sun, open on the other side; and by this opening the cometary fluid will escape in the form of a tail. M. Roche finds, also, that there should be a flattening of the strata on the side of the Sun, and a very characteristic inflexion, analogous to what Mr Bond has shown in his drawings of Donati's comet. Our author has inquired whether the repulsion so energetically shown in the production of the tails of comets may be attributed, as Newton does, to a slightly resisting medium,—a supposition which is quite consistent with the two facts, viz., the absence of symmetry in the comet, and a single tail opposite the Sun; and he finds that it leads to the inadmissible result, that the density of the medium should exceed that of the cometary particles. He therefore arrives at the conclusion that the hypothesis of a repulsive force, whatever be its cause, is preferable to the hypothesis of a resisting medium.

The necessity of a repulsive force proceeding from the Sun being now considered necessary to explain the phenomena of the tails of comets, M. Faye has conceived the idea, that this force emanates from the Sun as an incandescent body; and he has endeavoured to show, by direct experiments with Rhuinkorff's coil, that heated bodies do exercise a repulsive force upon highly rarefied matter in the receiver of an air-pump. The following are the conditions which, according to M. Faye, a hypothesis of this kind ought to satisfy:—

1. The Sun exercises visibly a repulsion on the tails of comets.
2. The acceleration of the motion of a comet is connected with the formation of its tail.
3. The more special phenomena of the tails of comets,—viz., their multiplicity, luminous sectors, and the concentric envelopes of the nucleus,—ought to be explained, not in their minutest details, but in their more general phase, without endowing the matter of comets with special properties.

A new theory of the phenomena in the tails of comets, as exhibited by Donati's comet, has been recently communicated to the French Academy of Sciences by Professor Benjamin Pierce, of Cambridge,—a distinguished American mathematician. The following are the different points established by his researches:—

1. The nucleus has the density of metals. Comets have different densities between 3 and 20, water being unity.
2. The nucleus is surrounded with an immense atmosphere. The diameter of the nucleus of Donati's comet was 150 miles, and its atmosphere 40,000 miles.

3. By the Sun's heat, matter is raised from the nucleus and deposited in the atmosphere in the form of an envelope, which rises with an uniform velocity. In Donati's comet the velocity was 30 miles an hour.

4. In proportion as the envelope rises, it becomes electrical like a cloud, and is repelled or attracted by the electricity of the Sun. When the Sun's electricity is sufficient to overcome the force by which the envelope is united, the envelope separates from the comet and becomes a tail.

5. When the tail separates from the head of the comet, the velocity which it derives from an action of impulsion, or from the repulsion of the comet, is so small that it may be neglected,—a result which agrees with those obtained by Bessel in the case of Halley's comet, and differs from the calculations of Pape for the comet of Donati.

6. The particles most electrified in the tail of the comet are those on its anterior side, and the intensity of electricity is the same in all these particles. The maximum intensity in the particles of Donati's comet sufficient to destroy gravitation and give a repulsive force was $2\frac{1}{2}$, the attraction of gravity being unity.

7. The particles not on the anterior side have a much feebler electricity, and the feebleness of their electricity corresponded to their distance from the anterior side. This result is a very important modification of the theory of Bessel, which has been adopted by Pape.

In the comet of Donati there were particles so feebly electrified, that the attraction of gravity surpassed their electrical repulsion.

In addition to these interesting speculations, which we owe to some of the most distinguished astronomers and mathematicians of the age, who have even made them the subject of calculation, we have others of a different kind which have not been subjected to the scrutiny of analysis.

In the essay of M. Leonard Pirmez we have an elaborate attempt to demonstrate 'that in the tails of comets there is no other element than solar light, and that we see it there independent of all reflecting matter;' and he has endeavoured to show how, in consistency with this opinion, the tails of comets may be curved. The assumption, however, that light is visible as light in passing through a medium void of material particles, is so opposed to all our optical knowledge, that any hypothesis resting upon it requires no refutation.

A hypothesis with a higher claim to notice has been brought forward by Mr Downes, in his work, *On the Physical Constitution of Comets*. He assumes 'that comets are of a like physical con-

stitution to the earth, and that the effects which are produced may be due to the operation of laws which are known to prevail upon the earth,—viz., the laws of heat, and the laws of matter.' He then proceeds to consider what changes the laws of heat would produce on our earth moving in a very eccentric orbit. The water would, by the extreme cold at the aphelion, be converted into a powdery cohering mass; and the atmosphere, when congealed also, would occupy the interstices of that mass; and what they could not contain would be deposited on its surface, 'the deposit consisting of crystals of air and water mutually entangled.' On approaching the perihelion, the air crystals would explode, scattering the undissolved crystals in streams of expanding air, the explosions increasing when near the perihelion, and the rejected matter issuing in different degrees from different parts of the nucleus. The attraction of the nucleus will now draw the expanded matter back to itself, and act as a repulsive force carrying it towards the back of the nucleus, and forming a tail, not merely of vapour, but of matter. By the issue of jets from the nucleus, Mr Downes thinks that a rotatory motion may be produced and periodically accelerated. In this way Mr Downes proceeds to explain the phenomena exhibited in Donati's comet, as observed by Bond and Chacornac; but however much we may admire the ingenuity of the author, we must regret that it has been expended on a speculation which the astronomer and the mathematician alone can bring within the domain of science.

In every age of the world comets have been objects of terror to the superstitious, and sometimes even to the wise. Their sudden appearance in our atmosphere, their peculiar aspect, and the sweep of their tail spanning the circle of the heavens, are all calculated to surprise and alarm the spectator. The conjunctions and occultations of planets, the eclipses of the sun and moon, and even the total and annular eclipses of the sun, though striking phenomena, were observed without fear, because the astronomer predicted them as the necessary results of established laws. The comet, however, had a different character. Its mysterious birth-place, and its equally mysterious destination, after its brief but brilliant course, are equally unknown to us; and it was not unreasonable to believe that so strange a visitor, carrying in its train such material elements, must have been sent to perform some important function in the system to which we belong. The coincidence of the appearance of comets with war or with pestilence, with the death of sovereigns or the fall of empires, with physical convulsions, and with periods of famine and epidemical disease, led the ignorant to regard them as the cause of events which they simply accompanied, and to view them as the heralds of important changes in the moral and physical

world. When even Bacon believed 'that comets exercise some action, and produce some effects on the general arrangements of nature,' we may excuse the vulgar when they assign to them a more special influence.

The occurrence of many brilliant comets during the half-century that has passed—in 1811, 1843, 1858, and 1861—has naturally excited a desire to ascertain if they have any relation to our planetary system, or any influence over the bodies which compose it. Dr Forster, an English physician, has maintained that the apparitions of comets have been accompanied by earthquakes, eruptions of volcanoes, and atmospheric commotions, and that no comet has been observed during salubrious seasons; but this opinion is not only inconsistent with facts, as Arago has shown, but is founded on an erroneous estimate of the magnitude of the cometary system. Our system of eight planets, with their satellites, occupies in the heavens a very narrow zone, with which the comets have little or no concern, while the comets themselves form a gigantic system of bodies, with which, in point of number and extent, ours bears no comparison. That such a heavenly host, encamped in such extensive plains, should be marshalled to administer good or evil to the little family of worlds to which we belong, is a presumption of no ordinary kind, analogous somewhat to the Ptolemaic conceit, that a sun 880,000 miles in diameter was employed to revolve round our little planet as an itinerant lamp, moving with a velocity of 290,000,000 miles a day, to heat and to light a body barely 8000 miles in diameter!

When we consider the number of comets constantly traversing the planetary system, we must admit the possibility of a collision with the Earth; but M. Arago has shown, from the doctrine of probabilities, that the chance of such an event is infinitely small; and we know that no such catastrophe has occurred to our globe during the long period of its occupancy by man.

It is, however, by no means improbable, as Newton supposed, that the exhalations which form the tails of comets may be precipitated upon the planets when they pass through any of those long streams of vapour which sometimes lie in their path. These exhalations may be poisonous or salutary, but there is no proof whatever to justify the opinion that our earth has been either injured or benefited by their influence. In the years 1782 and 1831, dry fogs of great extent occupied so many regions of our globe, that they have been regarded as portions of a comet. The fog of 1783 had a disagreeable odour and a phosphoric light, and it is said to have diffused at midnight a light almost equal to that of the full moon. The fog of 1831 appeared in every quarter of the globe, and was so dense that the Sun was seen throughout

the whole day without a darkening glass, and in some places had a blue or green colour. But though these fogs were of an extraordinary kind, both in their nature and extent, yet we are not entitled to ascribe them to any extraordinary cause, while they are capable of explanation by causes in continual operation within our own atmosphere.

When we have studied the cometary system, so singularly constituted, we naturally ask for what purpose it was created. It has been suggested by some philosophers, that comets are habitable worlds; and Mr Downes has maintained that they are bodies in the act of preparation for the reception of inhabitants. Without any data to guide us, we dare not venture to adopt or oppose so bold an opinion. Life like ours cannot exist under the alternate influences of heat and cold of such inconceivable intensity; but if living beings, as Sir William Herschel supposed, could exist in the Sun beneath its crust of fire, life in its tenderest form might be equally protected in a comet from its perihelion heat and aphelion cold.

ART. IX.—*Considerations on Representative Government.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London: Parker, Son, and Bourne. 1861.

THE work which we have placed at the head of the present article, if not the first in date, is the first in importance of those in which the principles of government have been treated by recent writers in relation to the existing stage of our constitutional development. It was published in the commencement of the present year, but by many it will be read even now as if by the light of another epoch in the history of political life. During the brief period which has elapsed since it was given to the world, the great Democratic State of modern times has been rent in twain by internal forces. The sovereignty of a people which owned no other sovereign has been divided against itself; and one half of it, ranged against the other, has entered on a contest as determined, and which, to all present seeming, is likely to prove as unsparing, as ever was waged between the legions of an absolute monarch and his down-trodden subjects. By one party, the constitution, of which, not a year ago, both sides boasted as the latest and highest effort of political wisdom, to the fundamental principles of which all progressive States must ultimately conform themselves, has been cast to the winds, with as little concern as if it had been a scheme of Mazzini's for an Italian Republic, or the draft of one of our own Reform Bills. By the other, this same constitution, of which the very life and sap is the general will, is being vindicated by arms with as little regard to the will of the governed, as if they had been Hungarians ruled by Austrian bayonets, or Circassians dragged at the chariot wheels of the Czar.

At first sight it seems scarcely possible to imagine any occurrence which could have confirmed more emphatically the doctrines which Mr Mill, and those other writers whom, perhaps, we may characterize as philosophical Conservatives,¹ have been inculcating on us for some years past; and it cannot be doubted that their arguments will receive from the American strife great practical support. Resting on the testimony of what they maintained to

¹ What will Mr Mill say to our calling him a Conservative, when in a note (p. 138) he speaks of 'the Conservatives as being, by the law of their existence, the stupidest party?' Perhaps he will pardon us when we assure him that the severe strictures contained in that note on the manner in which the Conservative party has proved untrue to its own principles, have our fullest assent. But the name is far too fine a one to be lost, and we feel that we cannot pay Mr Mill, or any other politician, a higher compliment than to say that *he* deserves that it should be applied to him.

be the whole reliable experience of mankind, these writers assured us that democracy, in the sense in which the modern world understood it—that, viz., of a recognition of complete and absolute political equality amongst all the citizens of the State,¹ however unequal might be their citizen worth or their individual wisdom—could not possibly maintain itself as a permanent form of government. Irrespective of deeper, and what they regarded as permanently fatal objections to it in principle, they maintained that, from a practical point of view, it was easy to see that there were scarcely any circumstances in which it could be expected to work evenly and steadily. Owing no traditions, bound by no precedents, checked by no counterbalancing influences, the government of the many simply as such, would be turbulent, inconstant, subject to continual deception both from within and without, and ready at all times to decree its own dissolution by a single act of its own sweet will. The proposition was one which, with a single exception, they found no difficulty in placing beyond the reach of historical denial. But everything was made to turn on that exception. The past, it was said, could furnish at best but a presumption as to the present or future capabilities of mankind. That government, in this or any other form, had not succeeded hitherto, furnished no reason why it should not succeed now, provided it could be shown that the circumstances in which it was to be tried never arose in any former stage of human society. And this demonstration was undertaken and carried through with some appearance of success. The philosophical Conservatives were reminded that the examples and opinions with which their classical reading might have furnished them, admitted of no present application; for the antique world was devoid of the two most active civilising influences of the present time—Christianity and popular enlightenment. These influences, moreover, were very far from being in healthy operation on the occasions on which democracy was said to have failed in the modern world. The French had twice indulged in a saturnalia of equality in a *débauche de la liberté*, and on both occasions, no doubt, order and sobriety had been restored by the iron hand of despotism. The course of events had been in accordance with the most orthodox doctrines of the Greek publicists. Aristotle or Polybius would have predicted in 1789 and in 1849 just what

¹ Mr Mill distinguishes between a false and a true democracy: the former being the rule of the numerical majority, exclusive of the minority; the latter being the rule of the whole people, the minority being allowed something like its proportion of influence (p. 132). Even in the latter case, if the suffrage be equal and universal, the Government would be in the hands of the lowest class (p. 155). In either case, except in States where there is a slave population, or where the suffrage is limited, ochlocracy would be the more appropriate term. In the democracies of antiquity there was always a slave population, and the suffrage was generally a graduated one.

occurred in 1804 and in 1852. But what Frenchman could not do in their frenzy, there was no reason to doubt that Englishmen might accomplish in their sober senses. And here came in the modern instance. In so far as the experiment had been tried by persons of Anglo-Saxon blood, it was stoutly maintained that it had been attended with as much success as usually attends political experiments. Whatever might be said of the higher functions of government, of its effects on moral and intellectual progress, it was not, and could not be denied, that material prosperity and advancement had been found to be compatible with institutions which were thoroughly democratic.

All this has now been reversed; and in the great model democracy, affairs have assumed a position as wasteful to the material as it is detrimental to the moral well-being of the whole people. Hitherto it has been to the worshippers of the 'almighty dollar,' to those who regarded the functions of government as limited to the enforcement of police regulations, that democracy has looked for its staunchest supporters both in America and amongst ourselves. Whatever might be its effect on the hearts or the brains of the people, their pockets were conceived to be safe in its hands; and the notion that it was the cheapest was even a stronger argument in its favour, than the equally erroneous belief that it was the freest form of government. It is in this very class that it will now probably find its bitterest opponents; for it is by their instrumentality that the next change in the political cycle is usually brought about. Clamorous for equality whilst they live under a government which recognises the organic structure of society, they are the first to cry out for the protecting wings of despotism the moment that democracy threatens to degenerate into anarchy, and that they feel their material possessions to be no longer safe. It was the tradesmen of Paris who pulled down the constitutional monarchy of Louis Philippe; and it was the very same class, nay, the very same individuals, who voted most zealously and unanimously for the establishment of the despotism of Louis Napoleon. The class is a numerous and influential one in England, as well as in America and in France; and if their eyes are opened to the folly of their present aspirations, the practical effect on the future course of our own politics may be very important.

For our own part, as we never regarded the former conditions of society in America as affording conclusive arguments in favour of democracy, so neither do we now regard the case against it as so very greatly strengthened by recent events. The government of the United States was a federation as well as a democracy; and it is in the former capacity rather than the latter, that it has at present broken down. Moreover, the

disasters which are now occurring have had many causes which are not directly traceable to the constitution of the State at all. The question of slavery, and the conflicting mercantile interests of North and South, would have arisen, though the government had been aristocratic or monarchical; and it is not in democracies alone, that questions involving social and material interests so momentous have led to civil war.

But long before this war broke out, indications were not wanting of unsound conditions of social and political life in America, unequivocally referable to democracy. Of these we shall mention only two, which have always seemed to us to be the most significant. A large portion of the most refined and instructed of the upper classes—consequently, of the very flower of the whole people—had withdrawn in shame and disgust from the public service. Many of them had quitted the country altogether, and taken up their permanent residence in Europe, generally in France. The great body which remained in the country formed a class apart, interesting themselves in art, in literature, in the history and politics of other countries, but taking no more share in the public life of America than in that of China. That they should have ceased to exercise the functions of electors was perhaps not wonderful in a country where an individual vote counted for so little. We ourselves have reached that stage in our progress towards the tyranny of the many. But the exclusive, or, more correctly speaking, the excluded class in America, had done what was far more fatal to their own influence, and to the interests of their fellow-citizens. Reconciling themselves to the fact that they were the subjects of a despot who was very unlikely to accept their services, they had ceased to offer themselves as candidates for any of the offices in his gift; and had thus relinquished, or allowed themselves to be driven from, positions which can be worthily occupied only by those whom inherited wealth has rendered independent of popular favour, and who have enjoyed the leisure which is indispensable for a long and careful cultivation of mind and character. As a matter of course, their places were supplied by turbulent demagogues and dependent sycophants, to whom political life was a trade, success in which, if it was entered on at all, required to be purchased at any sacrifice, either of public interest or private honour. These half voluntary exiles from public life had not ceased to love their country, and to be proud of it too after a fashion; but they loved it, as a man may love a mistress who has betrayed him: they were proud of it, in respect of the marvellous energy which it continued to display in increasing its material wealth and power.

The fact, that society in America had thus cut off its own

head, or, to use a still more appropriate figure, had blown out its own brains, was first revealed to Europe by M. de Tocqueville; and it then seemed incredible to his countrymen, and still more to our own. But his statements have been placed beyond all question by subsequent testimony; and there are few of ourselves in later years, who have not become personally acquainted with members of the class in question. Then, again, as a necessary consequence of the withdrawal or exclusion from the public service of the only class who could afford to be indifferent to public remuneration, not only was the fatal expedient of paying members adopted, but the principle of popular election was carried into departments from which it has been carefully excluded in all well-governed States. The emoluments of the judicial seat were too tempting a bait not to be offered by their representatives to the cupidity of those on whom they themselves depended for their positions, and perhaps for their subsistence. In many of the States, the judges became elective, and consequently ceased to be independent. That the sources of justice have hitherto been less corrupted in America than one would have anticipated in such circumstances, arises merely from the fact, that the corrupting influences have as yet acted on them only partially and for a limited time. 'The practice,' says Mr Mill, 'of submitting judicial officers to periodical popular re-election will be found, I apprehend, to be one of the most dangerous errors ever yet committed by democracy.'

Such social results as these, springing, as they have done, directly and confessedly from the form of government in America, we regard as far more unequivocally condemnatory of its principles, and as affording far more serious warnings to ourselves, than even the fact of its having proved inadequate to avert the disasters of civil war.

Guided partly by the consideration of these and other results of the normal condition of society in America, and partly influenced by the present crisis, there is, perhaps, no single opinion which at this moment is held more unanimously and unhesitatingly in England, than that any further approach towards the form of government existing in that country would be a grievous error in our own. By men of all parties democracy is condemned: those whom consistency withholds from condemning it in speech, condemn it not less emphatically by their unwonted silence. But what is strange and very sad is, that to men of all parties, with a few individual exceptions—so few, as yet, as to be scarcely worth mentioning—democracy nevertheless, the absolute dominion of mere numbers, seems to be inevitable. It is the dark destiny of England at a future day: for, that we must go on extending the suffrage, is plain to everybody; and universal

suffrage, in the only sense in which Englishmen have hitherto learned to understand it, is democracy. Democracy, then, is our doom, which by prudence, moderation, and forethought, we may ward off, but which we cannot avoid. It is a cruel dilemma in which we are placed by our boasted traditions as interpreted by the average political intelligence of our time, that, on the one hand, they impose on us the necessity of going forward towards the realization of that which, on the other, they forbid us to realize on pain of death.

There is a strange and pitiful mixture in the feelings with which almost all Englishmen reconcile themselves to a line of policy which they regard as involving political annihilation—nay, positively cling to it with pride and constancy, if not with confidence. The doctrine that ‘constitutions are not made, but grow,’ is the corner-stone of our political system—the national theory of political progress. We love it, first, because it is British, and then still more because it is not French. It flatters our insular vanity to trace its application in the past, and our indolence to repose on it for the future. Whilst it explains our history, and distinguishes it nobly from that of surrounding nations, it enables us to put away from us, without the labour of seeking an answer to them, those uncomfortable prognostications as to the consequences of developing one side only of our national life, with which M. de Montalembert, and those who will reason on such matters, seek to frighten us and break our peace. But this same comfortable and cherished theory but too manifestly involves the consequences we have mentioned; and thus, though the most honoured guest at our political symposia, is the spectre in our closet in our stiller hours.

It is at this point that Mr Mill takes up the discussion. He sees that, till the question be answered whether and to what extent ‘forms of government are a matter of choice,’ all inquiry as to the particular forms which ought to be chosen or rejected must necessarily be futile; and he proceeds to discuss it, accordingly, with scientific precision and more than scientific dispassionateness—with a love of truth for the sake of truth and its consequences, beyond what we find in almost any other writer. Not only does he state the fatalist theory still prevalent in England, and the opposite mechanical theory which prevailed on the Continent till recently, with equal fairness; but he makes it his office to protect each of them at once against the calumnies of its opponents, and the indiscreet advocacy of its partizans:—

‘By some minds, government is conceived as strictly a practical art, giving rise to no questions but those of means and an end. Forms of government are assimilated to other expedients for the attainment of human objects. They are regarded as wholly an affair of

invention and contrivance. Being made by man, it is assumed that man has the choice either to make them or not, and how or on what pattern they shall be made. Government, according to this conception, is a problem to be worked like any other question of business. To find the best form of government; to persuade others that it is the best; and, having done so, to stir them up to insist on having it, is the order of ideas in the minds of those who adopt this view of political philosophy. They look upon a constitution in the same light (difference of scale being allowed for) as they would upon a steam-plough or a thrashing-machine.

‘To these stand opposed another kind of political reasoners, who are so far from assimilating a form of government to a machine, that they regard it as a sort of spontaneous product, and the science of government as a branch (so to speak) of natural history. According to them, forms of government are not a matter of choice. We must take them, in the main, as we find them. The fundamental political institutions of a people are considered by this school as a sort of organic growth from the nature and life of that people,—a product of their habits, instincts, and unconscious wants and desires, scarcely at all of their deliberate purposes. Their will has had no part in the matter but that of meeting the necessities of the moment by the contrivances of the moment.’—(Pp. 1, 2, 3.)

Mr Mill is an adherent of both doctrines, and of neither; and he has little difficulty in showing that, like all other doctrines which have been very widely prevalent, each exhibits a side of the truth:—

‘It is difficult to decide which of these doctrines would be the most absurd, if we could suppose either of them held as an exclusive theory. But the principles which men profess on any controverted subject, are usually a very imperfect exponent of the opinions they really hold. No one believes that every people is capable of working every sort of institutions. On the other hand, neither are those who speak of institutions as if they were a kind of living organisms, really the political fatalists they give themselves out to be. They do not pretend that mankind have absolutely no range of choice as to the government they will live under. But, though each side greatly exaggerates its own theory out of opposition to the other, and no one holds without modification to either, the two doctrines correspond to a deeply-seated difference between two modes of thought; and though it is evident that neither of these is entirely in the right, yet, it being equally evident that neither is wholly in the wrong, we must endeavour to get down to what is at the root of each, and avail ourselves of the amount of truth which exists in either.’—(Pp. 3, 4.)

Mr Mill's conclusion is, that political institutions are the work of men, and owe, if not their origin, at least their whole form and substance, to human will; and further, that, ‘like all things human which are made by men, they may be either well made

or ill made.' But constitutions, however well made, are workable only under three conditions. 'The people for whom the form of government is intended, must be willing to accept it, or at least not so unwilling as to oppose an insurmountable obstacle to its establishment. They must be willing and able to do what is necessary to keep it standing. And they must be willing and able to do what it requires of them, to enable it to fulfil its purposes.' Having illustrated the necessity of these three conditions, Mr Mill proceeds by their means to assign the limits within which, like a true Englishman, he adheres to the naturalistic or fatalist theory :—

'If the supporters of what may be termed the naturalistic theory of politics,' he says, 'mean but to insist on the necessity of these three conditions—if they only mean that no government can permanently exist which does not fulfil the first and second conditions, and, in some considerable measure, the third—their doctrine, thus limited, is incontestable. Whatever they mean more than this, appears to me altogether untenable. All that we are told about the necessity of an historical basis for institutions, of their being in harmony with the national usages and character, and the like, means either this, or nothing to the purpose. There is a great quantity of mere sentimentality connected with these and similar phrases, over and above the amount of rational meaning contained in them.'

But for these phrases, where would be the stock-in-trade of nine out of ten of all the political writers and orators of England? How often does our versatile Premier himself fall back upon them when his popularity is in jeopardy; and who knows the temper of Englishmen like the Premier? And when they have helped the Premier over a difficulty at midnight, how often do they form the very salt and savour of the leader in the *Times* which records his triumph in the morning. We have a weakness for them ourselves, and we confess to having read them with much satisfaction very often both in the speech and in the leader. But we must cling to the spirit as well as the letter of our English traditions; and in saying what our fathers said, we must endeavour to remember, that, in the altered circumstances in which we are placed, our duty is to do, not *what*, but *as* they did. 'People are more easily induced to do, and do more easily, what they are already used to; but people also learn to do new things.' Our fathers learned to curb the monarchical element in our constitution at one period of our history, and the aristocratic at another; shall we not learn, whilst extending the borders of the third estate, to prevent it from overwhelming the others, and annihilating the sources of its own development? Our traditions, God be praised, are not wanting in precedents for a wise and temperate appeal to reason and principle in exceptional instances, as well as for a modest and unquestioning adherence to routine in

the ordinary case. Here is Mr Mill's summing up of this preliminary but very important argument :—

‘The result of what has been said is, that, within the limits of the three conditions so often adverted to, institutions and forms of government are a matter of choice. To inquire into the best form of government in the abstract (as it is called), is not a chimerical, but a highly practical, employment of scientific intellect; and to introduce into any country the best institutions which, in the existing state of that country, are capable of, in any tolerable degree, fulfilling the conditions, is one of the most rational objects to which practical effort can address itself. Everything which can be said by way of disparaging the efficacy of human will and purpose in matters of government, might be said of it in every other of its applications. In all things there are very strict limits to human power. It can only act by wielding some one or more of the forces of nature. Forces, therefore, that can be applied to the desired use, must exist, and will only act according to their own laws. We cannot make the river run backwards, but we do not, therefore, say that water mills “are not made, but grow.” In politics as in mechanics, the power which is to keep the engine going must be sought for outside the machinery; and if it is not forthcoming, or is insufficient to surmount the obstacles which may be reasonably expected, the contrivance will fail. This is no peculiarity of the political art, and amounts only to saying that it is subject to the same limitations and conditions as all other arts.’—(Pp. 11, 12.)

Nor is the task of vindicating true principles, and of rendering them victorious over what appeared to be the preponderating powers of society, altogether so hopeless as might appear from a fatalist point of view :—

‘To think that, because those who wield the power in society, wield in the end that of government, therefore it is of no use to attempt to influence the constitution of the government by acting on opinion, is to forget that opinion is itself one of the greatest active social forces. One person with a belief, is a social power equal to ninety-nine who have only interests. They who can succeed in creating a general persuasion that a certain form of government, or social fact of any kind, deserves to be preferred, have made nearly the most important step which can possibly be taken towards ranging the powers of society on its side.’—(P. 14.) And again : ‘It is what men think, that determines how they act; and though the persuasions and convictions of average men are in a much greater degree determined by their personal position than by reason, no little power is exercised over them by the persuasions and convictions of those whose personal position is different, and by the united authority of the instructed.’—(P. 15.)

We have quoted from this preliminary chapter more extensively than we shall be able to do from those which follow it.

because we believe that the question which it discusses is that, of all others, which Englishmen have to settle at the present hour. If the fatalist doctrine, *pure and simple*, be the true one, then let us make up our minds to it, and consciously and deliberately prepare to make the best of democracy, in place of looking forward to it with feelings of mingled anxiety, terror, and self-reproach. If, on the other hand, Mr Mill's theory be the true one, and if the shaping of our future course, as of that over which we have already passed, be, humanly speaking, in our own hands, then nothing can exceed the magnitude of the subsequent discussions in which he engages, except their urgency. For these discussions a most precious season of tranquillity is now afforded us, by a conjunction of circumstances which, we cannot conceal from ourselves, may be of short duration. Our anxiety with reference to Continental politics, and the occupation which the volunteering movement has given to the most active portion of the community; the prosperity, and consequent contentment of the working-classes; the absence of very prominent or very turbulent party leaders; the failure of two or three recent attempts to extend the suffrage in the direction of absolute equality; the establishment of despotism in France; and, last of all, the occurrence of those events which have directed our attention to the condition of society in America,—have all conduced to produce in the public mind an attitude favourable beyond all precedent to the dispassionate consideration of questions of political principle. Probably there was no one at whose door the duty of guiding these considerations lay so manifestly as at that of Mr Mill; and if the circumstances were such as to render it, on his part, a duty to speak, it is equally plain that they have rendered it, on ours, a duty to listen.

We wish we could present to our readers, within the limits to which we must confine ourselves, a summary of the arguments by which he has worked out the various problems which present themselves. But, happily for the readers of Mr Mill's works, and unhappily for those who review them, he is so concise a writer that it is impossible to convey his reasonings in fewer words than he himself has employed. All that we can do is to note his results; and this, in the more speculative parts of his work, we do the more willingly, in order that we may be able to present, with some degree of completeness, the practical suggestions which he ultimately throws out for our guidance in the stages of our journey which lie next and inevitably before us. It is thus that he sums up his second chapter on the criterion of a good form of government:—'It is, then, impossible to understand the question of the adaptation of forms of government to states of society, without taking into account not only the next step, but all the steps

which society has yet to make,—both those which can be foreseen, and the far wider indefinite range which is at present out of sight. It follows that, to judge of the merits of forms of government, an ideal must be constructed of the form of government most eligible in itself,—that is, which, if the necessary conditions existed for giving effect to its beneficial tendencies, would, more than all others, favour and promote, not some one form of improvement, but all forms and degrees of it.' Those who are acquainted with Mr Mill's other writings will not be surprised to be told that the improvement to which he attaches the greatest value, and with a view to the promotion of which his preference of one form of government over another is guided, is the moral and intellectual development of the citizen. Government, in Mr Mill's view of the matter, is primarily and pre-eminently an educational institution; and it is in consequence of the effects which he believes participation in the duties and responsibilities of public life invariably produce on the character of the participants, that, above all others, he prefers self-government; and that, direct self-government being impossible, he concludes that the 'ideally best form of government will be found in some one or other variety of the representative system' (p. 44).

To this proposition we may probably assume that the assent of the vast majority of his British readers will be given as fully before as after they have perused the irrefragable reasons by which Mr Mill has supported it. We should, accordingly, hasten on to the next chapter, were it not that here one of the fundamental maxims of his system first makes its appearance,—a maxim which connects the present with the past of his own political history, and maintains the identity of the philosophical Radical with the philosophical Conservative. Mr Mill is an advocate for universal suffrage, and will admit the perfection of no representative system in which, ultimately at least, the whole body of the citizens is not to take part. His Conservatism has thus nothing of finality about it; he discards all absolute limits to the suffrage which are not coincident with the limits of the community—(pp. 53, 58, 69)—not only as impossible in practice, but as unjust in principle. It is here that his opinions, and those of the school of politicians which is forming itself around him, separate themselves from those of all the other opponents of democracy.

In treating of the proper functions of representative government, Mr Mill has determined more accurately than any previous writer, what can and what can not be performed by deliberative bodies. His suggestions on this branch of his subject appear to us to be of the highest practical importance; and could we possess any guarantee either for their adoption or their continuance, they would go far to obviate the evils even of the rudest demo-

cracy. Mr Mill adheres to the doctrine, now becoming pretty prevalent, that law-making, as opposed to law-giving, falls into the category of functions which cannot be performed by a promiscuous and untrained assembly. His proposal, consequently, is, that the duty of framing enactments shall be relinquished by Parliament, and handed over to a body of professional law-makers, with whose freedom of action Parliament shall not otherwise interfere, than by rejecting the measures which it has prepared, whether these have been undertaken at the suggestion of the Government or of private members, or, if need be, of remitting them to the Commission with further instructions. Regarding the constitution of this body, Mr Mill proposes that a Commission of Codification shall be appointed in the first instance, and that, when its more immediate work is completed, it shall remain as a permanent institution for the purpose of revising and framing the laws :—

‘Any Government fit for a high state of civilisation would have, as one of its fundamental elements, a small body, not exceeding in number the members of a Cabinet, who should act as a Commission of Legislation, having for its appointed office to make the laws. If the laws of this country were, as surely they will soon be, revised and put into a connected form, the Commission of Codification by which this is effected should remain as a permanent institution to watch over the work, protect it from deterioration, and make further improvements as often as required. No one would wish that this body should of itself have any power of enacting laws; the Commission would only embody the element of intelligence in their construction, Parliament would represent that of will. No measure would become a law until expressly sanctioned by Parliament; and Parliament, or either House, would have the power, not only of rejecting but of sending back a bill to the Commission for reconsideration and improvement. Either House might also exercise its initiative by referring any subject to the Commission, with directions to prepare a law. The Commission, of course, would have no power of refusing its instrumentality to any legislation which the country desired. Instructions concurred in by both Houses to draw up a bill which should effect a particular purpose, would be imperative on the Commissioners, unless they preferred to resign their office. Once framed, however, Parliament should have no power to alter the measure, but solely to pass or reject it; or, if partially disapproved of, to remit it to the Commission for reconsideration.’—(Pp. 100, 101.)

In order to avoid unnecessary innovations, so distasteful to the English mind, Mr Mill proposes that the new Commission should be called into existence in connection with the present machinery of the House of Lords. ‘If, in consideration of the great importance and dignity of the trust, it were made a rule that every person appointed a member of the Legislative Commission,

unless removed from office on an address from Parliament, should be a peer for life, it is probable that the same good sense and taste which leave the judicial functions of the peerage practically to the exclusive care of Law Lords, would leave the business of legislation, except on questions involving political principles and interest, to the professional legislators." We cannot imagine any arrangement of detail, of which the constitutional effects would be likely to be so great, as of the appointment of such a Commission. Its labours would be enormous; for if it were constituted in such a manner as not to excite, or if it conducted itself in such a manner as to allay the jealousy of the House of Commons, the habit of devolving business upon it would grow day by day. And its power would increase with its labours, for it would soon become a very difficult matter to contend against its *imprimatur*, even when it had cast a measure in a form differing very considerably from what had been in the mind, or had even appeared in the draft of a bill submitted to it by a private member. The instinct of the English people to accept the dicta of those in authority would strengthen its hands to so great an extent, that we can imagine it going far in tranquil times to control a House of Commons, even if elected by universal suffrage. But if party feeling ran high or a suspicion arose that an error had been committed or a privilege abused, the tide of public confidence would instantly set against it to the extent of rendering it utterly powerless. At best, moreover, it is to the form rather than to the substance, that its influence would extend: as the working hand, so to speak, of a House of Commons, adequately representing the intelligence, the interests, the wishes, feelings, and idiosyncracies of the nation, it would, we are persuaded, prove invaluable. In an irregular, imperfect, and transitional manner, this character belongs to the present House of Commons, and there is therefore no reason why Mr Mill's suggestion of the appointment of a law-making commission should not be adopted now. But the creation of a representative system, which, while it embraces the whole community, shall at the same time produce such a House of Commons *in perpetuity*, continues still to be the great desideratum.

In his chapter on the infirmities and dangers of representative government, Mr Mill shows very clearly, that this character cannot possibly belong to a body of representatives chosen by a class, even if that class should be the numerical majority. The chief ground of this conclusion is, that every class, so soon as it is in power, consults exclusively its own immediate and apparent interests. It is in vain to demonstrate to it, that these are not necessarily coincident with its ultimate and real interests, or to prove to it, that the latter are at all times identical with the ultimate and real interests of the rest of the community.

‘The moment a man, or a class of men, find themselves with power in their hands, the man’s individual interests, or the class’ separate interest, acquires an entirely new degree of importance in their eyes. Finding themselves worshipped by others, they become worshippers of themselves, and think themselves entitled to be counted at a hundred times the value of other people ; while the facility they acquire of doing as they like, without regard to consequences, insensibly weakens the habits which make men look forward even to such consequences as affect themselves. . . . One of the greatest dangers, therefore, of democracy, as of all other forms of government, lies in the sinister interest of the holders of power : it is the danger of class legislation, of government intended for (whether really effecting it or not) the immediate benefit of the dominant class, to the lasting detriment of the whole. And one of the most important questions demanding consideration in determining the best constitution of a representative government, is how to provide efficacious securities against this evil.’

Of the expedients which Mr Mill has suggested for avoiding class legislation, the most important are the following :—

- 1st. The representation of minorities.
 - 2d. The abolition of mere local representation.
 - 3d. The graduated suffrage, or system of plural voting.
- Of these we shall speak in their order.

Though not, we believe, the originator, Mr Mill has been the consistent advocate of the scheme for the proportional representation of minorities ; and to the weight which it derived from his authority, it was probably indebted for the honour of being adopted by a certain class of practical statesmen, and actually introduced into a Reform Bill. Notwithstanding these advantages, we fear it is not beyond the point at which it may derive benefit from being clearly re-stated to the world. It is thus that Mr Mill places it before his readers :—

‘That the minority must yield to the majority, the smaller number to the greater, is a familiar idea ; and, accordingly, men think there is no necessity for using their minds any further, and it does not occur to them that there is any medium between allowing the smaller number to be equally powerful with the greater, and blotting out the smaller number altogether. In a representative body actually deliberating, the minority must, of course, be overruled ; and in an equal democracy (since the opinions of the constituents, when they insist on them, determine those of the representative body), the majority of the people, through their representatives, will outvote and prevail over the minority and their representatives. But does it follow that the minority should have no representatives at all ? Because the majority ought to prevail over the minority, must the majority have all the votes, the minority none ? Is it necessary that the minority should not even be heard ? Nothing but habit and old association can re-

concile any reasonable being to the needless injustice. In a really equal democracy, every or any section would be represented, not disproportionately, but proportionately. A majority of electors would always have a majority of the representatives, but a minority of the electors would always have a minority of the representatives. Man for man, they would be as fully represented as the majority.'

To exhaust the opinions of the minority is, of course, a hopeless task; for whilst the subjects of agreement amongst mankind are limited, those of disagreement are absolutely infinite. The only method by which all shades of opinion could find expression in Parliament, would be, by every individual in the community, sane and insane, going there to express them. But though it may be impossible to give utterance to the whole community by means of representative machinery, however perfect, that is no reason why we should not render our machinery as perfect as we can; and that the representation of minorities, according to any of the several schemes which have been suggested, would bring us nearer to complete representation than we are according to the present arrangement, and still more than we should be were the suffrage extended to the whole labouring class, does not, we think, any longer admit of rational question.

But why choose amongst schemes, the best of which are confessedly but makeshifts, when another which brings us infinitely nearer to our object has been offered to our acceptance? It is with this question that Mr Mill passes to the consideration of the second proposal on his list, in behalf of which he has for some years abandoned the first, and which, till recently, he seemed to think would effect all the objects contemplated even by the third. The scheme to which we refer owes its origin to Mr Hare, and being quite original, devised and developed exclusively by him, is generally coupled with his name. In an article in *Fraser's Magazine* for April 1859, which he acknowledged to be from his pen, Mr Mill spoke of this scheme in terms of unqualified praise, and it is thus that he speaks of it, and expounds it now:—

'This degree of perfection (real equality) in representation appeared impracticable, until a man of great capacity, fitted alike for large general views, and for the contrivance of practical details—Mr Thomas Hare—had proved its possibility by drawing up a scheme for its accomplishment, embodied in a draft of an Act of Parliament,—a scheme which has the almost unparalleled merit of carrying out a great principle of government, in a manner approaching to ideal perfection, as regards the special object in view, while it attains incidentally several other ends of scarcely inferior importance. According to this plan, the unit of representation, the quota of electors who would be entitled to have a member to themselves, would be ascertained by the ordinary process of taking averages, the number of voters being divided by the number of seats in the House; and

every candidate who obtained that quota would be returned, from however great a number of local constituencies it might be gathered. The votes would, as at present, be given locally; but any elector would be at liberty to vote for any candidate, in whatever part of the country he might offer himself. Those electors, therefore, who did not wish to be represented by any of the local candidates, might aid by their vote in the return of the person they liked best among all those throughout the country who had expressed a willingness to be chosen.'

The adoption of voting papers would of course be indispensable to the working of this scheme; and by means of placing other names on the paper in addition to that of the candidate specially desired, Mr Hare provides against the loss of votes, arising from electors supporting him, after he had already obtained the requisite number. The same advantage would be gained by this expedient in the case of the candidate whose name appeared first on the list not succeeding in ultimately obtaining the adequate number of votes at all. In that case, the other names on the lists of those who had voted for him would be taken in their order, and each elector would thus have the satisfaction of knowing that, ultimately at least, he had voted for a candidate who was returned. The chief advantages of this scheme, in addition to those already indicated, seem to be, that it would afford parliamentary expression to every opinion in the community which was held by a number of persons sufficient to entitle them to a representative. It thus provides for the representation of minorities in the most effectual manner, without the necessity of any special machinery being called into existence for that purpose. But a still greater merit is, that it would afford to persons, whose views and opinions were in advance of those of the general community, and who consequently must of necessity be always in a minority in any locality in which they might be placed, an opportunity of still being returned to Parliament by the exceptional individuals throughout the country who had been able to reach their point of view. For these and other reasons, we feel that, were we laying down a scheme of representation for a new colony, in place of devising expedients for the development of one which has existed for centuries in an old historical country, we should be not only tempted, but bound to bring that of Mr Hare to the test of a practical experiment. Whether our object were to give equal weight to the opinion of every member of the community, whether wise or foolish, and thus to produce what Mr Mill calls 'a real democracy;' or whether we were disposed to adopt the far wiser course of taking into account, as far as we were able, individual claims and capabilities, Mr Hare's scheme comes equally to our aid. The only serious objection which we

know to it, is one which we could wish were less serious than we fear it will prove. It is entirely new to the practice of our constitution, to the ideas and forms of thought of Englishmen, and, if adopted, would effect a complete revolution in our representative system. There is much, however, in what Mr Mill says in answer even to this practical difficulty: 'In general, objectors cut the matter short by affirming that the people of England will never consent to such a system. What the people of England are likely to think of those who pass such a summary sentence on their capacity of understanding and judgment, deeming it superfluous to consider whether a thing is right or wrong before asserting that they are certain to reject it, I will not undertake to say. For my own part, I do not think that the people of England have deserved to be, without trial, stigmatized as insurmountably prejudiced against anything which can be proved to be good, either for themselves or for others. It also appears to me, that, when prejudices persist obstinately, it is the fault of nobody so much as of those who make a point of proclaiming them insuperable, as an excuse to themselves for never joining in any attempt to remove them. Any prejudice whatever will be insurmountable, if those who do not share it themselves truckle to it, and flatter it, and accept it as a law of nature.'

But, though the ordinary schemes for the representation of minorities might to some extent,—and this last-mentioned scheme would probably to a much greater extent,—tend to mitigate the evils of vulgar democracy, there are none of them which even profess to deliver us from them altogether. Assuming, as we do, that the suffrage in some shape or other must ultimately, perhaps proximately, be extended to the whole community, all these schemes leave us in the dilemma of having the whole political power in the State thrown into the hands of a class, and that class the one of all others the most liable to be led astray from its ignorance, and the most open to be tempted from its poverty. To those of us who believe ochlocracy to be incompatible either with order or progress (which Mr Mill has well demonstrated to be inseparable), it is a poor consolation to be told that it may be fairly and fully worked out by the expedients in question. It is in this frame of mind, with which we are happy to find that Mr Mill sympathizes, that we turn to the third of the schemes which he has propounded for the improvement of our representative system.

It was in his 'Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform,' in 1859, that Mr Mill first expressed to the public the adherence which for some years he had been privately known to entertain to the principle of the graduated suffrage, or system of plural voting, which, in forms differing from each other, had already been ad-

vocated by other writers. In the article in *Fraser's Magazine* to which we have already referred, whilst doing full justice to his predecessors in the argument, Mr Mill seemed to depart from it in favour of Mr Hare's scheme, which then, in the first blush of his enthusiasm for what was really a novelty in political speculation, he conceived to be equal to the task of obviating all the evils of democracy. It is with much satisfaction that we find him, in the present work, regarding the two schemes not only as compatible, but as indispensable to each other. It is in this view that we regard his chapter on the extension of the suffrage, not only as the most important in the work, but as likely to prove, in its practical effects, one of the most important contributions which has been made to our political literature since the days of those writers who bridled the monarchy in the seventeenth century.

In the outset, he reiterates the opinion, that a democracy, even if so constituted as to 'be representative of all and not solely of the majority,' would, on any scheme of a suffrage which was universal and equal (not in the relative but the absolute sense of equality), be inevitably the government of a class. 'But even in this democracy, absolute power, if they chose to exercise it, would rest with the numerical majority; and these would be composed exclusively of a single class, alike in biases, prepossessions, and general modes of thinking, and a class, to say no more, not the most highly cultivated.' We do not think that the permanent and absolute objection to democracy is fully brought out, either by stating that it is the government of a class, or that that class, as matters stand, is an uncultivated one. In order that the magnitude of the evil may be fully before us, we must add, that that class not only is, but *must of necessity continue to be*, the lowest class. However much we may succeed in raising it *absolutely*, however great its good sense, moderation, and forbearance may become, its position *relatively* to the other classes of the community will not be altered. If the man of labour counts for ten now, and the man of thought for twenty, their position, relatively to each other, will be the same if both are doubled. But this by anticipation.

At the stage of his argument which he has now reached, Mr Mill recurs to the view that the exercise of the suffrage is a means of developing the character of the citizen. 'Among the foremost benefits of free government is that education of the intelligence and of the sentiments, which is carried down to the very lowest ranks of the people, when they are called to take a part in acts which directly affect the great interests of the country.' The ordinary arguments for the extension of the suffrage, derived from the rights of self-government and self-defence,

recede, in his view, into the background, when placed in comparison with that which is derived from the right of self-development. But though Mr Mill is thus shut out by his principles from all grounds of permanent and absolute exclusion from citizen rights, and the 'finality principle,' which (if they have any principle at all) is still that of the so-called Conservative party, is thus formally abandoned, there are several grounds on which, so long as they continue to exist, he is of opinion that the positive privileges of citizenship ought to be temporarily withheld. All of these grounds seem to resolve themselves into incapacity to exercise the franchise with safety to the other members of the community. In addition to the general legal grounds of insanity, imbecility, nonage, and the like, the first which Mr Mill specifies, as peculiar to the exercise of this particular right, is ignorance. 'I regard it as wholly inadmissible that any person should participate in the suffrage without being able to read, write, and, I will add, perform the common operations of arithmetic. Justice demands, even when the suffrage does not depend on it, that the means of attaining these elementary acquirements should be within the reach of every person, either gratuitously, or at an expense not exceeding what the poorest, who can earn their own living, can afford. If this were really the case, people would no more think of giving the suffrage to a man who could not read, than of giving it to a child who could not speak; and it would not be society that would exclude him, but his own laziness. When society has not performed its duty, by rendering this amount of instruction accessible to all, there is some hardship in the case, but it is a hardship that ought to be borne. If society has neglected to discharge two solemn obligations, the more important and more fundamental of the two must be fulfilled first; universal teaching must precede universal enfranchisement.'—(P. 160.) We confess that we see some difficulty in the application even of so simple a test of knowledge as that which Mr Mill proposes. 'It would be easy to require from every one who presented himself for registry, that he should, in presence of the registrar, copy a sentence from an English book, and perform a sum in the rule of three.' We are not quite sure that a public examination in the rule of three might not shorten even the present roll of electors. If we see to it that teaching precedes enfranchisement, we shall be in no great danger if, to this extent at least, we take its results for granted.

The second ground of exclusion is one to which we attach great importance. 'That representation should be co-extensive with taxation, not stopping short of it, is,' as Mr Mill very truly observes, 'in accordance with the theory of British institu-

tions. But, to reconcile this, as a condition annexed to the representation, with universality, it is essential, as it is on many other accounts desirable, that taxation, in a visible shape, should descend to the poorest class.' The principle of exempting the working-classes from direct taxation (the only form in which, as Mr Mill observes, taxation is really felt and understood to be such), is one which we have always regarded as false in theory, and exceedingly pernicious in practice. It is unjust to the classes who do pay, and degrading to those who do not. If taxation be proportioned to means, there is no greater hardship, down to a certain point, in exacting his quota from the man who has little than from the man who has much—from the man who labours with his hands, than from the man who labours with his brains,—and, considering the demands which are usually made upon them by their respective positions in society, the hardship would very often be found to be smaller in the former case than in the latter. Moreover, when we take into account how much broader the social pyramid is at its base than at its centre, we believe it to be a fallacy to suppose that the small contributions of the many would not prove a very substantial relief to the larger contributions of the few. Mr Mill's proposal of a capitation tax, co-extensive at least with the suffrage, seems not only just and reasonable, but practicable and simple, because admitting of being levied at a cost which would render it remunerative. There is another consideration which comes in, no doubt, when we descend to those whose earnings are barely sufficient for their subsistence. The weight of a feather, it is said, would be enough to reduce them to the condition of paupers; and this consideration probably affords adequate ground for adopting the principle of rendering taxation in such cases voluntary—depending, that is to say, on a claim for the suffrage being made. Absolute pauperism, bankruptcy, and non-payment of taxes, are Mr Mill's other grounds of exclusion; and, on these heads, his views will probably call forth no dissent.

These deductions being made, the suffrage must be extended without unnecessary delay to the whole adult population. Mr Mill makes no exception on the ground of sex,—a point on which we believe he would alter his opinion, if he would take the trouble to poll his lady friends, and ascertain what are, in general, the wishes of those in whose behalf the claim is advanced. The opinions of the female members of the community, on all subjects on which they have or care to form opinions, are pretty faithfully reflected in those of their husbands and brothers; and they themselves, we believe, are quite aware of the fact, and quite satisfied with the amount of influence which they exercise. The exceptional females who have strongly-marked individual

opinions on public affairs, are generally persons of the kind for whom it is not intended that any suffrage should make provision. To legislate for them, would be equal to having a schedule apart for men of genius. Our space will not permit us to follow Mr Mill into the ingenious argument by which he supports this portion of his thesis. We have read it with the respect with which we read everything which proceeds from his pen, when we can see our way to separating it from what is generally understood to be the basis of his ethical system. In this opinion, we are as far from affecting to see heterodoxy lurking behind the scenes, as in the other doctrines which he propounds in this wise, and temperate, and discriminating book. But in this matter it seems to us, that, in common with the greatest thinker of the ancient world, he has scarcely made allowance for the distinction which nature has established, not between the personal capabilities, so much as the social functions of the sexes; and when he tells us that he considers difference of sex 'to be as entirely irrelevant to political rights, as difference in height or in the colour of hair;' all that we can say is, that we humbly but emphatically dissent.¹

This exception, then, being added to the others which Mr Mill has enumerated, we agree with him, that if society is to be progressive, the suffrage must become universal, and that the sooner it can be safely made so the better. We are further at one with him—and, as we have already said, with our countrymen of almost every shade of political party—in looking forward to democracy with apprehension everywhere, and in England with terror and dismay. How, then, are the evils of democracy to be avoided, whilst the necessity of universal suffrage is recognised, and the benefits of its speedy inauguration secured? Here we must make room for another extract:—

'They (the evils of democracy) are capable of being obviated, if men sincerely wish it; not by any artificial contrivance, but by carrying out the natural order of human life, which recommends itself to every one, in things in which he has no interest or traditional opinion running counter to it. In all human affairs, every person directly interested, and not under positive tutelage, has an admitted claim to a voice; and when his exercise of it is not inconsistent with the safety of the whole, cannot justly be excluded from it. But (though every one ought to have a voice) that every one should have an equal voice, is a totally different proposition. When two persons who have a joint interest in any business, differ in opinion, does justice require that both opinions should be held of exactly equal value? If, with equal virtue, one is superior to the other in know-

¹ On the ground that by getting married, a man's social importance, in the general case, is increased; we see no objection, were the scheme of plural voting adopted, to additional votes being given to married men, as such.

ledge and intelligence—or if, with equal intelligence, one excels the other in virtue, the opinion, the judgment, of the higher moral or intellectual being is worth more than that of the inferior; and if the institutions of the country virtually assert that they are of the same value, they assert the thing which is not. One of the two, as the wiser or better man, has the claim to superior weight: the difficulty is in asserting which of the two it is; a thing impossible as between individuals, but taking men in bodies and in numbers, it can be done with a sufficient approach to accuracy.’

Mr Mill goes on to show that this doctrine is inapplicable to cases in which the interests of one individual only are concerned. In such cases, the individual is entitled to follow his own opinion, however foolish that opinion may be. But the case is different where the interests of even two are concerned; because here, except in the case of absolute equality of wisdom between the two individuals, either the wiser must give way to the more foolish, or the reverse.

‘Now, national affairs are exactly such a joint concern, with the difference, that no one needs ever be called upon for a complete sacrifice of his own opinion. It can always be taken into the calculation, and counted at a certain figure,—a higher figure being assigned to the suffrages of those whose opinion is entitled to greater weight. There is not in this arrangement anything necessarily invidious to those to whom it assigns the lower degrees of influence. Entire exclusion from a voice in the common concerns is one thing; the concession to others of a more potential voice, on the ground of greater capacity for the management of the joint interests, is another. The two things are not merely different, they are incommensurable. Every one has a right to feel insulted by being made a nobody, and stamped as of no concern at all. No one but a fool, and only a fool of a peculiar description, feels offended by the acknowledgment that there are others whose opinion, and even whose wish, is entitled to a greater amount of consideration than his.’

It is several years since the present writer expressed his conviction¹ that in this doctrine was exhibited the only means of reconciling progress with permanence. The doctrine, as he attempted to show, is anything but new. It is that of Plato, and still more explicitly of Aristotle. It is that on which the governments of the two greatest States of antiquity reposed, during the period of their greatest power and glory. It is that to which the later political speculators of classical times, Polybius and Cicero, with less originality, but greater experience than their masters, adhered. It is that which roughly has been followed by the Constitution of England hitherto, and which forms the funda-

¹ ‘Political Progress not necessarily Democratic; or, Relative Equality the true foundation of Civil Liberty.’ By James Lorimer, Advocate. 1857.

mental distinction between it and that of our Anglo-Saxon children on the other side of the Atlantic, and our Gallic neighbours on the other side of the Channel. It is that which has been adopted in the electoral system of Prussia, which, if freed from the overwhelming influence of the monarchical element, would probably develop one of the most perfect governments under which mankind ever lived. Above all, it is that which God Himself has pointed out in the organization of our nature, inasmuch as He has not made two faces alike, nor two minds of equal value. With such antecedents, we are surely entitled to ask for it, if not immediate adoption, yet far graver consideration, and far wider discussion, than it has yet received in England.¹ If coupled, as it would be, with the offer of a wide, perhaps an unlimited extension of the suffrage, we believe that it would be entirely acceptable to the non-electors, the saner portion of whom share, in much greater measure than is generally supposed, the anti-democratic sentiments of the higher classes; whilst there is scarcely a man in England, possessed of either means or intelligence, from whose spirit an incubus would not be removed by its adoption. The schemes which have hitherto been proposed for working out the system of the graduated suffrage, or, as Mr Mill has called it, of plural voting, rest upon three grounds:—

1st. Property exclusively.

2d. Intelligence exclusively.

3d. Social position and importance, whether measured by property, intelligence, office, or any other tangible criterion.

The first, which is generally coupled with the name of Lord Robert Cecil, is rejected by Mr Mill in the present work, as it seems to us, somewhat too summarily. Though we prefer either of the others to it, we cannot conceal from ourselves that it has much in its favour. It rests on the same basis with our present suffrage, and thus involves a smaller innovation on the present principles of our electoral system than any other scheme. It affords a rude index both to the intelligence and importance of the individual members of the community, and thus partially embraces both of the other schemes. Nevertheless, we lean to the opinion, that the following objections which Mr Mill has made to it are unanswerable:—

‘I do not deny that property is a kind of test; education in most countries, though anything but proportional to riches, is, on the average, better in the richer half of society than in the poorer. But the criterion is so imperfect; accident has so much more to do than

¹ It is very remarkable, as indicating the general level of political speculation even in respectable periodicals, that this, which is the turning-point of Mr Mill's political system, is scarcely mentioned in any of the numerous notices which have appeared of his work.

merit with enabling men to rise in the world ; and it is so impossible for any one, by acquiring any amount of instruction, to make sure of the corresponding rise in station, that this foundation of electoral privilege is always, and will continue to be, supremely odious. To connect plurality of votes with any pecuniary qualification, would be not only objectionable in itself, but a sure mode of compromising the principle, and making its permanent maintenance impracticable. The democracy, at least of this country, are not at present jealous of personal superiority, but they are naturally, and most justly so, of that which is grounded on mere pecuniary circumstances.'

Mr Mill then proceeds to propound the second scheme, which is that to which he himself mainly adheres. 'The only thing which can justify reckoning one person's opinion as equivalent to more than one, is individual mental superiority ; and what is wanted is some approximate means of ascertaining that. If there existed such a thing as a really national education, or a trustworthy system of general examination, education might be tested directly.' Despairing of such a test, Mr Mill glides from the second of the schemes we have enumerated—that which takes intelligence as its sole basis—into the third, which adopts the existing social position of the individual, as the test of the amount of direct political influence which ought to be conceded to him. In the absence of directly educational tests, 'the nature of a person's occupation,' he says, 'is some guide to his intelligence.' An employer of labour is more intelligent than a labourer ; a foreman, than an ordinary workman ; a banker, merchant, or manufacturer, than a tradesman ; and so forth, rising in the scale of social employment and position. But it is the result rather than the principle of the third scheme which Mr Mill adopts ; for it is on the ground that the employer's position affords a higher presumption for his intelligence than that of the labourer, and on that ground solely, that he would give him a greater amount of political influence.

The third scheme, which was propounded in the work to which we have already referred,¹ and which Mr Mill criticised in *Fraser's Magazine*, was based upon considerations which the second scheme still appears to us to overlook. The office of the suffrage, it was said, is not to redress social wrongs, to level down social inequalities, or to amend social evils, but simply to *represent* society as it exists. The task of improving society belongs to education—popular, scientific, and religious—acting not by means of direct teaching alone, but by literature, art, and philosophical speculation, as disseminated through the press ; to criminal law, prison discipline, reformatory asylums, and to many departments of the civil law, such as the laws of marriage, inheritance, bank-

¹ Ante 555.

